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THE IDEAL TENDENCY.

We are all interested in Art; yet few of us have taken pains to justify the delight we feel in it. No philosophy can win us away from Shakspeare, Plato, Angelo, Beethoven, Goethe, Phidias,—from the masters of sculpture, painting, music, and metaphor. Their truth is larger than any other,—too large to be stated directly and lodged in systems, theories, definitions, or formulas. They suggest and assure to us what cannot be spoken. They communicate life, because they do not endeavor to measure life. Philosophy will present the definite; Art refers always to the vast,—to that which cannot be comprehended, but only enjoyed and adored. Art is the largest expression. It is not, like Science, a basket in which meat and drink may be carried, but a hand which points toward the sky. Our eyes follow its direction, and our souls follow our eyes. Man needs only to be shown an open space. He will rise into it with instant expansion. We are made partakers of that illimitable energy. Only poetry can give account of poetry, only Art can justify Art; and we cannot hope to speak finally of this elastic Truth, to draw a circle around that which is vital, because it has in it something of infinity,—but we may hope to remove a doubt growing out of the very largeness which exalts and refreshes us. Art is not practical. It offers no precept, but lies abroad like Nature, not to be grasped and exhausted. Neither is it anxious about its own reception, as though any man could long escape the benefit which it brings. Every principle of science, every deduction of philosophy, is a tool. Our very religion, as we dare to name it, is a key which opens the heavens to admit myself and family. Art offers only life; but perhaps that will appear worth taking without looking beyond. Can we look beyond? Life is an end in itself, and so better than any tool.

What is that which underlies all arts as their essence, the thing to be expressed and celebrated? What is poetry, the creation from which the artist is named? We shall answer boldly: it is no shaping of forms, but a making of man. Nature is a *plenum*, is finished, and the Divine account with her is closed; but man is only yet a chick in the egg. With him it is still the first day of creation, and he has not received the benediction of a completed work. And yet the completion is involved and promised in our daily experience. Man is a perpetual seeker. He sees always just before him

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his own power, which he must hasten to overtake. He weighs himself often in thought; yet it is not his present, but a presumptive value, of which he is taking account. We are continually entering into our future, and it is so near us, we are already in every hour so full of it, that we draw without fraud on the credit of to-morrow. The student who has bought his first law-book is already a great counsellor. With the Commentaries he carries home consideration and the judicial habit. Some wisdom he imbibes through his pores and those of the sheepskin cover. Now he is grave and prudent, a man of the world and of authority; but if he had chosen differently, and brought home the first book of Theology, his day would have been tinted with other colors. For every choice carries a future involved in itself, and we begin to taste that when we take our course toward it. The habit of leaning forward and living in advance of himself has made its mark upon every man. We look not at the history or performance of the stranger, but at his pretensions. These are written in his dress, his air and attitude, his tone and occupation. The past is already nothing, the present is sliding away; to know any man, we must keep our eyes out in advance on the road he is following. For man is an involuntary, if not a willing traveller. Time does not roll from under his feet, but he is carried along with the current, and can never again be where or what he was. Nothing in his experience can ever be quite repeated. If you see the same trees and hills, they do not appear the same from year to year. Yesterday they were new and strange; you and they were young together. To-day they are familiar and disregarded. Soon they will be old friends, prattling to gray hairs of the brown locks and bounding breath of youth.

The pioneer of our growth is Imagination. Desire and Hope go on before into the wilderness of the unknown; they open paths; they make a clearing; they build and settle firmly before we ourselves in will and power arrive at this opening, but they never await our coming. They are the "Fore-runners," off again deeper into the vast possibility of being. The boy walks in a dream of to-morrow. Two bushels of hickory-nuts in his bag are no nuts to him, but silver shillings; yet neither are the shillings shillings, but shining skates, into which they will presently be transmuted. Already he is on the great pond by the roaring fire, or ringing away into distant starry darkness with a sparkling brand. Already, before his first skates are bought, before he has seen the coin that buys them, he is dashing and wheeling with his fellows, a leader of the flying train.

That early fore-reaching is a picture of our entire activity. "Care is taken," said Goethe, "that the trees do not grow into the sky"; but man is that tree which must outgrow the sky and lift its top into finer air and sunshine. The essential seed is Growth; not shell and bark, nor kernel, but a germ which pierces the soil and lifts the stone. Spirit is such a germ, and perpetual reinforcement is its quality; so that the great Being is known to us as a becoming Creator, adding himself to himself, and life to life, in perpetual emanation.

The boy's thought never stops short of some personal prowess. It is ability that charms him. To be a man, as he understands manliness, is to have the whole planet for a gymnasium and play-ground. He would like to have been on the other side of Hydaspes when Alexander came to that stream. But he soon discovers that wit is the sword of sharpness,—that he is the ruler who can reach the deepest desire of man and satisfy that. If there is power in him, he becomes a careful student, examines everything, examines his own enthusiasm, examines his last examination, tries every estimate again and again. He distrusts his tools, and then distrusts his own distrust, lifting himself by the very boot-straps in his metaphysics, to get at some foundation which will not move. He will know what he is

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about and what is great. He puts Cæsar, Milton, and Whitfield into his crucible; but that which went in Cæsar comes out a part of himself. The bold yet modest young chemist is egotistical. He cannot be anybody else but John Smith. Why should he? Who knows yet what it is to be John Smith? Napoleon and Washington are only playing his own game for him, since he so easily understands and accepts their play. A boy reads history as girls cut flowers from old embroidery to sew them on a new foundation. They are interested in the new, and in the old only for what they can make of it. So he sucks the blood of kings and captains to help him fight his own battles. He reads of Bunker's Hill and the Declaration of Independence with constant reference to the part he shall take in the politics of the world. His motto is, *Sic semper tyrannis!* Benjamin Franklin, and after him John Smith,—perhaps a better man than he. We live on that *perhaps*. Every great man departed has played out his last card, has taken all his chances. We are glad to see his power limited and sealed up. Shakspeare, we say, did not know everything; and here am I alone with the universe, nothing but a little sleepiness between me and all that Shakspeare and Plato knew or did not know. If I should be jostled out of my drowsiness, who can tell what may be given me to see, to say, or to do? Let us make ready and get upon some high ground from which we may overlook the work of the world; for the secret of all mastery is dormant, yet breathing and stirring in you and me.

Out of such material as we can gather we make a world in which we walk continually up and down. In it we find friends and enemies, we love and are loved, we travel and build. In it we are kings; we ordain and arrange everything, and never come away worsted from any encounter. For this sphere arises in answer to the practical question, What can I be and do? It is an embodiment of the force that is in me. Every dreamer, therefore, goes on to see himself among men and things which he can understand and master, with which he can deal securely. The stable-boy has hid an old volume among the straw, and he walks with Portia and Desdemona while he grooms the horses. Already in his smock-frock he is a companion for princes and queens. But the rich man's son, well born, as we say, in the great house yonder, has one only ambition in life,—to turn stable-boy, to own a fast team and a trotting-wagon, to vie with gamesters upon the road. That is an activity to which he is equal, in which his value will appear. Both boys, and all boys, are looking upward, only from widely different levels and to different heights.

The young blasphemer does not love blasphemy, but to have his head and be let alone by Old Aunty, who combs his hair as if he were a girl. So always there is some ideal aim in the mixed motive. Out of six gay young men who drive and drink together, only one cares for the meat and the bottle. With the rest this feasting gallantly on the best, regardless of expense, is part of a system. It is in good style, is convivial. For these green-horns of society to live together, to be *convivæ*, is not to think and labor together, as wise men use, but to laugh and be drunken in company.

Into the lowest courses there enters something to keep the filth from overwhelming self-respect. The advocates of slavery have not, as it appears, lost all pretence of honor and honesty. Thieves are sustained by a sense of the injustice of society. They do but right an old wrong, taking bravely what was accumulated by cautious cunning. They cultivate many virtues, and, like the best of us, make much of these, identify themselves with these. If a man is harsh and tyrannical, he regrets that he has too much force of character. And it is not safe to accuse a harlot of stealing and lying. She has her ideal also, and strives to keep the ulcer of sin within bounds,—to save a sweet side from corruption.

Is this stooping very low to look for the Ideal Tendency? The greater gain,

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if we find it prevailing in these depths. We may doubt whether thieves and harlots are subject to the same law which irresistibly lifts us, for we know that our own sin is not quite like other sin. But I must not offer all the cheerful hope I feel for the worst offenders, because too much faith passes for levity or impiety; and men thank God only for deliverance from great dangers, not for preservation from all danger. For gratitude we must not escape too easily and clean, but with some smell of fire upon us.

Yet in our own experience this planning what we shall do and become is constant, and always we escape from the present into larger air. The boy will not be content with that skill in skating which occupies his mind to-day. That belongs to the day and place, but next year he goes to the academy and fresh exploits engage him. He works gallantly in this new field and harness, because his thought has gone forward again, and he sees through these studies the man of thought. Already as a student he is a philosopher, a poet, a servant of the Muse. Bacon and Milton look kindly on him in invitation, he is walking to their company and in their company. The young hero-worshipper cannot remain satisfied with mere physical or warlike prowess. He soon sees the superiority of mental and moral mastery, of creation of good counsel. He will reverence the valiant reformer who brings justice in his train, the saint in whom goodness is enamored of goodness, the gentleman whose heart-beat is courtesy, the prophet in whom a religion is born, all who have been inspired with liberal, not dragged by sordid aims.

How beautiful to him is the society of poets! He reads with idolatry the letters and anecdotes of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Goethe and Schiller, Beethoven and Raphael. Look at the private thought of these men in familiar intercourse: no plotting for lucre, but a conspiracy to reach the best in life. The saints are even more ardent in aspiration, for their tender hearts were pressed and saddened by fear. They are now set on fire by a sense of great redemption. They are prisoners pardoned.

For scholars the world is peopled only with saints, philosophers, and poets, and the studious boy seeks his own amid their large activity. So much of it meets his want, yet the whole does not meet all his want. He must combine and balance and embrace conflicting qualities. Every day his view enlarges. What was noble last year will now by no means content his conscience. Duty and beauty have risen.

The Ideal Tendency characterizes man, affords the only definition of him; and it is a perpetual, irresistible expansion. No matter on what it fastens, it will not stay, but spreads and soars like light in the morning sky.

To-day we are charmed with our partners, and think we can never tire of Alfred and Emily. To-morrow we discover without shame, after all our protestations and engagements, that their future seems incommensurate with our own. To our surprise, they also feel their paths diverging from ours. We part with a show of regret, but real joy to be free.

Both parties have gained from their intercourse a certainty of power and promise of greater power. Silly people fill the world with lamentation over human inconstancy; but if we follow love, we cannot cling to the beloved. We must love onward, and only when our friends go before us can we be true both to friendship and to them.

How eager and tremulous his excitement when at last the youth encounters all beauty in a maiden! Now he is on his trial. Can he move her? for he must be to her nothing or all. How stately and far-removed she seems in her crystal sphere! All her relations are fair and poetic. Her book is not like another book. Her soft and fragrant attire, can it be woven of ribbons and silk? She, too, has dreamed of the coming man, heroic, lyrical, impassioned; the beat of his blood a pæan and triumphal march; a man able to cut paths for her and lead her to all that is worthiest in life. Her

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day is an expectation; her demand looks out of proud eyes. Can he move this stately creature, pure and high above him as the clear moon yonder, never turning from her course,—this Diana, who will love upward and stoop to no Endymion? Now it will appear whether he can pass with another for all he is to himself. This will be the victory for which he was born, or blackest defeat. If she could love him! If he should, after all, be to her only such another as her cousin Thomas, who comes and goes with all his pretensions as unregarded as Rover the house-dog! Between these *ifs* he vacillates, swung like a ship on stormy waters, touching heaven and hell.

Meanwhile the maiden dares hardly look toward this generous new-comer, whose destiny lies broad open in his courage and desire. Others she could conciliate and gently allure, but she will not play with the lion. She will throw no web around his strength to tear her heart away, if it does not hold him. For the first time she guards her fancy. She will not think of the career that awaits him, of the help there is in him for men, and the honor that will follow him from them,—of the high studies, tasks, and companionship to which he is hastening. What avails this avoidance, this turning-away of the head? A fancy that must be kept is already lost. She read his quality in the first glance of deep-meaning eyes. When at last he speaks, she sees suddenly how beyond all recovery he had carried away her soul in that glance. They marry each the expectation of the other. It was a promise in either that shone so fair. Happy lovers, if only as wife and husband they can go on to fulfil the promise! For love cannot be repeated; every day it must have fresh food in a new object; and unless character is renewed, love must leave it behind and wander on.

If the wife is still aspiring,—if she lays growing demands on her hero,—if her thought enlarges and she stands true to it, separate from him in integrity as he saw her first, following not his, but her own native estimate,—she will always be his mistress. She will still have that charm of remoteness which belongs only to those who do not lean and borrow, to natures centred for themselves in the deep. There is something incalculable in such independence. It is full of surprise for the most intimate. In one breast the true wife prepares for her husband a course of loves. Every day she offers a new heart to be won. Every day the woman he could reach is gone, and there again before him is the inaccessible maiden who will not accept to-day the behavior of yesterday. This withdrawal and advancement from height to height is true virginity, which never lies down with love but keeps him always on foot and girded for fresh pursuit. Noble lovers rely on no pledges, point to no past engagements, but prefer to renew their relation from hour to hour. The heroic woman will command, and not solicit love. Let him go, when I cease to be all to him, when I can no longer fill the horizon of his imagination and satisfy his heart. But if there is less ascension in a woman, she is no mate for an advancing man. He must leave her; he walks by her side alone. So we pass many dear companions, outgrowing alike our loves and our fears.

Once or twice in youth we meet a man of sounding reputation or real wisdom, whose secret is hid above our discovery. His manners are formidable while we do not understand them. In his presence our tongues are tied, our limbs are paralyzed. Thought dies out before him, the will is unseated and vacillates, we are cowed like Antony beside Cæsar. In solitude we are ashamed of this cowardice and resolve to put it away; but when the great man returns, our knees knock and we are as weak as before. It is suicide to fly from such mortification. A brave boy faces it as well as he can. By-and-by the dazzle abates, he sees some flaw, some coarseness or softness, in this shining piece of metal; he begins to fathom the motives and measure the orbit of this tyrannous benefactor. They are the true

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friends who daunt and overpower us, to whom for a little we yield more than their due.

This rule is universal, that no man can admire downward. All enthusiasm rises and lifts the subject of it. That which seems to you so base an activity is lifted above low natures. What matter, then, where the standard floats at this moment, since it cannot remain fixed?

Perfection retreats, as the horizon withdraws before a traveller, and lures us on and on. It even travels faster than our best endeavors can follow, and so beckons to us from farther and farther away. We may give ourselves to the ideal, or we may turn aside to appetite and sleep; but in every moment of returning sanity we are again on our feet and again upon an endless ascending road.

When a man has tasted power, when he sees the supply there is so near in Nature for all need, he hungers for reinforcement. That desire is prayer. It opens its own doors and takes supplies from God's hand. No wise man can grudge the necessary use of the mind to serve the body with shelter and food, for we go merrily to Nature, and with our milk we drink order, justice, beauty, and benignity. We cannot take the husks on which our bodies are fed, without expressing these juices also, which circulate as sap and blood through the sphere. We cannot touch any object but some spark of vital electricity is shot through us. Every creature is a battery, charged not with mere vegetable or animal, but with moral life. Our metaphysical being is fed from something hidden in rocks and woods, in streams and skies, in fire, water, earth, and air. While we dig roots, and gather nuts, and hunt and roast our meat, our blood is quickened not in the heart alone. Deeper currents are swelled. The springs of our humanity are opened in Nature; for that which streams through the landscape, and comes in at the eye and ear, is plainly the same fluid which enters as consciousness, and is the life by which we live. While we enjoy this spiritual refreshment and keep ourselves open to it, we may dig without degradation; but if our minds fasten on the thing to be done, on commodity and safety, on getting and having, those avenues seem to close by which the soul was fed. Then we forget our incalculable chances and certainties; we go mad, and make the mind a muck-rake. If a man will direct his faculties to any limited and not to illimitable ends, he cripples his faculties. No matter whether he is deluded by a fortune or a reputation or position, if he does not give himself wholly to grow and be a man, regardless of minor advantages, he has lost his way in the world. "Be true," said Schiller, "to the dream of thy youth." That dream was generous, not sordid. We must be surrendered to the perfection which claims us, and suffer no narrow aim to postpone that insatiable demand.

But the potency of life will bring back every wanderer, as he well knows. Every sinner keeps his trunk packed, ready to return to the good. The poor traders really mean to buy love with their gold. Feeling the hold of a chain which binds us even when we do not cling to it, we grow prodigal of time and power. The essence of life, as we enjoy it, is a sense of the inextinguishable ascending tendency in life; and this gives courage when there is yet no reverence or devotion.

In development of character is involved great change of circumstances. We cannot grow or work in a corner. It is not for greed alone or mainly that men make war and build cities and found governments, but to try what they can do and become, to justify themselves to themselves and to their fellows. We desire to please and help,—but still more, at first, to be sure that we can please and help. If he hears any man speak effectually in public, the ambitious boy will never rest till he can also speak, or do some other deed as difficult and as well worth doing. For the trial of faculty we must go out into the world of institutions, range ourselves beside the workers, take up their tools and strike

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stroke for stroke with them. Every new situation and employment dazzles till we find out the trick of it. The boy longs to escape from a farm to college, from college to the city and practical life. Then he looks up from his desk, or from the pit in the theatre, to the gay world of fashion,—harder to conquer than even the world of thought. At last he makes his way upward into the sacred circle, and finds there a little original power and a great deal of routine. These fine parts are like those of players, learned by heart. The men who invented them, with whom they were spontaneous, seem to have died out and left their manners with their wardrobes to narrow-breasted children, whom neither clothes nor courtesies will fit. So in every department we find the snail freezing in an oyster-shell. The judges do not know the meaning of justice. The preacher thinks religion is a spasm of desire and fear. A young man soon loses all respect for titles, wigs, and gowns, and looks for a muscular master-mind. Somebody wrote the laws, and set the example of noble behavior, and founded every religion. Only a man capable of originating can understand, sustain, or use any institution. The Church, the State, the Social System come tumbling ruinous over the heads of bunglers, who cannot uphold, because they never could have built them, and the rubbish obstructs every path in life. An honest, vigorous thinker will clear away these ruins and begin anew at the earth. When the boy has broken loose from home, and fairly entered the world that allured him, he finds it not fit to live in without revolutions. He is as much cramped in it as he was in the ways of the old homestead. Feeding the pigs and picking up chips did not seem work for a man, but he finds that almost all the activity of the race amounts to nothing more; no more thought or purpose goes into it. Men find Church and State and Custom ready-made, and they fall into the procession, ask no searching questions, but take things for granted without reason; and their imitation is as easy as picking up chips. It is no doing, but merely sliding down hill. The way of the world will not suit a valiant boy. To make elbow-room and get breathing-space, he becomes a reformer; and when now he can find no new worlds to conquer, he will make a world, laying in truth and justice every stone. The same seeker, who was so fired by the sight of his eyes, looking out from a mill-yard or a shoe-shop on the many-colored activity of his kind, who ran such a round of arts and sciences, pursuing the very secret of his being in each new enterprise, is now discontented with all that has been done. He begins again to look forward,—he becomes a prophet, instead of the historian he was. He easily sees that a true manhood would disuse our ways of teaching and worshipping, would unbuild and rebuild every town and house, would tear away the jails and abolish pauperism as well as slavery. He sees the power of government lying unused and unsuspected in spelling-books and Bibles. Now he has found a work, not for one finger, but for fighting Hercules and singing Apollo, worthy of Minerva and of Jove. He will try what man can do for man.

The history of every brave girl is parallel with that of her play-fellow and yoke-fellow. She sighs for sympathy, for a gallant company of youths and maidens worthy of all desire. Her music, drawing, and Italian are only doors which she hopes to open upon such a company. She longs for society to make the hours lyrical, for tasks to make them epic and heroic. The attitudes and actions of imaginative young persons are exalted every moment by the invisible presence of lovers, poets, inspired and inspiring companions. Such as they are we also shall be; when we walk among them and with them, we shall wash our hands of all injustice, meanness, and pretension. Women are as tired as men of our silly civilization, its compliments, restraints, and compromises. They feel the burden of routine as heavily, and keep their elasticity under it as long as

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we. What they cannot hope to do, a great-hearted man, some lover of theirs, shall do for them; and they will sustain him with appreciation, anticipating the tardy justice of mankind. Every generous girl shares with her sex that new development of feminine consciousness, which the vulgar have named, in derision, a movement for woman's rights. She will seek to be more truly woman, to assert her special power and privilege, to approach from her own side the common ideal, offering a pure soprano to match the manly bass.

We all look for a future, not only better than our own past, but better than any past. Humanity is our inheritance, but not historical humanity. Man seems to be broken and scattered all abroad. The great lives are only eminent examples of a single virtue, and by admiration of every hero we have been crippled on some one side. If he is free, he is also coarse; if delicate, he is overlaid by the gross world; saints are timid and feverish, afraid of being spattered in the first puddle; heroes are profane. We must melt up all the old metal to make a new man and carry forward the common consciousness. Every failure was part of the final success. We go over a causeway in which every timber is some soldier fallen in this enterprise. Who doubts the result doubts God. We say, regretfully, "If I could only continue at my best!" and we ache with the little ebb, between wave and wave, of an advancing tide. But this tide is Omnipotence. It rises surely, if it were only an inch in a thousand years. The changes in society are like the geologic upheaval and sinking of continents; yet man is morally as far removed from the savage as he is physically superior to the saurian. We do not see the corn grow or the world revolve; yet if motion be given as the primal essence, we must look for inconceivable results. Wisdom will take care of wisdom, and extend. Consider the growth of intellect in the history of your own parish for twenty years. See how old views have died out of New England, and new ones come in. Every man is fortified in his opinions, yet no man can hold his opinions. The closer they are hugged, the faster in any community they change. The ideas of such men as Swedenborg, Goethe, Emerson, float in the air like spores, and wherever they light they thrive. The crabbedest dogmatist cannot escape; for, if he open his eyes to seek his meat, some sunshine will creep in. We have combustibles stored in the stupidest of us, and a spark of truth kindles our slumbering suspicion. Since the great reality is organized in man, and waits to be revealed in him, it is of no avail to shut out the same reality from our ears. Thinkers are held to be dangerous, and excluded from the desks of public instruction; but the boys were already occupied with the same thoughts. They would hear nothing new at the lecture, and they are more encouraged by the terror of the elders than by any word the wise man could speak. In pursuit of truth, the difficulty is to ask a question; for in ability to ask is involved ability to reach an answer. The serious student is occupied with problems which the doctors have never been able to entertain, and he knows that their discourse is not addressed to him. If you have not wit to understand what I seek, you may croak with the frogs: you are left out of my game.

And the old people, unhappily, suspect that this boy, whose theory they do not comprehend, is master of their theory. They are puzzled and panic-stricken; they strike in the dark. In all controversy, the strong man's position is unassailed. His adversary does not see where he is, but attacks a man of straw, some figment of his own, to the amusement of intelligent spectators. Always our combatant is talking quite wide of the whole question. So the wise man can never have an opponent; for whoever is able to face and find him has already gone over to his side. By material defences, we shut out light for a little, by going where only our own views are repeated, and so boxing our-

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selves from all danger of conviction; but if a strong thinker could gain the mere brute advantage of having an audience confined in their seats to hear him out, he would carry them all inevitably to his conclusion. They know it and run away. But the press has made our whole world of civilization one great lecture-room, from which no reading man can escape, and the only defence against progress is stolid preoccupation with trade or trifles. Yet this persistency is holding the breath, and can no more be continued in the mind than that in the body. Blundering and falsehood become intolerable to the blunderers; they must return to thought, and that is proper in a single direction, is approached by ten thousand avenues toward the One. It is religious, not ignorance or dogma. We cannot think without exploration of the divine order and recognition of its divinity, without finding ourselves carried away by it to service and adoration. All good is assured to us in Truth, and Truth follows us hard, drives us into many a corner, and will have us at last. So Love surprises all, and every virtue has a pass-key to every heart. Out of conflicting experience, amid barbarism and dogmatism, from feathers that float and stones that fall, we deduce the great law of moral gravitation, which binds spirit to spirit, and all souls to the best. Recognition of that law is worship. We rejoice in it without a taint of selfishness. We adore it with entire satisfaction. Worship is neither belief nor hope, but this certainty of repose upon Perfection. We explore over our heads and under our feet a harmony that is only enriched by dissolving discords. The drag of time, the cramp of organization, are only false fifths. It is blasphemy to deny the dominant. We cannot escape our good; we shall be purified. When our destiny is thus assured to us, we become impatient of sleep and sin, and redouble exertion. We devote ourselves to this certainty, and our allegiance is religion. There is nothing in man omitted from the uplift of Ideality. That is a central and total expansion of him, is an inmost entering into his inmost, is more himself than he is himself. All reverence is directed toward this Creator revealed in flesh, though not compassed. We adore him in others, while yet we despise him in ourselves. Every other motion of man has an external centre, is some hunger or passion, acts on us from its seat in Nature or the body, and we can face it, deny and repudiate it with the body; but this is the man flowing down from his source.

We must not be tempted to call things by too fine names, lest we should disguise them. All that is great is plain and familiar. The Ideal Tendency is simple love of life, felt first as desire and then as satisfaction. The men who represent it are not seekers, but finders, who go on to find more and more; for in the poet desire has fulfilled itself. Enjoyment makes the artist. He has gone on before us, reaching into the abyss of possibility; but he has reached more mightily. He begins to know what is promised in the universal attraction, in this eager turning of all faces toward our future. There is a centre from which no eye can be diverted, for it is the beam of sight. Look which way you will, that centre is everywhere. The universe is flooded with a ray from it, and the light of common day on every object is a refraction or reflection of that brightness.

Shallow men think of Ideality as another appetite, to be fed with pretty baubles, as the body is satisfied with meat and sleep; but the representative of that august impulse feels in it his immortality, and by all his lovely allegories, mythologies, fables, pictures, statues, manners, songs, and symphonies, he seeks to communicate his own feeling, that by specific gravity man must rise. It is no wonder, then, that we love Art while it offers us reinforcement of being, and despise the pretenders, for whom it is pastime, not prophecy.

For, in spite of all discouragement from the materialists, men stultified by trade or tradition, we have trusted the high desire and followed it thus far. We

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felt the sacredness of life even in ourselves, and there was always reverence in our admiration. We could not be made to doubt the divinity of that which walked with us in the wood or looked on us in the morning. The grasses and pebbles, the waters and rocks, clouds and showers, snow and wind, were too brother-like to be denied. They sang the same song which fills the breast, and our love for them was pure. The men and women we sought, were they not worthy of honor? The artist comes to bid us trust the Ideal Tendency, and not dishonor him who moves therein. He is no trifler, then, to be thrust aside by the doctors with their sciences, or the economists with production and use. He offers manhood to man and womanhood to woman.

We have named Ideality a love of life. Nay, what is it but life itself,—and that loving but true living? What word can have any value for us, unless it is a record of inevitable expansions in character. The universe is pledged to every heart, and the artist represents its promise. He sings, because he sees the manchild advancing, by blind paths it may be, but under sure guidance, propelled by inextinguishable desires toward the largest experience. He is no longer afraid of old bugbears. He feels for one, that nothing in the universe, call it by what ugly name you will, can crush or limit the lift of that leaven which works in the breast. Out of all eyes there looks on him the same expectation, and what for others is a great *perhaps* for him has become unavoidable certainty.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

"The mind of man is first led to adore the forces of Nature, and certain objects of the material world; at a later period, it yields to religious impulses of a higher and purely spiritual character."

HUMBOLDT.

CHAPTER I.

ALPHEUS and Eleusa, Thessalian Greeks, travelled in their old age, to escape poverty and misfortune, which had surely taken joint lease with themselves of a certain hut among the hills, and managed both household and flock.

The Halcyon builds its nest upon a floating weed; so to the drifting fortunes of these wanderers clung a friendless child, innocent and beautiful Evadne.

Some secret voice, the country-people say, lured the shepherd from his home, to embark on the Ægean Sea, and lead the little one away, together with his aged wife, to look for a new home in exile. Mariners bound for Troas received them into their vessel, and the voyage began.

The Greeks lamented when they beheld the shores of Asia. Heavy clouds and the coming night concealed the landmarks which should have guided their approach, and, buffeted by the uncertain winds, they waited for the morning. By the light of dawn, they saw before them an unknown harbor, and the dwellings of men; and here the mariners determined to be rid of their passengers, who vexed them by their fears; while to these three any port seemed desirable, and they readily consented to put off towards the shore. At the hour when the winds rise, at early dawn, they gladly parted from the seamen and the tossing ship, and took the way before them to the little town.

No fisherman, shadowless, trod the sands; no pious hand lighted the fire of

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sacrifice in the vanishing twilight; even the herds failed to cry out for the coming day. Strange fears began to chill the hearts of the Thessalians. They walked upon a trackless way, and when they entered the dwellings they found them untenanted. Over the doorways hung vines dropping their grapes, and birds flew out at the open windows. They climbed a hill behind the town, and saw how the sea surrounded them. The land on which they stood was no promontory, but an island, separated by a foaming interval of water from the shore, which they now saw, not distant, but inaccessible.

Then these miserable ones clung to each other on the summit of the rock, gazing, until they were fully persuaded of their misfortune. The winds waved and fluttered their garments, the waters uttered a voice breaking on the rocky shore, and rose mute upon the farther coast. The rain now began to fall from a morning cloud, and the travellers, for the first time, found shelter under a foreign roof.

All day they watched the sails approaching the headlands, or veering widely away and beating towards unseen harbors, as when a bird driven by fear abandons its nest, but drawn by love returns and hovers around it. Four days and nights had passed before the troubled waves ceased to hinder the craft of the fisherman. The Greeks saw with joy that their signals were answered, and a boat approached, so that they could hear a man's voice crying to them,—

"What are you who dwell on the island of the profane, and gather fruits sacred to Apollo?"

"If I may be said to dwell here," replied the old man, "it is contrary to my own will. I am a Greek of Thessaly. Apollo himself should not have forbidden me to gather the wild grapes of this island, since I and this child and Eleusa, my wife, have not during many days found other food."

"It is indeed true," exclaimed the boatman, "that madness presently falls upon those who eat of these grapes, since you speak impious words against the god. Behold, yonder is woody Tenedos, where his altar stands; it is now many years, since, filled with wrath against the dwellers here, he seized this rock, and hurled it into the sea; the very hills melted in the waves. I myself, a child then, beheld the waters violently urged upon the land. Moved without winds, they rose, climbing upon the very roofs of the houses. When the sea became calm, a gulf lay between this and the coast, and what had been a promontory was left forever an island. Nor has any man dared to dwell upon it, nor to gather its accursed fruits. Many men have I known who saw gods walking upon this shore, visible sometimes on the high cliffs inaccessible to human feet. Therefore, if you, being a stranger, have ignorantly trespassed on this garden, which the divinities reserve, perhaps for their own pleasure, strive to escape their resentment and offer sacrifices on the altar of Tenedos."

"Give me a passage in your boat to the land yonder, and I will depart out of your coasts," replied the Greek.

The fisherman, hitherto so friendly, remained silent, and words were wanting to him wherewith to instruct the stranger. When he again spoke, he said,—

"Why, old man, not having the vigor or the carelessness of youth, have you quitted your home, leading this woman into strange lands, and this child, whose eyes are tearful for the playmates she has left? I call a little maid daughter, who is like unto her, and she remains guarded at home by her mother, until we shall give her in marriage to one of her own nation and language."

"Waste no more words," answered the old man; "I will narrate my story as we row towards your harbor."

"It were better for you," said the boatman, "that they who brought you hither should take you into their ship again. Enter our town, if you will, but be not amazed at what shall befall you. It is a custom with us to make slaves of those

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who approach us unsolicited, in order to protect ourselves against the pirates and their spies, who have formerly lodged themselves among us in the guise of wayfaring men, and so robbed us of our possessions. Therefore it is our law, that those who land on our coast shall, during a year, serve us in bondage."

Anger flamed in the eye of the stranger.

"You do well," he cried, "to ask of me why I left the land which bore me. Never did I there learn to suspect vile and inhospitable customs. If you have pity for the aged and the unfortunate, and would not gladly see them cast into slavery, bring hither some means of life to this rock, which cowards have abandoned for me. Meanwhile, I will watch for some friendly sail, which, approaching, may bear me to any harbor, where worse reception can hardly await me.—Know that I fear not the anger of your gods; many years have I lived, and I have never yet beheld a god. My father has told me, that, in all his wanderings, among lonely hills, at the hour of dawn, or by night, or, again, in populous places, he has never seen one whom he believed to be a god. Moreover, in Athens itself are those who doubt their existence. Leave me to gather the grapes of Apollo!"

So saying, he turned away from the shore, not deigning to ask more from the stranger.

When the golden crescent moon, no sooner visible than ready to vanish in the rosy western sky, was smiling on the exiles with the old familiar look she wore above the groves of Thessaly, the sad-hearted ones were roused again by the voice of their unknown friend.

"Come down to the shore," he cried; "I have returned to you with gifts; my heart yearns to the child; she is gentle, and her eyes are like those of the stag when the hunters surround him. Take my flasks of oil and wine, and these cakes of barley and wheat. I bring you nets, and cords also, which we fishermen know how to use. May the gods, whom you despise, protect you!"

Late into the night the Greeks remained upon the border of the sea, wondering at their strange fate. To the idle the day is never sufficiently long,—the night also is wasted in words.

CHAPTER II.

The days which the exiles passed in solitude were not unhappy. The child Evadne pruned the large-leaved vines, and gave the rugged cheeks of certain melons to the sun. The continual hope of departure rendered all privations supportable.

Was it hope, or was it fear, that stirred their bosoms when at last a sail appeared not distant? They hoped that its white wings might turn seaward!

"Mother," cried the shepherd, "no seaman willingly approaches this shore, for the white waves warn him how the rocks lie beneath the water. Even walls and roofs of houses are seen, or guessed at, ingulfed formerly by the sea; and the tale of that disaster, as told us by the fisherman, is doubtless known to mariners, who, fearing Apollo, dare not land upon this island. While, on the other hand, we have heard how pirates, and even poor wayfaring folk, are so ill-received in the bay, that from them, though they be not far off, we yet look for no assistance. Let us, then, be content, and cease to seek after our fate, which doubtless is never at rest from seeking after us. And let us not be in haste to enter again into a ship, (so fearful and unnatural a thing for those born to walk upon the land,) nor yet to beg our way along painful and unknown roads, in search of men of a new religion and a different language from that of Greeks. Neither, dear wife, if we must suffer it, let us dread slavery too much. Life is long enough for those who die young, and too long for the aged. One year let us patiently give, more especially if it be unavoidable to give it. Vex me with no more lamentations; some unforeseen accident may relieve us from our misfortunes."

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Eleusa, the good old wife, ever obedient to the husband of her youth, talked no more of departure, nor yet complained of their miserable lodgings in the ruined huts, on which her housewifely care grieved to expend itself in vain.

Evadne would not be restrained from wandering. She penetrated alone the wildest thickets; the nests of timid birds were known to her; and she traced the bee to his hidden city. Deep in the woods she discovered a wide chasm, in which the water of the sea palpitated with the beating of the great heart of Ocean from which it flowed. Trees were still erect, clasped by the salt waves, but quite dead; and all around their base were hung fringes of marine growth, touched with prismatic tints when seen through the glittering water, but brown and hideous when gathered, as the trophy remaining in the hand which has dared to seize old Proteus by the locks. All around this avenue, into which the sea sometimes rushed like an invading host of armed men, the laurels and the delicate trees that love to bend over the sources of the forest-streams hung half-uprooted and perilously a-tiptoe over the brink of shattered rocks, and withered here and there by the touch of the salt foam, towards which they seemed nevertheless fain to droop, asking tidings of the watery world beyond.

The skeleton-arms of the destroyed ones were feeble to guard the passage of the ravine. Evadne broke a way over fallen trees and stepping-stones imbedded in sea-sand, and gained the opposite bank. The solitude in which she found herself appeared deeper, more awful, than before the chasm lay between the greater island and the less. She listened motionless to the soft, but continual murmur of the wood, the music of leaves and waves and unseen wings, by which all seeming silence of Nature is made as rich to the ear as her fabrics to the eye, so that, in comparison, the garments of a king are mean, though richly dyed, embroidered on every border, and hung with jewels.

While the little wood-ranger stood and waited, as it were, for what the grove might utter, her eye fell upon the traces of a pathway, concealed, and elsewhere again disclosed, overgrown by sturdy plants, but yet threading the shady labyrinth. She followed the often reappearing line upon the hillside, and as she climbed higher, with her rose the mountains and the sea. The shore, the sands, the rocky walls, showed every hue of sunbeams fixed in stone. The leafy sides of Tenedos had caught up the clear, green-tinted blue of the sea, and wore it in a noonday dream under the slumberous light that rested on earth and sea and sky. Above the horizon, far away, the very clouds were motionless; and where the sunbeams marked a tranquil sail, it seemed, with wave and cloud, to express only Eternal Repose. But the eager child pressed onward, for the crown of the hill seemed almost reached, and she longed for a wider, wider view of the beautiful Ægean.

Suddenly she arrived where a sculptured stone lay in the pathway. Some patient and skilful hand had wrought there the emblem of a rose, and among the chiselled petals stood drops of rain, collected as in a cup. On the border a pure white bird had just alighted, and Evadne watched how it bent and rose and seemed to caress the flower of stone, while it drank of the dew around and within it. Her eyes filled with tears as she mused on the vanished hand of Art, whose work Nature now reclaimed for this humble, but grateful use. The dove took wing, and the child proceeding came to a level turf where a temple of white marble stood. Eight slender columns upheld a marble canopy, beneath which stood the image of a god. One raised hand seemed to implore silence, while the other showed clasping fingers, but they closed upon nothing. Around the statue's base lay scattered stones. Evadne gathered them, and reunited they formed the lyre of Apollo. She replaced, for an instant, in the cold and constant grasp a fragment of the ruined harp. Then the aspect of the god became regretful,

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sad, as of one who desires a voice from the lips of the dead. Hastily she flung the charm away, and gentle grace returned to the listening boy, from whom, sleeping, some nymph might have stolen his lyre, whose complaining chords now vibrated to his ear and called their master to the pursuit. Evadne reposed on the steps of the temple, and fixedly gazed upon the god. Her fancy endowed the firm hand with an unbent bow; then the figure seemed to pause in the chase, and listen for the baying of the hounds. Then she imaged a shepherd's staff, and the shepherd-god waited tenderly for the voice of a lost lamb.

"So stood Apollo in Thessaly," she softly said, "when he carried the shepherd's staff. Oh that I were the lost Thessalian lamb for whom he waits, that he might descend and I die for joy on his breast!"

Then, half afraid that the lips might break their marble stillness in reply, she asked the protection of the deity, whom she was fain to adore, but whom her adopted parents dared to despise.

Sole worshipper at a deserted shrine, she had no offering to place there, but of flowers. She wove a crown and laid it at his feet, and, while she bent by the pedestal, to hang a garland there, oh, terror! a voice cried, "Evadne! Evadne!" A tide of fear rushed to her heart. The god stood motionless yet. Who could have uttered her name? A falling branch, a swift zephyr, may have seemed for an instant articulate, and yet it was surely a human voice which had called her. Her reverie was broken now, like a cataract brought to its downfall. A moment since, all was peace and joyfulness; now she remembered, with alarm, how long she had left her foster-parents alone, and the way by which she had come was unknown, as if she had never traced it. She crossed the floor of the temple, and, as she turned to whisper, "Farewell! beautiful god!" the form gently inclined itself, and the uplifted hand stirred lightly. Evadne darted forward and looked no more behind. She bounded over chasms in the pathway, and broke the tender branches before her with impatient hands, so that her descent from the temple was one mad flight.

CHAPTER III.

When Evadne returned to Alpheus and to her foster-mother, she was silent concerning her discovery, and it seemed the more sweet to her for being secret. Her thoughts made pilgrimages to the temple hidden by the laurels once set to adorn it, and the deserted God of Youth and Immortal Beauty drew from her an untaught and voiceless worship. How tedious now appeared the labors of their half-savage life!—for the ensnaring of fish and the gathering of fruits for the little household gave the child no leisure to climb the hill a second time, to seek the lost temple, now all her own. Two weary days had passed, and on the morning of the third Evadne performed all her labors, such as they were, of field or of the house.

Eleusa was absorbed in the art, new to her, of repairing a broken net, when the child abruptly fled away into the forest, crying out, "I go to seek wild grapes." She would not hear the voices calling her back. She gained rapidly the path, already familiar, and wherein every bough and every leaf seemed expectant of her coming footsteps.

Hamadryads veiled themselves, each in her conscious tree, eluding human approach. She steals more gently along, that she may haply surprise a vision. The little grassy plain appears beyond the wavering oak-branches. It is reached at last, and there,—surely it is no delusion,—there rests a sleeping youth! Another step, and she bent aside the boughs. He stands erect, listening.

"It is the god!" she cries; and, falling back, would have been precipitated from the rock, had not the youth rapidly bounded forward and grasped her hand.

"Little one, beautiful child," he cried, "do not fear me! I have indeed played the god formerly, to scare from my hunting-ground the poor fools who dread the

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anger of Apollo. Tell me, who are you, thus wandering in the awful garden of the gods? Who brought you hither, and what name has been given you?"

Trembling still, and not knowing how to relate it, Evadne stammered forth some words of her history. Her senses were bewildered by the beauty of the hunter-boy, who now appeared how different from the marble god! Bold, and as if ever victorious, with an undaunted brow, like Bacchus seen through the tears of sad Ariadne awakened. Strong and swift were his limbs, as those of a panther. His cheek was ruddy, and his half-naked form was brown, as those appear who dwell not under a roof, but in the uncertain shade of the forest. His locks were black and wildly disordered, and his eyes were most like to a dark stream lighted with golden flashes; but the laughing beauty of his lip no emblem could convey.

Soon, seated on the turf, the story of each child was related.

"I am nobly born," said the boy, "but I love the life of a hunter. My father has left me alone, and when I am a man, I, too, shall follow him to Rome. But liberty is sweeter than honor or power. I escape often from my tutor, who suspects not where I hide myself, and range all the forests. Embarking by night, in former years, I often visited this island. I know where to gather fruits and seek vineyards among the ruined huts of the village beneath us. By night I descend and gather them, for my free wanderings by day caused the fishermen to relate that a god walked upon the shore. When some, more curious or bold, turned their prows hitherward, to observe what form moved upon the hill, I rolled great rocks down, with a thundering noise, into the sea, and have terrified all men from the spot."

"We now call the vineyards and gardens ours," said Evadne, "but it appears they truly belong to you. Descend to the shore and we will share with you, not only the ripest clusters of the vines, but wine and loaves which the fisherman brings us."

"Bring me hither the wine, and I will gladly drink of it, nor waste one drop in oblation; but I must not descend to the shore, and you must be silent concerning me, for my tutor offers large rewards to any one who will disclose where I hide myself. The slaves on the coast here are ready to betray me. I have watched them sailing near the island, lured by the promise of a handful of gold, but not daring to land upon it, lest they should behold, against his will, a divine being."

"Then I will climb up hither and bring you the fruits," said Evadne.

"Nay, my bird," answered the boy, "lay them only on the altar, below, and when it is safe to descend, call me."

"If I call softly, you cannot hear me; and I cannot call loudly enough to reach you upon this hill."

"The secrets of the island are not known to you," her companion said, and arose quickly; "follow me,—I will teach you. You know not why Apollo is listening? It is for the good of the worshippers, who care not to mount the hill to adore him. Above the town stands an altar; voices uttered there are brought up hither by an echo. There the pious repaired once, and laid their gifts, and songs and the music of flutes sounded in honor of the deity, who was held too sacred to be approached. Hold me not too sacred, little one!—you shall approach without fear; but give me your voice at this altar, when your foster-father sleeps."

"But what shall I call you?" cried the laughing Evadne.

"Call *Hylas*. Echo has often repeated the name, they say, in the country of Mysia, and these groves shall learn it of you! Now follow me over the floor of the temple,—but lightly! lightly! See how the god would warn us away! He nods on his pedestal; even the loud thunder may some day cause his fall; already he is half shaken down from his shrine by earthquakes."

Then, firmly, bold Hylas held trembling Evadne, who glanced for an instant down the leafy passage of echoes.

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CHAPTER IV.

When the day was over, Alpheus called to him his foster-child.

"You have willingly followed us into our exile," he said, "nor have you ever inquired whither we lead you. Listen to me; I shall confide to you a secret, so that, if evil befall us, you may go on and fulfil your journey.

"In Asia stands a city, called Thyatira, and there dwell men of a new religion, called Christians. Of this faith I know as yet but little. But, dear Evadne, your father is yet living, and has sent, praying me to conduct you to him, that you may be taught among Christians. I have labored to fulfil his wish, for in our youth we were dear to each other. The moon saw us nightly upon the hills, guarding our flocks, and by day we practised the labors and the sports of Greeks."

"What is the religion of my father?" asked the child.

"I cannot tell it to you; I know only that the Christians worship one god."

"Apollo, then, is my choice."

"Not so, child. The god of Christians is not known to us; but he shall overthrow the idols of the whole world. The bow of Diana, the lyre of Apollo, are already broken."

The child started. Was the temple known to Alpheus, too? Had he seen there the fragments of a shattered harp?

The old man continued his discourse, but Evadne's thoughts had flown away towards the lost temple.

"There alone will I worship," she murmured to herself. She dreamed of adoring the deity of stone, but Hylas haunted all her thoughts. Yes, Evadne! one god is sufficient for you!

Under cover of the darkness, the friendly boatman drew near, and the islanders heard the unaccustomed sound of the boat drawn up the beach by the youth, whose superstitious fears began to vanish as he observed that no calamity fell upon these dwellers on the sacred spot.

"I come," he said, "with gifts truly, but also with good tidings. Have patience yet awhile. Your retreat is still unknown, and, after a few days, I may find you the means of escape."

Evadne alone was silent, and her tears flowed secretly.

The sun was already set, on the following day, before she stole away to meet the hunter-boy. In his hand, as he advanced joyously to greet her, he bore a white dove, which his arrow had pierced.

"I struck it," he said, while he pointed to its broken wing and bleeding breast, "when it alighted on the edge of a stone fallen from the temple."

Evadne concealed her ready tears and uttered no reproach against her hero; but she pressed the dead bird to her bosom.

"Tell me, Hylas," she asked, "do you worship this god before us, or that of the Christians?"

The boy laughed gayly.

"I worship this strong right arm," he said, "and my own bold will, which has conquered and shall conquer again! The stories of the gods are but fables. To us who are brave nothing can be forbidden; it is the weak who are unfortunate, and no god is able either to assist or to destroy us. As to the Christians, they are a despised people, a race of madmen, who, pretending to love poverty and martyrdom, are followed by the rude and ignorant. As for us, we are gods, both to them and to ourselves."

Evadne knew that she herself must be counted among the rude and ignorant; she dared not raise her eyes to the young noble, who watched her quivering lip, and but dimly guessed how he had wounded her.

"Leave caressing the dead bird," he said, at last, "and I will tell you tales of Rome and its glories."

And he charmed back again her innocent smiles, with noble traditions of kings, of gods, and of heroes, till the round moon stood above Gargarus, cold, in a rose-tinted heaven.

But again at sunrise the child sought

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the spot to bring a basket, heavy with gifts, for Hylas. He came at the call of Evadne, fresh, glowing, beautiful as a child rocked on the breast of Aurora, and upheld by her cool, fanning wings. His cheek wore the kiss of the Sun, and his closely curling locks were wet by the scattered fountain, cold in the shaded grove. He broke the early silence of the air with song and story, and named for the admiring child the towns, the headlands, and the hills, over which the eye delighted to wander.

"Now is the hour," he said, "when mariners far away behold for a little while the dome of this temple. They believe that the gods have rendered it invisible except at the rising day; but, in truth, the oaks, the laurels, and the unpruned ivy conceal it from view, at all times, except when the rays from the east strike upward. I have delighted to teach the people fables concerning this island and the lost temple; for as long as they fear to tread upon this spot, I have a retreat for myself, where I range unmolested.

"See yonder, so white among the dark cypress-trees, my father's villa! It has gardens and shady groves, but I love best the wild branching oaks which give their shade to Evadne! Far away in the purple distance stands the Mount of Ida. There dwelt Paris, content with the love of Œnone, until he knew himself to be the son of a king, for whom Argive Helen alone was found worthy; for his eyes had rested once upon immortal charms, of which the green eternal pines of Ida are still whispering the story. See how the people of this village of Athos flock together! Some festival occupies them. I see them going forth from the gates in hurrying crowds; and now a band of men approaches. Some one is about to enter their town, to whom they wish to do honor, and doubtless they bear green branches to strew in the way. I know not what festival they celebrate, for the altars are all deserted."

"I see a boat put off from the shore," said Evadne, "and it seems to turn its prow hitherward."

But it soon was concealed by the woody hill-top, although its course was seen to be directed towards the ruined huts upon the shore. Not long after, the children heard the name of "Evadne," brought faintly by the echoes, like the words of unseen ghosts who strive to awaken some beloved sleeper unconscious of their presence.

Evadne feared to return, and dared not stay. For the first time, the voice of her foster-father failed to bring her obedient footsteps; for her fluttering heart suspected something strange and unwelcome awaiting her. She wept at parting from Hylas, and the boy detained her. He also seemed troubled.

"Dear little one," he said, "betray me not! These men of Athos have seen me, and have authority to bring me bound before some ruler who has entered their town. They come to look for me now. I fly to my hiding-place, and you will deny that you saw any one in this forest."

He was gone down the face of the cliff, with winged feet, light of tread as Jove's messenger. More slowly, Evadne retraced the downward path, and lingered on the banks of the ravine, where the bitter waters were sobbing among the rocks. She lay down upon the ground, and dreamed, while yet waking, of her home in Thessaly, of her unknown father in the Christian city of Thyatira, and of Hylas, ever Hylas, and the pain of parting. How long she hid herself she guessed not, until the sun at the zenith sent down his brightest beam to discover the lost Thessalian lamb. Then, subdued and despairing, she travelled on to meet the reproaches that could not fail to await her.

CHAPTER V.

At midnight the sleepless girl stole from her couch, and laid on the altar beyond the village heavy clusters of grapes and the richest fruits from her store of dainties. "Hylas!" she softly cried, and

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the sleepless echo repeated the name; but though she watched long, no form emerged from the forest. Timidly she flitted back to her dwelling, and waited for an eastern gleam. At last the veil of night was lifted a little, a wind ruffled the waves, and the swaying oaks repeated to the hills the message of coming splendors from the Orient. Evadne gladly saw that the stars were fewer and paler in the sky, and she walked forth again, brushing cold dews from the vines and the branches. A foreboding fear led her first to look at the altar where she had left her offering. It was untouched. Then she entered the still benighted wood, and passed the cold gray waters. Arrived at the temple, she felt a hateful stillness in the place.

"Hylas!" she loudly called, "come to me! For *you* there is no danger; but for me, they will take me away at sunrise. The Christians will come to-day and carry me hence. Oh, Hylas! where do you hide yourself?"

But only a strong and angry wind disturbed the laurels around the temple, and all was still. Then the song of the birds began all around her, and a silver gleam shot across the eastern horizon. Suddenly rosy-tinged signals stood among the sad-colored torn clouds above her head. The hour for her departure was approaching. She gazed intently down among the pines, where Hylas had disappeared, and painfully and slowly began to descend. The wild-eyed hares glanced at her and shrank into concealment again. The birds uttered cries of alarm, and the motionless lizards lay close to her feet. Her heart beat anxiously when she heard the sudden stroke of a bird's wing, scared from its nest, and she paused often to listen, but no human voice was heard.

She penetrated slowly thus to that shore of the island which she had never yet visited. She reached a border of white sand, and studied its surface. She found a record there,—traces of footsteps, and the long trail of a boat, drawn from a thicket of laurels to the shore, and down to the water's edge. She stood many minutes contemplating these signs. She imaged to herself the retreat by night, by the late rising light of the waning moon. She seemed to see the youth, his manly arm urging the boat from its hiding-place. In this spot his foot pressed the sand. There he walked before and drew the little craft behind him. He launched it here, and, had not the winds urged the water up the shore, his last footstep might have remained for Evadne to gaze at.

He is surely gone! To return for the smiles of Evadne? She knows not if he will return; but she glances upward at the sky, and feels that she soon will have quitted the island, this happy island, forever!

Upward through the wood again she toils to take a last look at the temple. The spot seemed already to have forgotten her. And yet here lies a withered crown she wove once for Hylas; and here she finds at last the dart she lost for him, when she drew his bow in play. Now she sees on the shore at Athos an assembly of the people, and the men push off their boats. The village is already alive, and awake. The rising of the sun is looked for, and the clouds are like a golden fleece. Slowly above the tree-tops the swans are waving their great pinions, to seek the stream of Cayster. All creatures recognize the day, and only one weeps to see the light.

Evadne knew that on yonder shore waited the dreaded messengers who would gather the homeless into the Christian fold. She stayed to utter one farewell to the cold, the cruel marble, with its unvaried smile.

"Be my god!" she cried, aloud. "In whatever strange land, to whatever unknown religion I may be led, the god of this forgotten temple shall have the worship of my heart!"

She crossed the marble pavement. She clasped with her white cold arms the knees of Apollo —— Hold! the form totters!—it is too late!—it must fall! She rises to flee away, but the very floor is receding from her tread. And slowly, with

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a majesty even in destruction, the god bows himself, and drops from his pedestal.

The crashing fall is over. The foundations of the shrine, parted long ago by earthquakes, and undermined by torrents, have slipped from their place. Stones slide gradually to the brink of the rock, and some have fallen near the sculptured rose; and yet some portions of the graceful temple stand, and will support the dome yet, until some boisterous storm shakes roughly the remaining columns.

But the god is dethroned, shivered, ruined. Evadne should arise and go. The daylight overflows the sky, and she is quite, quite still, where the hand of Apollo has laid her. Her forehead was but touched by fingers that once held the lyre; and a crimson stream flows through the locks upon her brow. A smile like that which the god wore is fixed and changeless now upon her lip. Why does she smile? Because, in the dawn of life, of grief, of love, she found peace.

The sun was up, and there was no more silence or repose along the coast. Vigor and toil gave signs of their awakening. Sails were unfurled upon the wavering masts, and showed white gleams, as the sunlight struck each as it broadened out and swayed above its bright reflection below. Oars were dipped in the smooth sea, and an eager crowd stood waiting to visit the exiles on the once dreaded island. Evadne was already missed. Again and again voices called upon her, the echoes repeated the sound, and the groves had but one voice,—"Evadne!" She stirred not at the sound, but her smile grew sweeter, and her brow paler, and cold as the marble hand that pressed it.

Oh, Alpheus! oh, Eleusa! chide not! you will be weeping soon! She has, indeed, angered you of late. She left her foster-parents alone, and threaded the forest. She hid herself when you called, and, when the fisher's boat was waiting to convey her with you to the shore, where friends were ready to receive her and lead her to her father, then she was wandering!

Eleusa is querulous. No wonder! for the child is sadly changed. They will see her soon; a Christian prophet comes to break the heathen spell of the island. The men of yonder village consent to abjure the worship of Apollo. They come with the teacher of a new religion to consecrate the spot anew. The busy crowd, as on a day of festival, embark to claim again the once deserted spot.

Alpheus and Eleusa wait sadly for their approach, for trouble possesses their hearts. They pine for their once gentle, submissive child. But the teacher comes, and hails them in words of a new benediction. *The Great Name* is uttered also in their hearing. Calmness returns to them, in the presence of the holy man. It is not Paul, mighty to reprove, and learned as bold,—it is that "one whom Jesus loved." He has rested on his bosom, and looked on him pierced on the cross. The look from his dying eyes and the tones of his tender love are ever present in the soul of this beloved disciple. The awful revelations of Patmos had not yet illumined his eyes. His locks were white as the first blossoms of the spring, but his heart was not withered by time, and men believed of him that he should never see death. Those who beheld him loved him, and listened because they loved. What he desired was accomplished as if a king had commanded it, and what he taught was gathered in among the treasures of the heart.

The first care of the Apostle was to seek the lost child, and the youths of his company went on, and scaled the hill. Meanwhile, not far from the altar, on which an unregarded offering lay, the people gathered round their master, while to Alpheus and Eleusa he related the immortal story of Judea.

Before mid-day the villagers had returned to their dwellings. With John, their friend and consoler, two mourners departed from the island, where fabled Apollo no longer possessed a shrine. His

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altar was torn away; a newly-made grave was marked by a cross roughly built of its broken stones.

"I will return here," said the fisherman of Athos, "when you are far away in some Christian city of Asia. I will return and carve here the name of 'Evadne.'"

THE SKATER.

The skater lightly laughs and glides,
  Unknowing that beneath the ice
  Whereon he carves his fair device
A stiffened corpse in silence slides.

It glareth upward at his play;
  Its cold, blue, rigid fingers steal
  Beneath the trendings of his heel;
It floats along and floats away.

He has not seen its horror pass;
  His heart is blithe; the village hears
  His distant laughter; he careers
In festive waltz athwart the glass.—

We are the skaters, we who skim
  The surface of Life's solemn flood,
  And drive, with gladness in our blood,
A daring dance from brim to brim.

Our feet are swift, our faces burn,
  Our hopes aspire like soaring birds;
  The world takes courage from our words,
And sees the golden time return.

But ever near us, silent, cold,
  Float those who bounded from the bank
  With eager hearts, like us, and sank
Because their feet were overbold.

They sank through breathing-holes of vice,
  Through treacherous sheens of unbelief;
  They know not their despair and grief:
Their hearts and minds are turned to ice.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON.*

[Concluded.]

Mr. Jefferson returned from France in the autumn of 1789, and the following spring took office as Secretary of State. He was unwilling to abandon his post abroad, but the solicitations of Washington controlled him. He plainly was the most suitable person for the place. Franklin, the father of American diplomacy, was rapidly approaching the close of his long and busy life, and John Adams, the only other statesman whose diplomatic experience could be compared with that of Thomas Jefferson, was Vice President.

It would be a tedious task to enter into a detail of the disputes which arose in Washington's Cabinet, nor is it necessary to do so. Most candid persons, who have examined the subject, are convinced that the differences were unavoidable, that they were produced by exigencies in affairs upon which men naturally would disagree, by conflicting social elements, and by the dissimilar characters, purposes, and political doctrines of Jefferson and Hamilton. Jefferson's course was in accordance with the general principles of government which from his youth he had entertained.

As to the accusation, so often made, that he opposed an administration of which he was a member and which by the plainest party-rules he was bound to support, it is completely answered by the statement, that his conduct was understood by Washington, that he repeatedly offered to resign, and that when he retired it was in opposition to the President's wish. It is not worth while for us to apply a higher standard of party loyalty to Washington's ministers than he himself applied.

One great difficulty encountered by the politicians of that day seems to have been purely fanciful. Strictly speaking, the government did not have a policy. It went into operation with the impression that it would be persistently resisted, that its success was doubtful, and that any considerable popular disaffection would be fatal to it. These fears proved to be unfounded. The day Washington took the oath, the government was as stable as it now is. Disturbing elements undoubtedly existed, but they were controlled by great and overruling necessities, recognized by all men. Thus the final purpose of the administration was accomplished at the outset. The labor which it was expected would task the patriotism and exercise the skill of the most generous and experienced was performed without an effort,—as it were, by a mere pulsation of the popular heart. The question was not, How shall the government be preserved? but, How shall it be administered? This is evident now, but was not seen then. The statesmen of the time believed that the Union was constantly in danger, and that their best efforts were needed to protect it. In this spirit they approached every question which presented itself. Thinking that every measure directly affected the safety of the republic, a difference of opinion could not be a mere disagreement upon a matter of policy. In proportion to the intensity of each man's patriotism was his conviction that in his way alone could the government be preserved, and he naturally thought that his opponents must be either culpably neglecting or deliberately plotting against the interests of the country. Real difficulties were increased by imaginary ones. Opposition became treason. Parties called themselves Republicans and Federalists;—they called each other monarchists and anarchists. This delusion has always char-

* *The Life of Thomas Jefferson.* By Henry S. Randall, LL. D. In three volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858.

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acterized our politics; noisy politicians of the present day stigmatize their adversaries as disunionists; but during the first twenty years it was universal, and explains the fierce party-spirit which possessed the statesmen of that period, and likewise accounts for many of their errors.

Among these errors must be placed the belief which Jefferson had, that there was a party of monarchists in the country. Mr. Randall makes a long argument in support of this opinion, and closes with an intimation that those who refuse to believe now cannot be reached by reason. He may rank us with these perverse skeptics; for, in our opinion, his argument not only fails to establish his propositions, but is strong against them. Let it be understood;—the assertion is not, that there were some who would have preferred a monarchy to a republic, but that, after the government was established, Ames, Sedgwick, Hamilton, and other Federal leaders, were plotting to overturn it and create a monarchy. Upon this we have no hesitation in taking issue. The real state of the case, and the circumstances which deceived Mr. Jefferson, may be briefly set forth.

Jefferson left France shortly after the taking of the Bastile. He saw the most auspicious period of the Revolution. During the session of the Estates General, the evils which afflicted France were admitted by all, but the remedies proposed were, as yet, purely speculative. The roseate theories of poets and enthusiasts had filled every mind with vague expectations of some great good in the future. Nothing had occurred to disturb these pleasing anticipations. There was no sign of the fearful disasters then impending. The delirium of possession had not seized upon the nation,—her statesmen had not learned how much easier it is to plan than to achieve,—nor had the voice of Burke carried terror throughout Europe. Even now, it is impossible to read the first acts of that drama without being moved to sympathetic enthusiasm. What emotions must it not have excited while the awful catastrophe was yet concealed! Tried by any received test, France, for centuries, had been the chief state in Europe,—inferior to none in the arts of war, superior to any in the arts of peace. Fashion and letters had given her an empire more permanent than that which the enterprise of Columbus and the fortune of Charles gave to Spain, more extended than that which Trafalgar and Waterloo have since given to England. Though her armies were resisted, her wit and grace were irresistible; every European prince was her subject, every European court a theatre for the display of her address. The peculiar spirit of her genius is not more distinctly to be seen in the verse of Boileau than in that of Pope,—in the sounding periods of Bossuet than in Addison's easy phrase. The spectacle of a nation so distinguished, which had carried tyranny to a perfection and invested it with a splendor never before seen, becoming the coryphæus of freedom, might easily have fascinated a mind less impressible by nature, and less disposed by education for favorable impressions, than that of Jefferson. He shared the feeling of the hour. His advice was asked, and respectfully listened to. This experience, while, as he says, it strengthened his preconceived convictions, must have prevented him from carefully observing, certainly from being affected by, the influences which had been at work in his own country. He came home more assured in republicanism, and expecting to find that America had kept pace with him.

But many things had occurred in America to excite doubts of the efficiency of republican institutions. The government of the Confederation was of little value. During the war, common interests and dangers had bound the Colonies together; with peace came commercial rivalries, boundary disputes, relations with other countries, the burdens of a large debt,—and the scanty powers with which Congress had been clothed were inadequate to the public exigencies. The Congress was a mere conven-

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tion, in which each State had but one vote. To the most important enactments the consent of nine States was necessary. The concurrence of the several legislatures was required to levy a tax, raise an army, or ratify a treaty. The executive power was lodged in a committee, which was useless either for deliberation or action. The government fell into contempt; it could not protect itself from insult; and the doors of Congress were once besieged by a mob of mutinous soldiery. The States sometimes openly resisted the central government, and to the most necessary laws, those for the maintenance of the national credit, they gave but a partial obedience. They quarrelled with each other. New York sent troops into the field to enforce her claims upon her New England neighbors. The inhabitants of the Territories rebelled. Kentucky, Vermont, and Tennessee, under another name, declared themselves independent, and demanded admission into the Union. In New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, insurrections took place. In Massachusetts, a rebellion was set on foot, which, for a time, interrupted the sessions of the courts. An Indian war, attended by the usual barbarities, raged along the northern frontier. Foreign states declined to negotiate with a government which could not enforce its decrees within its own borders. England haughtily refused to withdraw her troops from our soil; Spain closed the Mississippi to the commerce and encroached upon the territory of the Confederation. Every consideration of safety and advantage demanded a government with strength enough to secure quiet at home and respect abroad. It is not to be denied that many thoughtful and experienced men were discouraged by the failure of the Confederation, and thought that nothing but a monarchy could accomplish the desired purpose.

There were also certain social elements tending in the same direction, and these were strongest in the city of New York, where Jefferson first observed them. That city had been the centre of the largest and most powerful Tory community in the Colonies. The gentry were nearly all Tories, and, during the long occupation of the town, the tradespeople, thriving upon British patronage, had become attached to the British cause. There, and, indeed, in all the cities, there were aristocratic circles. Jefferson was of course introduced into them. In these circles were the persons who gave dinners, and at whose tables he heard the opinions expressed which astonished and alarmed him.

What is described as polite society has never been much felt in American politics; it was not more influential then. Besides, in many cases, these opinions were more likely to have been the expression of affectation than of settled conviction. Nothing is more common than a certain insincerity which leads men to profess and seemingly believe sentiments which they do not and cannot act upon. The stout squire who prides himself upon his obstinacy, and whose pretty daughter manages him as easily as she manages her poodle, is a favorite character in English comedy. Every one knows some truculent gentleman who loudly proclaims that one half of mankind are knaves and the other half would be if they dared, but who would go mad with despair if he really believed the atrocious principles he loves to announce. Jefferson was not so constituted as to make the proper allowance for this kind of insincerity. Though undemonstrative, he was thoroughly in earnest. In fact, he was something of a precisian in politics. He spoke of kings and nobles as if they were personal foes, and disliked Scott's novels because they give too pleasing a representation of the institution of chivalry. He probably looked upon a man who spoke covetously of titles much as a Salem elder a century before would have looked upon a hard-swearing Virginia planter. In the purse-proud citizens, who, after dinner, used to talk grandly about the British Constitution, he saw a set of malignant conspirators, when in fact not one in ten had ever

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thought seriously upon the subject, or had enough force of character to attempt to carry out his opinions, whatever they might have been.

The political discontents were hardly more formidable. We have admitted that some influential persons were in favor of a monarchy; but no one took a decided step in that direction. In all the published correspondence there is not a particle of evidence of such a movement. Even Hamilton, in his boldest advances towards a centralization of power, did not propose a monarchy. Those who were most doubtful about the success of a republic recognized the necessity of making the experiment, and were the most active in establishing the present one. The sparsity of the population, the extent of the country, and its poverty, made a royal establishment impossible. The people were dissatisfied with the Confederation, not with republicanism. The breath of ridicule would have upset the throne. The King, the Dukes of Massachusetts and Virginia, the Marquises of Connecticut and Mohawk, Earl Susquehanna and Lord Livingston, would have been laughed at by every ragamuffin. The sentiment which makes the appendages of royalty, its titles and honors, respectable, is the result of long education, and has never existed in America. Washington was the only person mentioned in connection with the crown; but had he attempted to reach it, he would have lost his power over the people. He was strong because he had convinced his country that he held personal objects subservient to public ones,—that, with him, "the path of duty was the way to glory." He had none of the magnetism which lulls the senses and leads captive the hearts of men. Had he clothed himself in the vulgar robes of royalty,—had he taken advantage of the confidence reposed in him for a purpose of self-aggrandizement, and that of so petty and commonplace a kind, — he would have sunk to a level with the melodramatic heroes of history, and that colossal reputation, which rose, a fair exhalation from the hearts of grateful millions, and covered all the land, would have vanished like a mist.

Whatever individuals may have wished for, the charge of monarchical designs cannot be brought against the Federalists as a party. New England was the mother of the Revolution, and became the stronghold of Federalism. In South Carolina and New York, a majority of the inhabitants were Tories; the former State voted for Mr. Jefferson every time he was a candidate, the latter gave him his election in 1800. It requires a liberal expenditure of credulity to believe that the children of the Puritans desired a monarchy more than the descendants of the Cavaliers and the adherents of De Lancy and Ogden. Upon this subject Jefferson does not seem to have understood that disposition which can be dissatisfied with a measure, and yet firm and honest in supporting it. Public men constantly yield or modify their opinions under the pressure of political necessity. He himself gives an instance of this, when, in stating that he was not entirely content with the Constitution, he remarks that not a member of the Federal Convention approved it in all its parts. Why may we not suppose that Hamilton and Ames sacrificed their opinions, as well as Mr. Jefferson and the framers of the Constitution?

The evidence with which Mr. Randall fortifies his position is inconclusive. It consists of the opinions of leading Republicans, and extracts from the letters of leading Federalists. The former are liable to the objection of having been prompted by political prejudices; the latter will not bear the construction which he places upon them. They are nothing more than expressions of doubt as to the stability of the government, and of regret that one of a different kind was not adopted,—most of which were made after the Federalists were defeated. We should not place too literal a construction upon the repinings of disappointed placemen. Mr. Randall, we believe, has been in political life, and ought to be accustomed to the

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disposition which exists among public men to think that the country will be ruined, if it is deprived of their services. After every election, our ears are vexed by the gloomy vaticinations of defeated candidates. This amiable weakness is too common to excite uneasiness.

An argument of the same kind, and quite as effective as Mr. Randall's, might be made against Jefferson. His letters contain predictions of disaster in case of the success of his opponents, and the Federalists spoke as harshly of him as he of them. They charged him with being a disciple of Robespierre, said that he was in favor of anarchy, and would erect a guillotine in every market-place. He called them monarchists, and said they sighed after King, Lords, and Commons. Neither charge will be believed. The heads of the Federalists were safe after the election of Mr. Jefferson, and the republic would have been safe if Hamilton and Adams had continued in power.

Both parties formed exaggerated opinions. That Jefferson did so, no one can doubt who observes the weight he gave to trifles,—his annoyance at the etiquette of the capital,—at the levees and liveries,—at the President's speech,—the hysterical dread into which he was thrown by the mere mention of the Society of the Cincinnati, and the "chill" which Mr. Randall says came over him "when he heard Hamilton praise Cæsar." This spirit led him to the act which every one must think is a stain upon his character: we refer to the compilation of his "Ana." As is well known, that book was written mainly for the purpose of proving that the Federalists were in favor of a monarchy. It consists chiefly of reports of the conversations of distinguished characters. Some of these conversations—and it is noticeable that they are the most innocent ones—took place in his presence. The worst expressions are mere reports by third parties. One story rests upon no better foundation than that Talleyrand told it to Volney, who told it to Jefferson. At one place we are informed, that, at a St. Andrew's Club dinner, the toast to the President (Mr. Adams) was coldly received, but at that to George the Third "Hamilton started to his feet and insisted on a bumper and three cheers." This choice bit of scandal is given on the authority of "Mr. Smith, a Hamburg merchant," "who received it from Mr. Schwarthouse, *to whom it was told by one of the dinner-party.*" At a dinner given by some members of the bar to the federal judges, this toast was offered: "Our *King* in old England,"—Rufus King being the American minister in that country. Whereupon Mr. Jefferson solemnly asks us "to observe the *double entendre* on the word King." Du Ponceau told this to Tenche Coxe, who told it to Jefferson. Such stuff is repeated in connection with descriptions of how General and Mrs. Washington sat on a raised sofa at a ball, and all the dancers bowed to them,—and how Mrs. Knox mounted the steps unbidden, and, finding the sofa too small for three, had to go down. We are told that at one time John Adams cried, "Damn 'em! you see that an elective government will not do,"—and that at another he complimented a little boy who was a Democrat, saying, "Well, a boy of fifteen who is not a Democrat is good for nothing,—and he is no better who is a Democrat at twenty." Of this bit of treason Jefferson says, "Ewen told Hurt, and Hurt told me." These are not mere scraps, published by an indiscreet editor. They were revised by Mr. Jefferson in 1818, when he was seventy-five years old, after, as he says, the passions of the time were passed away,—with the intention that they should be published. It is humiliating to record this act. No justification for it is possible. It is idle to say that these revelations were made to warn the country of its danger. As evidence they are not entitled to a thought. More flimsy gossip never floated over a tea-table. Besides, for such a purpose they should have been published when the contest was in progress, when the danger was imminent, not after the men whom he arraigned were defeated and most of them in their graves. Equally unsatisfactory is the ex-

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cuse, that they illustrate history. This may be true, but it does not acquit Mr. Jefferson. Pepys tells us more than Hume about the court of Charles II., and Boswell's Life of Johnson is the best biography in the language,—but he must be a shabby fellow who would be either a Boswell or a Pepys. Mr. Randall's excuse, that the act was done in self-vindication, is the worst of all. Jefferson was the victor and needed no defence, surely not so mean and cowardly a defence. That a grave statesman should stoop to betray the confidence of familiar intercourse,—that a skeptical inquirer, who systematically rejected everything which did not stand the most rigid tests, should rely on the ridiculous gossip of political circles,—that a deliberate and thoughtful man should jump to a conclusion as quickly as a child, and assert it with the intolerance of a Turk, certainly is a strange anomaly. We can account for it only by supposing that upon the subject of a monarchy he was a little beside himself. It is certain, that, through some weakness, he was made to forget gentlemanly propriety, and the plainest rules for the sifting of testimony;—let us believe that the general opinions which he formed, and which his biographer perpetuates, resulted from the same unfortunate weakness.

We have dwelt upon this subject, both on account of the prominence which Mr. Randall has given it, and because, as admirers of Mr. Jefferson, we wished to make a full and distinct statement of the most common and reasonable complaint against him. The biographer has done his hero a great injury by reviving this absurd business, and has cast suspicion upon the accuracy of his book. It is time that our historians approached their subjects with more liberal tempers. They should cease to be advocates. Whatever the American people may think about the policy of the Federalists, they will not impute to them unpatriotic designs. That party comprised a majority of the Revolutionary leaders. It is not strange that many of them fell into error. They were wealthy and had the pride of wealth. They had been educated with certain ideas about rank, which a military life had strengthened. The liberal theories which the war had engendered were not understood, and, during the French Revolution, they became associated with acts of atrocity which Mr. Jefferson himself condemned. Abler men than the Federalists failed to discriminate between the crime and the principles which the criminals professed. Students of affairs are now in a better position than Mr. Jefferson was, to ascertain the truth, and they will not find it necessary to adopt his prejudices against a body of men who have adorned our history by eloquence, learning, and valor.

Jefferson's position in Washington's government must have been extremely disagreeable. There was hardly a subject upon which he and Hamilton agreed. Washington had established the practice of disposing of the business before the Cabinet by vote. Each member was at liberty to explain his views, and, owing to the wide differences in opinion, the Cabinet Council became a debating society. This gave Hamilton an advantage. Jefferson never argued, and, if he had attempted it, he would have been no match for his adversary. He contented himself with a plain statement of his views and the reasons which influenced him, made in the abstract manner which was habitual with him. Hamilton, on the other hand, was an adroit lawyer, and a painstaking dialectician, who carefully fortified every position. He made long speeches to the Cabinet, with as much earnestness as one would use in court. Though Jefferson had great influence with the President, he was generally outvoted. Knox, of course, was against him. Randolph, the Attorney-General, upon whose support he had a right to depend, was an ingenious, but unsteady, sophist. He had so just an understanding, that his appreciation of his opponent's argument was usually stronger than his confidence in his own. He commonly agreed with Jefferson, and voted with Hamilton. The Secretary of State was not allowed to control his own

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department. Hamilton continually interfered with him, and had business interviews with the ministers of foreign countries. The dispute soon spread beyond the Cabinet, and was taken up by the press. Jefferson again and again asked leave to resign; Washington besought him to remain, and endeavored to close the breach between the rival Secretaries. For a time, Jefferson yielded to these solicitations; but finally, on the 31st of December, 1793, he left office, and was soon followed by Hamilton.

After reaching Monticello, Mr. Jefferson announced, that he had completely withdrawn from affairs, and that he did not even read the journals, preferring to contemplate "the tranquil growth of lucern and potatoes." These bucolic pleasures soon palled. Cultivating lucern and potatoes is, without doubt, a dignified and useful employment, but it is not likely to content a man who has played a great part, and is conscious that he is still able to do so. We soon find him a candidate for the Presidency, and, strange as it may seem, in 1797, he was persuaded to leave his "buckwheat-dressings" and take the seat of Vice-President.

Those who are interested in party tactics will find it instructive to read Mr. Randall's account of the opposition to Adams's administration. His correspondence shows that Adams was the victim of those in whom he confided. He made the mistake of retaining the Cabinet which Washington had during the last year or two of his term, and a weaker one has never been seen. His ministers plotted against him,—his party friends opposed and thwarted him. The President had sufficient talent for a score of Cabinets, but he likewise had many foibles, and his position seemed to fetter his talents and give full play to his foibles. The opposition adroitly took advantage of the dissensions of their adversaries. In Congress, the Federalists were compelled to carry every measure by main force, and every inch of ground was contested. The temporizing Madison, formerly leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, had been succeeded by Albert Gallatin, a man of more enterprising spirit and firmer grasp of thought. He was assisted by John Randolph, who then first displayed the resources of his versatile and daring intellect. Mr. Jefferson, also, as the avowed candidate for the succession, may be supposed to have contributed his unrivalled knowledge of the springs of human action. Earnest as the opposition were, they did not abuse the license which is permitted in political contests. But the Federalists pursued Mr. Jefferson with a vindictiveness which has no parallel in this country. They boasted of being gentlemen, and prided themselves upon their standing and culture, yet they descended to the vilest tricks and meanest scandal. They called Jefferson a Jacobin, — abused him because he liked French cookery and French wines, and wore a red waistcoat. To its shame, the pulpit was foremost in this disgraceful warfare. Clergymen did not hesitate to mention him by name in their sermons. Cobbett said, that Jefferson had cheated his British creditors. A Maryland preacher improved this story, by saying that he had cheated a widow and her daughters, of whose estate he was executor. He was compared to Rehoboam. It was said, that he had a negro mistress, and compelled his daughters to submit to her presence,—that he would not permit his children to read the Bible,—and that, on one occasion, when his attention was called to the dilapidated condition of a church, he remarked, "It is good enough for him who was born in a manger." According to his custom, he made no reply to these slanders, and, except from a few mild remarks in his letters, one cannot discover that he heard of them.

Mr. Adams did not show his successor the customary courtesy of attending his inauguration, leaving Washington the same morning. The new President, entirely unattended and plainly dressed, rode down the avenue on horseback. He tied his horse to the paling which

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surrounded the Capitol grounds, and, without ceremony, entered the Senate Chamber. The contrast between this somewhat ostentatious simplicity and the parade at the inaugurations of Washington and Adams showed how great a change had taken place in the government.

The Presidency is the culmination of Mr. Jefferson's political career, and we gladly turn to a contemplation of his character in other aspects.

The collections of Jefferson's writings and correspondence, which have been published, throw no light upon his domestic relations. We have complained of the prolixity of Mr. Randall's book, but we do not wish to be understood as complaining of the number of family letters it contains. They form its most pleasing and novel feature. They show us that the placid philosopher had a nature which was ardent, tender, and constant. His wife died after but ten years of married life. She was the mother of six children, of whom two, Martha and Maria, reached maturity. Though still young, Mr. Jefferson never married again, finding sufficient opportunity for the indulgence of his domestic tastes in the society of his daughters. Martha, whom he nicknamed Patsey, was plain, resembling her father in features, and having some of his mental characteristics. Maria, the youngest, inherited the charms of her mother, and is described as one of the most beautiful women of her time. Her natural courtesy procured for her, while yet a child, from her French attendants, the *sobriquet* of Polie, a name which clung to her through life.

Charged with the care of these children, Jefferson made their education one of his regular occupations, as systematically performed as his public duties. He planned their studies, and descended to the minutest directions as to dress and deportment. While they were young, he himself selected every article of clothing for them, and even after they were married, continued their constant and confidential adviser. When they were absent, he insisted that they should inform him how they occupied themselves, what books they read, what tunes they played, dwelling on these details with the fond particularity of a lover. Association with his daughters seemed to awaken his noblest and most refined impulses, and to reveal the choicest fruit of his reading and experience. His letters to them are models of their kind. They contain not only those general precepts which an affectionate parent and wise man would naturally desire to impress upon the mind of a child, but they also show a perception of the most subtile feminine traits and a sympathy with the most delicate feminine tastes, seldom seen in our sex, and which exhibits the breadth and symmetry of Jefferson's organization. One of the most characteristic of these letters is in the possession of the Queen of England, to whom it was sent by his family, in answer to a request for an autograph.

His daughters were in France with him, and were placed at school in a convent near Paris. Martha was captivated by the ceremonials of the Romish Church, and wrote to her father asking that she might be permitted to take the veil. It is easy to imagine the surprise with which the worldly diplomatist read the epistle. He did not reply to it, but soon made a visit to the Abbaye. He smiled kindly at the young enthusiast, who came anxiously to meet him, told the girls that he had come for them, and, without referring to Martha's letter, took them back to Paris. The account-book shows that after this incident the young ladies did not diminish their attention to the harpsichord, guitar, and dancing-master.

Maria, who was married to John W. Eppes, died in 1804, leaving two children. Martha, wife of Thomas M. Randolph, survived her father. She was the mother of ten children. The Randolphs lived on Mr. Jefferson's estate of Monticello, and after he retired from public life he found his greatest pleasure in the society of the numerous family which surrounded him,—a pleasure which in-

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creased with his years. Mr. Randall publishes a few letters from some of Jefferson's grand-daughters, describing their happy child-life at Monticello. Besides being noticeable for grace of expression, these letters breathe a spirit of affection for Mr. Jefferson which only the warmest affection on his part could have elicited. The writers fondly relate every particular which illustrates the habits and manners of the retired statesman; telling with what kindness he reproved, with what heartiness he commended them; how the children loved to follow him in his walks, to sit with him by the fire during the winter twilight, or at the window in summer, listening to his quaint stories; how he directed their sports, acted as judge when they ran races in the garden, and gathered fruit for them, pulling down the branches on which the ripest cherries hung. All speak of the pleasure it gave him to anticipate their wishes by some unexpected gift. One says that her Bible and Shakspeare came from him,—that he gave her her first writing-desk, her first watch, her first Leghorn hat and silk dress. Another tells how he saw her tear her dress, and in a few days brought a new and more beautiful one to mend it, as he said,—that she had refused to buy a guitar which she admired, because it was too expensive, and that when she came to breakfast the next morning the guitar was waiting for her. One of these ladies seems to give only a natural expression to the feelings which all his grandchildren had for him, when she prettily calls him their good genius with magic wand, brightening their young lives by his kindness and his gifts.

Indeed, the account which these volumes give of Monticello life is very interesting. The house was a long brick building, in the Grecian style, common at that time. It was surmounted by a dome; in front was a portico; and there were piazzas at the end of each wing. It was situated upon the summit of a hill six hundred feet high, one of a range of such. To the east lay an undulating plain, unbroken save by a solitary peak; and upon the western side a deep valley swept up to the base of the Blue Ridge, which was twenty miles distant. The grounds were tastefully decorated, and, by a peculiar arrangement which the site permitted, all the domestic offices and barns were sunk from view. The interior of the mansion was spacious, and even elegant; it was decorated with natural curiosities, —Indian and Mexican antiquities, articles of *virtù*, and a large number of portraits and busts of historical characters. The library—which was sold to the government in 1815—contained between nine and ten thousand volumes. He had another house upon an estate called Poplar Forest, ninety miles from Monticello.

Mr. Jefferson was too old to attempt any new scientific or literary enterprise, but as soon as he reached home he began to renew his former acquaintances. His meteorological observations were continued, he studied botany, and was an industrious reader of three or four languages. When nearly eighty, we find him writing elaborate disquisitions on grammar, astronomy, the Epicurean philosophy, and discussing style with Edward Everett. The coldness between him and John Adams passed away, and they used to write one another long letters, in which they criticized Plato and the Greek dramatists, speculated upon the end for which the sensations of grief were intended, and asked each other whether they would consent to live their lives over again. Jefferson, with his usual cheerfulness, promptly answered, Yes.

He dispensed a liberal hospitality, and in a style which showed the influence of his foreign residence. Though temperate, he understood the mysteries of the French *cuisine*, and liked the wines of Médoc. These tastes gave occasion to Patrick Henry's sarcasm upon gentlemen "*who abjured their native victuals.*" Mr. Randall tells an amusing anecdote of a brandy-drinking Virginian, who wondered how a man of so much taste could drink cold, sour French wine, and insist-

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ed that some night he would be carried off by it.

No American has ever exerted so great and universal an attraction. Men of all parties made pilgrimages to Monticello. Foreigners of distinction were unwilling to leave the country without seeing Mr. Jefferson; men of fashion, artists, *littérateurs*, *savants*, soldiers, clergymen, flocked to his house. Mrs. Randolph stated, that she had provided beds for fifty persons at a time. The intrusion was often disagreeable enough. Groups of uninvited strangers sometimes planted themselves in the passages of his house to see him go to dinner, or gathered around him when he sat on the portico. A female once broke a window-pane with her parasol to get a better view of him. But no press of company was permitted to interfere with his occupations. The early morning was devoted to correspondence; the day to his library, to his workshop, or to business; after dinner he gave himself up to society.

Making every allowance for the exaggerations of his admirers, it cannot be doubted that Jefferson was a master of conversation. It had contributed too much to his success not to have been made the subject of thought. It is true, he had neither wit nor eloquence; but this was a kind of negative advantage; for he was free from that striving after effect so common among professed wits, neither did he indulge in those monologues into which eloquence betrayed Coleridge and seduces Macaulay. He had great tact, information, and worldly knowledge. He never disputed, and had the address not to attempt to control the current of conversation for the purpose of turning it in a particular direction, but was always ready to follow the humor of the hour. His language, if seldom striking, never failed to harmonize with his theme, while, of course, the effect of everything he said was heightened by his age and reputation.

Unfortunately, his latter days were clouded by pecuniary distress. Although prudent and methodical, partly from unavoidable circumstances, and partly from the expense of his enormous establishment, his large estate became involved. The failure of a friend for whom he had indorsed completed his ruin and made it necessary to sell his property. This, however, was not done until after his death, when every debt was paid, even to a subscription for a Presbyterian church.

As is well known, the chief labor of his age was the establishment of the University of Virginia. He was the creator of that institution, and displayed in behalf of it a zeal and energy truly wonderful. When unable to ride over to the University, which was eight miles from Monticello, he used to sit upon his terrace and watch the workmen through a telescope. He designed the buildings, planned the organization and course of instruction, and selected the faculty. He seemed to regard this enterprise as crowning and completing a career which had been devoted to the cause of liberty, by providing for the increase and diffusion of knowledge.

In February, 1826, the return of a disease by which he had at intervals been visited convinced Jefferson that he should soon die. With customary deliberation and system, he prepared for his decease, arranging his affairs and giving the final directions as to the University. To his family he did not mention the subject, nor could they detect any change in his manner, except an increased tenderness in each night's farewell, and the lingering gaze with which he followed their motions. His mental vigor continued. His will, quite a long document, was written by himself; and on the 24th of June he wrote a reply to an invitation to the celebration at Washington of the ensuing Fourth of July. It is difficult to discover in what respect this production is inferior to his earlier performances of the same kind. It has all of the author's ease and precision of style, and more than his ordinary distinctness and earnestness of thought. This was his last letter. He rapidly declined, but preserved possession of his

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faculties. He remarked, as if surprised at it, upon his disposition to recur to the scenes of the Revolution, and seemed to wish that his life might be prolonged until the Fourth of July. This wish was not denied to him; he expired at noon of that day, precisely fifty years after the Declaration of Independence. A few hours afterwards the great heart of John Adams ceased to beat.

So much has been said about Mr. Jefferson's religious opinions, and our biographer gives them such prominence, that we shall be pardoned for alluding to them, although they are not among the topics which a critic generally should touch. Mr. Randall says that Jefferson was "a public professor of his belief in the Christian religion." We do not think that this unqualified statement is supported by Jefferson's explanation of his views upon Christianity, which Mr. Randall subsequently gives. Religion, in the sense which is commonly given to it, as a system of faith and worship, he did not connect with Christ at all. He was a believer in the existence of God, in a future life, and in man's accountability for his actions here: in so far as this, he may be said to have had a system of worship, but not of Christian worship. He regarded Christ simply as a man, with no other than mortal power,—and to worship him in any way would, in his opinion, have been idolatry. His theology recognized the Deity alone. The extracts from his public papers, upon which Mr. Randall relies, contain nothing but those general expressions which a Mohammedan or a follower of Confucius might have used. He said he was a Christian "in the only sense in which Christ wished any one to be"; but received Christ's teachings merely as a system, and not a perfect system, of morals. He rejected the narratives which attest the Divine character or the Divine mission of the Saviour, thinking them the fictions of ignorance and superstition.

He was, however, far from being a scoffer. He attended the Episcopal service regularly, and was liberal in his donations to religious enterprises. Nor do we think that this conformity arose from weakness or hypocrisy, but rather from a profound respect for opinions so generally entertained, and a lively admiration for the character and life of Christ.

If a Christian is one who sincerely believes and implicitly obeys the teachings of Jesus so far as they affect our relations with our fellow-men, then Mr. Jefferson was a Christian in a sense in which few can be called so. Though the light did not unseal his vision, it filled his heart. Among the statesmen of the world there is no one who has more rigidly demanded that the laws of God shall be applied to the affairs of Man. His political system is a beautiful growth from the principles of love, humility, and charity, which the New Testament inculcates.

When reflecting upon Mr. Jefferson's mental organization, one is impressed by the variety and perfectness of his intellectual faculties. He united the powers of observation with those of reflection in a degree hardly surpassed by Bacon. Yet he has done nothing which entitles him to a place among the first of men. It may be said, that, devoted to the inferior pursuit of politics, he had no opportunity to exercise himself in art or philosophy, where alone the highest genius finds a field. But we think his failure—if one can fail who does not make an attempt—was not for want of opportunity. He did not possess any imagination. He was so deficient in that respect as to be singular. The imagination seems to assist the mental vision as the telescope does that of the eye; he saw with his unaided powers only.

He says, "Nature intended him for the tranquil pursuits of science," and it is impossible to assign any reason why he should not have attained great eminence among scientific men. The sole difficulty might have been, that, from very variety of power, he would not give himself up to any single study with the devotion which Nature demands from those who seek her favors.

Within his range his perception of

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truth was as rapid and unfailing as an instinct. Without difficulty he separated the specious from the solid, gave great weight to evidence, but was skeptical and cautious about receiving it. Though a collector of details, he was never incumbered by them. No one was less likely to make the common mistake of thinking that a particular instance established a general proposition. He sought for rules of universal application, and was industrious in the accumulation of facts, because he knew how many are needed to prove the simplest truth. The accuracy of his mental operations, united with great courage, made him careless of authority. He clung to a principle because he thought it true, not because others thought it so. There is no indication that he valued an opinion the more because great men of former ages had favored it. His self-reliance was shown in his unwillingness to employ servants. Even when very feeble, he refused to permit any one to assist him. He had extraordinary power of condensation, and, always seeing the gist of a matter, he often exposed an argument of hours by a single sentence. Some of his brief papers, like the one on Banking, contain the substance of debates, which have since been made, filling volumes. He was peculiar in his manner of stating his conclusions, seldom revealing the processes by which he arrived at them. He sets forth strange and disputed doctrines as if they were truisms. Those who have studied "The Prince" for the purpose of understanding its construction will not think us fanciful when we find a resemblance between Jefferson's mode of argumentation and that of Machiavelli. There is the same manner of approaching a subject, the same neglect of opposing arguments, and the same disposition to rely on the force of general maxims. Machiavelli exceeded him in power of ratiocination from a given proposition, but does not seem to have been able to determine whether a given proposition was right or wrong.

In force of mind Jefferson has often been surpassed: Hamilton was his superior. As an executive officer, where action was required, he could not have been distinguished. It is true, he was a successful President, but neither the time nor the place demanded the highest executive talents. When Governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, he was more severely tried, and, although some excuse may be made for him, he must be said to have failed.

Upon matters which are affected by feeling and sentiment, the judgment of woman is said to surpass that of our sex, —her more sensitive instincts carrying her to heights which our blind strength fails to reach. If this be true, Jefferson in some respects resembled woman. We have already alluded to the delicacy of his organization; it was strangely delicate, indeed, for one who had so many solid qualities. Like woman, he was constant rather than passionate; he had her refinement, disliking rude company and coarse pleasures,—her love of luxury, and fondness for things whose beauty consists in part in their delicacy and fragility. His political opponents often refused to speak with him, but their wives found his society delightful. Like woman, his feelings sometimes seemed to precede his judgment. Such an organization is not often a safe one for business; but in Mr. Jefferson, with his homely perceptions, it accomplished great results.

The attributes which gave him his great and peculiar influence seem to us to have been qualities of character, not of the mind. Chief among these must be placed that which, for want of a better term, we will call sympathy. This sympathy colored his whole nature, mental and moral. It gave him his many-sidedness. There was no limit to his intellectual tastes. Most persons cherish prejudices, and think certain pursuits degrading or useless. Thus, business-men sneer at artists, and artists sneer at business-men. Jefferson had nothing of this. He understood and appreciated the value of every employment. No knowledge was too trivial for him; with the same affectionate interest, he observed the

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courses of the winds and the growth of a flower.

Sympathy in some sort supplied the place of imagination, making him understand subjects of which the imagination alone usually informs us. Thus, he was fond of Art. He had no eye for color, but appreciated the beauties of form, and was a critic of sculpture and architecture. He valued everything for that which belonged to it; but tradition sanctified nothing, association gave no additional value. He committed what Burke thought a great crime, that of thinking a queen nothing but a woman. He went to Stratford-on-Avon, and tells us that it cost him a shilling to see Shakspeare's tomb, but says nothing else. He might have admired the scenery of the place, and he certainly was an admirer of Shakspeare; but Stratford had no additional beauty in his eyes because Shakspeare was born and buried there. After his death, in a secret drawer of his secretary, mementoes, such as locks of hair, of his wife and dead children, even of the infant who lived but a few hours after birth, were found, and accompanying each were some fond words. The packages were neatly arranged, and their envelopes showed that they had often been opened. It needed personal knowledge and regard to awaken in him an interest in objects for their associations.

The characteristic of which we speak showed itself in the intensity and quality of his patriotism. There never was a truer American. He sympathized with all our national desires and prejudices, our enterprise and confidence, our love of dominion and boundless pride. Buffon asserted that the animals of America were smaller than those of Europe. Jefferson flew to the rescue of the animals, and certainly seems to have the best of the argument. Buffon said, that the Indian was cold in love, cruel in war, and mean in intellect. Had Jefferson been a descendant of Pocahontas, he could not have been more zealous in behalf of the Indian. He contradicted Buffon upon every point, and cited Logan's speech as deserving comparison with the most celebrated passages of Grecian and Roman eloquence. Nowhere did he see skies so beautiful, a climate so delightful, men so brave, or women so fair, as in America. He was not content that his country should be rich and powerful; his ardent patriotism carried him forward to a time when the great Republic should give law to the world for every department of thought and action.

But this sympathetic spirit is most clearly to be seen in that broad humanity which was the source of his philosophy. He sympathized with man,—his sufferings, joys, fears, hopes, and aspirations. The law of his nature made him a democrat. Men of his own rank, when introduced to him, found his manner cold and reserved; but the young and the ignorant were attracted from the first. Education and interest did not affect him. Born a British subject, he became the founder of a democracy. He was a slaveholder and an abolitionist. The fact, that the African is degraded and helpless, to his, as to every generous mind, was a reason why he should be protected, not an excuse for oppressing him.

Though fitness for the highest effort be denied to Jefferson, yet in the pursuit to which he devoted himself, considered with reference to elevation and wisdom of policy and actual achievement, he may be compared with any man of modern times. It is the boast of the most accomplished English historian, that English legislation has been controlled by the rule, "Never to lay down any proposition of wider extent than the particular case for which it is necessary to provide." Therefore politics in England have not reached the dignity of a science; and her public men have been tacticians, rather than statesmen. Burke may be mentioned as an exception. No one will claim for Jefferson Burke's amplitude of thought and wealth of imagination, but he surpassed him in justness of understanding and practical efficiency. Burke was never connected with the government, except during the short-lived Rockingham

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administration. Among Frenchmen, the mind instinctively recurs to the wise and virtuous Turgot. But it was the misfortune of Turgot to come into power at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. It became his task to reform a government which was beyond reform, and to preserve a dynasty which could not be preserved. His illustrious career is little more than a brilliant promise. Jefferson undoubtedly owed much to fortune. He was placed in a country removed from foreign interference, with boundless resources, and where the great principles of free government had for generations been established,—among a people sprung from many races, but who spoke the same language, were governed by similar laws, and whose minds' rebellion had prepared for the reception of new truths and the abandonment of ancient errors. To be called upon to give symmetry and completeness to a political system which seemed to be Providentially designed for the nation over which it was to extend, to be able to connect himself with the future progress of an agile and ambitious people, was certainly a rare and happy fortune, and must be considered, when we claim superiority for him over those who were placed in the midst of apathy and decay. His influence upon us may be seen in the material, but still more distinctly in the social and moral action of the country. With those laws which here restrain turbulent forces and stimulate beneficent ones,—with the bright visions of peace and freedom which the unhappy of every European race see in their Western skies, tempting them hither,—with the kind spirit which here loosens the bonds of social prejudice, and to ambition sings an inspiring strain,—with these, which are our pride and boast, he is associated indissolubly and forever. With the things which have brought our country into disrepute—we leave it for others to recall the dismal catalogue — his name cannot be connected.

Not the least valuable result of his life is the triumphant refutation which it gives to the assertion, so often made by blatant sophisters, that none but low arts avail in republics. He has been called a demagogue. This charge is the charge of misconception or ignorance. It is true, he believed that his doctrines would prevail; he was sensitive to the opinions of others, nor was he "out of love with noble fame"; but his successes were fairly, manfully won. He had none of the common qualifications for popularity. No glare of military glory surrounded him; he had not the admired gift of eloquence; he was opposed by wealth and fashion, by the Church and the press, by most of the famous men of his day,—by Jay, Marshall, the Pinckneys, Knox, King, and Adams; he had to encounter the vehement genius of Hamilton and the *prestige* of Washington; he was not in a position for direct action upon the people; he never went beyond the line of his duty, and, from 1776 to his inaugural address, he did not publish a word which was calculated to excite lively, popular interest;—yet, in spite of all and against all, he won. So complete was the victory, that, at his second election, Massachusetts stood beside Virginia, supporting him. He won because he was true to a principle. Thousands of men, whose untutored minds could not comprehend a proposition of his elaborate philosophy, remembered that in his youth he had proclaimed the equality of men, knew that in maturity he remained true to that declaration, and, believing that this great assurance of their liberties was in danger, they gathered around him, preferring the scholar to orators and soldiers. They had confidence in him because he had confidence in them. There is no danger in that demagogism the art of which consists in love for man. Fortunate, indeed, will it be for the Republic, if, among the aspirants who are now pressing into the strife, and making their voices heard in the great exchanges of public opinion, there are some who will imitate the civic virtues and practise the benign philosophy of Thomas Jefferson!

We take leave of this book with reluctance. It is verbose and dull, but it has

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led us along the path of American renown; it recites a story which, however awkwardly told, can never fall coldly on an American ear. It has, besides, given us an opportunity, of which we have gladly availed ourselves, to make some poor amends for the wrongs which Jefferson suffered at the hands of New England, to bear our testimony to his genius and services, and to express our reverent admiration for a life which, though it bears the traces of human frailty, was bravely devoted to grand and beneficent aims.

A BUNDLE OF IRISH PENNANTS.

"Did you ever see the 'Three Chimneys,' Captain Cope?" I asked.

"I can show you where they are on the chart, if that'll do. I've been right over where they're laid down, but I never saw the Chimneys myself, and I never knew anybody that had seen them."

"But they are down on the chart," broke in a pertinacious matter-of-fact body beside us.

"What of that?" replied the captain; "there's many a shoal and lone rock down on the charts that nobody ever could find again. I've had my ship right over the Chimneys, near enough to see the smoke, if they had been there."

So opened the series of desultory conversations here set down. It is talk on board ship, or specimen "yarns," such as really are to be picked up from nautical men. The article usually served up for magazine-consumption is, of course, utterly unlike anything here given, and is as entirely undiscoverable anywhere on salt water as the three legendary rocks above alluded to. The place was the deck of the "Elijah Pogram," one of Carr & Co.'s celebrated Liverpool liners, and the time, the dog-watches of a gusty April night; the latitude and longitude, anywhere west of Greenwich and north of the line that is not inconsistent with blue water.

The name "Irish Pennant" is given, on the *lucus-a-non* principle, (just as a dead calm is "an Irish hurricane, straight up and down,") to any dangling end of rope or stray bit of "shakings," and its appropriateness to the following sketches will doubtless be perceived by the reader, on reaching the end.

The question was asked, not so much from a laudable desire of obtaining information as to set the captain talking. It was a mistake on my part. Sailors do not like point-blank questions. They remind them unpleasantly, I suppose, of the Courts of Admiralty, or they betray greenness or curiosity on the asker's part, and thus effectually bar all improving conversation.

There is one exception. If the inquirer be a lady, young and fair, the chivalry of the sea is bound to tell the truth, the whole truth, and often a good deal more than the truth.

And at the last reply a pair of bewitching dark eyes were turned upon that weather-beaten mariner; that is to say, in plain English, a young and rather pretty lady-passenger looked up at Captain Cope, and said,—

"Do tell us some of your sea-stories, Captain Cope,—do, please!"

"Why, Ma'am," replied he, "I've no stories. There's Smith of the 'Wittenagemot' can tell them by the hour; but I never could."

"Weren't you ever wrecked, Captain Cope?"

"No,—I can't say I ever was, exactly. I was mate of the 'Moscow' when she knocked her bottom out in Bootle Bay; but she wasn't lost, for I went master of her after that."

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"Were you frightened, Captain Cope?"

"Well, no,—I can't say I was; though I must say I never expected to see morning again. I never saw any one more scared than was old Captain Tucker that night. We dragged over the outer bar and into Bootle Bay, and there we lay, the ship full of water, and everything gone above the monkey-rail. The only place we could find to stand was just by the cabin gangway. The 'Moscow' was built with an old-fashioned cabin on deck, and right there we hung, all hands of us. The old man he read the service to us,—and that wouldn't do, he was so scared; so he got the black cook, who was a Methodist, and made him pray; and every two minutes or so, a sea would come aboard and all in among us,—like to wash us clean out of the ship.

"After midnight the life-boat got alongside, and all hands were for scrambling aboard; but I'd got set in my notion the ship would live the gale out, and I wouldn't go aboard. Well, the old man was too scared to make long stories, and he tumbled aboard the life-boat in a hurry. The last words he said to me, as he went over the side, were,—'Good-bye, Mr. Cope! I never shall see you again!' However, he got up to the city, to Mrs. McKinney's, and there he found a lot of the captains, and he was telling them all how he'd lost his ship, and what a fool poor Cope was to stick aboard of her, and all that. When the morning came, the gale had broke, and the old man began to think he'd been in too much of a fright, and he'd better get the tug and go down to look after the ship.

"I was so knocked up, for want of sleep, and the gale and all, that, when they got down to us, my head was about gone. I don't remember anything, myself; but they told me, that, when they got aboard, I was poking about decks as if I was looking for something.

"'How are you, Mr. Cope?' sung out old Tucker. 'I never expected to see *you* again in *this* world.'

"'I can't find my razor-strop,' says I; I've lost my razor-strop.'

"'Never mind your strop,' says he. 'What you want is to go aboard the tug and be taken care of. We'll find your strop.'

"Well, they could hardly get me away, I was so set that I must have that strop; but after I got up to town, and had a bath and some breakfast, and a couple of hours' sleep or so, I was all right again. That was the end of old Tucker's going to sea; and when the 'Moscow' was docked and refitted, I got her, and kept her until the firm built me the 'Pogram,' here."

"Mr. Brown, isn't it about time we were getting in that mizzen to'gall'nt-s'l? It's coming on to blow to-night."

"Steward," (as that functionary passed us,) "put a handful of cigars in my monkey-jacket pocket, and have a cup of coffee ready for me about twelve."

"Then you mean to be up, to-night?" said the father of pretty Mrs. Bates,—the only one of us to whom Captain Cope fairly opened his heart.

"Why, yes, Mr. Roberts,—I think I shall. It looks rather dirty to the east-'ard, and the barometer has fallen since morning. I've two as good mates as sail; but if anything is going to happen, I'd rather have it happen when I'm on deck,—that's all."

"Wasn't Stewart, of the 'Mexican,' below, when she struck?"

"Yes, he was,—and got blamed for it, too. I don't blame him, myself; he was on deck the next minute; and if he had been there before, it would have made no difference with that ship;—but if *I* lose a vessel, I don't want to be talked about as he was. I went mate with him two voyages, and he'd put on his night-gown and turn in comfortably every night, and leave his mates to call him; but I never could do that. I don't find fault with any man that can; only it's not my way."

"But don't you feel sleepy, Captain Cope?" asked Mrs. Bates.

"Not when I'm on deck, Ma'am; though, when I first went mate, I could sleep anyhow and anywhere. I sailed out of Boston to South America, in a topsail-schooner, with an old fellow by

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the name of Eaton,—just the strangest old scamp you ever dreamed of. I suppose by rights he ought to have been in the hospital; he certainly was the nearest to crazy and not be it. He used to keep a long pole by him on deck,—a pole with a sharp spike in one end,—and any man who'd get near enough to him to let him have a chance would feel that spike. I've known him to keep the cook up till midnight frying doughnuts; then he'd call all hands aft and range 'em on the quarter-deck, and go round with his hat off and a plate of doughnuts in his hand, saying, as polite as you please, 'Here, my man, won't you take a doughnut?—they won't hurt you; nice and light; had them fried a purpose for you.' And then he'd get a bottle of wine or Curaçoa cordial, and go round with a glass to each man, and make him take a drink. You'd see the poor fellows all of a shake, not knowing how to take it,—afraid to refuse, and afraid still more, if they didn't, that the old man would play 'em some confounded trick. In the midst of it all, he'd seem as if he'd woke up out of a dream, and he'd sing out, in a way that made them fellows scatter, 'What the —— are all you men doing here at this time of night? Go forrard, every man jack of you! Go forrard, I tell you!' and it was 'Devil take the hindmost!'

"Well,—the old man was always on the look-out to catch the watch sleeping. He never seemed to sleep much himself;—I've heard *that's* a sign of craziness;—and the more he tried, the more sure we were to try it every chance we had. So sure as the old man caught you at it, he'd give you a bucketful of water, slap over you, and then follow it up with the bucket at your head. Fletcher, the second mate, and I, got so we could tell the moment he put foot on the companion-way, and, no matter how sound we were, we'd be on our feet before he could get on deck. But Fletcher got tired of his vagaries, and left us at Pernambuco, to ship aboard a homeward-bound whaler, and in his place we got a fellow named Tubbs, a regular duff-head,—couldn't keep his eyes open in the daytime, hardly.

"Well,—we were about two days out of Pernambuco, and Tubbs had the middle watch, of a clear starlight night, with a steady breeze, and everything going quietly, and nothing in sight. So, in about ten minutes after the watch got on deck, every mother's son of them was hard and fast. The wind was a-beam, and the old schooner could steer herself; so, even the man at the helm was sitting down on a hencoop, with one arm round the tiller, and snoring like a porpoise. I heard the old man rouse out of his bunk and creep on deck, and, guessing fun was coming, I turned out and slipped up after him. The first thing I saw was old Eaton at work at the tiller. He got it unshipped and braced up with a pair of oars and a hencoop, without waking the man at the helm,—how, I couldn't tell,—but he was just like a cat; and then he blew the binnacle-light out; and then he started forrard, with his trumpet in his hand. He caught sight of me, standing half-way up the companion-way, and shook his fist at me to keep quiet and not to spoil sport. He slipped forward and out on to the bowsprit, clear out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, and stowed himself where he couldn't be well seen to leeward of the sail. Then he sung out with all his might through the trumpet, '*Schooner ahoy, there! Port your hellum!—port* H-A-A-A-RD! I say,—you're right aboard of us!'—And then he'd drop the trumpet, and sing out as if in the other craft to his own crew, and then again to us. Of course, every man was on his feet in a second, thinking we were all but afoul of another vessel. The man who was steering was trying, with all his might, to put his helm a-port,—and when he found what was to pay there, to ship the tiller. This wasn't so easy; for the old man had passed the slack of the main-sheet through the head of the rudder, and belayed it on one of the boom-cleats, out of reach,—and, what with just waking up, and half a dozen

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contradictory orders sung out at once, besides expecting to strike every minute, he had almost lost what little wits he had.

"As for Tubbs, he was like a hen with her head cut off,—one minute at the lee rail, and the next in the weather-rigging, then forrard to look out for the strange craft, and then aft to see why the schooner didn't answer her helm. Meanwhile, he was singing out to the watch to brace round the fore-topsail and help her, to let fly the jib-sheets, and to haul aft the main-boom; the watch below came tumbling up, and everybody was expecting to feel the bunt of our striking the next minute. I laughed as though I should split; for nobody could see me where I stood, in the shadow of the companion-way, and everybody was looking out ahead, for the other vessel. First I knew, the old man had got in board again, and was standing there aft, as if he'd just come on deck. 'What's all this noise here?' says he.—'What are you doing on deck, Mr. Cope? Go below, Sir!—Go below, the larboard watch, and let's have no more of this!—Who's seen any vessel? Vessel, your eye, Mr. Tubbs! I tell you, you've been dreaming.' Then, as he got his head about to the level of the top of the companion-way, and out of the reach of any spare belaying-pin that might come that way, says he,—'I've just come in from the end of the flyin'-jib-boom, and there was no vessel in sight, except one topsail-schooner, *with the watch all asleep*,—so it can't be her that hailed you.'

"That cured all sleeping on the watch for *that* voyage, I tell you. And as for Tubbs, you had only to say, 'Port your helm,' and he was off."

Just then Mr. Brown came aft to ask if it wasn't time to have in the fore-topgallant-sail,—and a little splash of rain falling broke up our party and drove most of us below. I knew that reefing topsails would come in the course of an hour or so, if the wind held on to blow as it did; so, as I waited to see that same, I lighted a cheroot, and as soon as the fore-topgallant-sail was clewed up I made my way forward, for a chat with Mr. Brown, the English second mate.

Mr. Brown was a character. He was a thorough English sailor;—could do, as he owned to me in a shamefaced way, that was comical enough, "heverything as could be done with a rope aboard a ship." He had been several India voyages, where the nice work of seamanship is to be learned, which does not get into the mere "ferry-boat" trips of the Liverpool packet-service. He had been in an opium clipper, the celebrated —— of Boston,—and left her, as he told her agent, "because he liked a ship as 'ad a lee-rail to her; and the ——'s lee-rail," he said, "was commonly out of sight, pretty much all the way from the Sand'eads to the Bocca Tigris." He was rich in what he called "'ats," having one for every hour of the day, and, for aught I know, every day in the year. It was Fred ——'s and my daily amusement to watch him, and we never seemed to catch him coming on deck twice in the same head-gear. He took quite a fancy to me, because I did not bother him when busy, and because I liked to listen to his talk. So, handing him a cigar, as a prefatory to conversation, I asked him our whereabouts. "Four hundred miles to the heast'ard of Georges we were this noon, and we've made nothink to speak of since, Sir. This last tack has lost us all we made before. I hought to know where we are. I've drifted 'ere without even a 'en-coop hunder me. I was third mate aboard the barque 'Jenny,' of Belfast, when she was run down by the steamer 'United States.' The barque sunk in less than seven minutes after the steamer struck us, and I come up out of her suction-like. I found myself swimming there, on top, and not so much as a capstan-bar to make me a life-buoy. I knew the steamer was hove to, for I could hear her blow hoff steam; and once, as I came up on a wave, I got a sight of her boats. They were ready enough to pick us up, and we was ready enough to be picked up, such as were left; but how to do it was

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another matter, with a sea like this running, and a cloud over the moon every other minute. I soon see that swimming wouldn't 'old out much longer, and I must try something helse. Now, Sir, what I'm a-telling you may be some use to you some day, if you have to stay a couple of hours in the water. If you can swim about as well as most men can, you can tell 'ow long a man's strength would last him 'ereaways to-night. Besides, I was spending my breath, when I rose on a sea, in 'ollering,—and you can't swim and 'oller. So I tried a trick I learned, when a boy, on the Cornish coast, where I was born, Sir;—it's one worth knowing. I doubled back my feet hunder me till my 'eels come to the small of my back, and I could float as long as I wanted to, and, when I rose on a wave, 'oller. They 'eard me, it seems, and pulled round for me, but it was an hour before they found me, and my strength was nigh to gone. I couldn't 'oller no more, and was about giving up. But they picked up the cook, and he told 'em he knowed it was Mr. Brown's voice, and begged 'em to keep on. The last I remember was, as the steamer burned a blue light for her boats, when they caught a sight of me in the trough of the sea. I saw them too, and gave a last screech, and then I don't remember hanythink, Sir, till Cookie was 'elping 'aul (Mr. Brown always dropped his aspirates as he grew excited) me into the boat. Now, just you remember what I've been a-telling you about floating."—"*Forrard there! Stand by to clew up and furl the main to'gall'n-s'l! Couple of you come aft here and brail up the spanker! Lively, men, lively!*"—And Mr. Brown was no longer my Scheherazade.

When I got back to the shelter of the wheel-house, I found the captain and old Roberts still comfortably braced up in opposite corners and yarning away. There was nothing to be done but to watch the ship and the wind, which promised in due time to be a gale, but as yet was not even a reefing breeze. They had got upon a standing topic between the two, — vessels out of their course. The second night out, we had made a light which the captain insisted was a ship's light, but old Roberts declared was one of the lights on the coast of Maine,—Mount Desert, or somewhere thereabouts. He was an old shipping-merchant, had been many a time across the water in his own vessels, and thought he knew as much as most men. So, whenever other subjects gave out, this, of vessels drifted by unsuspected currents out of their course, was unfailing. They were at it now.

"When I was last in Liverpool," said the captain, "there was a brig from Machias got in there, and her captain came up to Mrs. McKinney's. He told us that it was thick weather when he got upon the Irish coast, and he was rather doubtful about his reckoning; so he ordered a sharp look-out for Cape Clear. According to his notion, he ought to be up with it about noon, and, as the sun rose and the fog lifted a little, he was hoping to sight the land. Once or twice he fancied he had a glimpse of it, but wasn't sure,—when the mate came aft and reported that they could hear a bell ringing. 'Sure enough,' he said, 'there was the toll of a bell coming through the mist.'

"'That's some ship's bell,' said he to the mate; 'only it's wonderful heavy for a ship, and it can't be a church-bell on shore,—can it?'

"And while they were arguing about it, a cutter shot out of the fog and hailed if they wanted a pilot.

"'Pilot!' says the Down-Easter,—'pilot!—where for? No, thank ye, not yet,—I can find my way up George's without a pilot. What bell's that?'

"'Rather think you can, Captain; but you'll want a pilot here;—that's the bell on the floating light off Liverpool.'

"'What!' says the captain,—'have I come all the way up Channel without knowing it? I've been on the look-out for Cape Clear ever since daybreak, and here, by ginger, I've overrun my reckoning *three hundred miles.*'"

"Well," said old Roberts, "one of my

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captains, Brandegee, you know, who had the 'China,' got caught, one November, just as he was coming on the coast, in a gale from the eastward. He knew he was somewhere near Provincetown, but how near he couldn't say. It was snowing, and blowing, and ice-making all over the decks and rigging, and an awful night generally. He did not dare to run before it, because it was blowing at a rate to take him half way in Worcester County in the next twenty-four hours. He couldn't stand to the south'ard, because that would put the back of Cape Cod under his lee. He was afraid to stand to the north'ard, not knowing precisely where the coast of Maine might be. So he hove the ship to, under as little sail as he could, and let her drift. I've heard him say, he heard the breakers a hundred times that night," ('I'll bet he did,' ejaculated the captain,) "and it seemed like three nights in one before morning came. When it did come, wind and sea appeared to have gone down. The look-outs were half dead with cold and sleep and all; but they made out to hail land on the weather bow.

"'Good George!' said old Brandegee, 'how did land get on the *weather* bow? We must have got inside of Cape Cod, and that must be Sharkpainter Hill.'

"'Land on the lee quarter,' hailed the watch, again; and in a minute more, 'Land on the lee beam,—land on the lee bow.'

"Brandegee sung out to heave the lead and let go both anchors, and he said, that, but for the gale having gone down so, he should have expected to strike the next minute. Just as the anchors came home and the ship headed to the wind, the second mate came aft, rubbing his eyes and looking very queer.

"'Captain Brandegee,' says he, 'if I was in Boston Harbor, I should say that there was Nix's Mate.'

"'Well, Mr. Jones,' says the old man, dropping out the words very slowly, 'if —that's—Nix's Mate,—Rainsford Island —ought—to—be—here away,—and—as —I'm—a—living—man, THERE IT IS!'

"Half-frozen as they were, there was a cheer rung out from that crew that waked half the North-End out of their morning nap.

"'*Just my plaguy luck!*' said the old fellow to me, as he told it. 'If I'd held on to my anchors another half-hour, I might have come handsomely alongside of Long Wharf and been up to the custom-house before breakfast.'

"He had drifted broadside square into Boston Harbor, past Nahant, the Graves, Cohasset Rocks, and every thing."

"I've heard of that," said the captain,— "and as it's my opinion it couldn't be done twice, I don't mean to try it."

"I hear the noise about thy keel,
I hear the bell struck in the night,
I see the cabin-window bright,
I see the sailor at the wheel,"—

repeated Fred ——, in my ear. "Come below out of this wet and rain," added he.

We passed the door of the mate's state-room as we went below, and, seeing it ajar, and Mr. Pitman, the mate, sitting there, we looked in.

"Come in, gentlemen," said he; "my watch on deck is in half an hour, and I'm not sleepy to-night."

F—— took up a carved whale's tooth, and asked if Mr. Pitman had ever been in the whaling business.

"Two voyages,—one before the mast, one boat-steerer;—both in the Pacific. But whaling didn't suit me. I've a Missus now, and a couple of as fine boys as ever you saw; and I rather be where I can come home oftener than once in three years."

"How did you like whaling?" said I.

"Well, I don't believe there's any man but what feels different alongside of a whale from what he does on the ship's deck. Some of those Nantucket and New Bedford men, who've been brought up to it, as you may say, take it naturally, and think of nothing but the whale. I've heard of one of them boat-steerers who got ketched in a whale's mouth and didn't come out of it quite as whole as he went in. When they asked him what he thought when the whale nabbed him,

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he said he 'thought she'd turn out about forty barrels.'

"There's a good many things about the whale, gentlemen, that everybody don't know. Why does one whale sink when he's killed, and another don't? Where do the whales go to, now and then?—I sailed with one captain who used to say, that, books or no books, can't live under water or not, *he knew* that whales do live under water months at a time. I can't say, myself; but this I can say,—they go ashore. You may look hard at that, but I've seen it. We were off the coast of South America, in company with five other ships; and all our captains were ashore one afternoon. We had to pull some two miles or so to go off to them, and, starting off, all hands were for racing. I was pulling stroke in the captain's boat, and the old man gives us the word to pull easy, and let 'em head on us. It was hard work to hold in, with every one of the boats giving way, strong, the captains singing out bets, and cheering their men,—singing out, 'Break your backs and bend your oars!' 'There she blows!' and all that. But the old man kept muttering to us to take it easy and let them head on us. We were soon the last boat, and then, as if he'd given up the race, he gave the word to 'easy.'

"'Good-night, Capt. T——! we'll send your ship in to tow you off,' was the last words they said to us.

"'There'll be something else to tow off,' says he. 'It's the race, who shall see Palmer's Island first, that I'm bound to win.'

"He gave the boat a sheer in for the beach, to a little bight that made up in the land,—across the mouth of which we had to pull, in going off.

"'D'ye see that rock on the beach, boys,' says he, 'in range of that lone tree, on the point? Did any of you ever see that rock before? I wish this bloody coast had a few more such rocks! That's a cow whale, and this bight is her nursery, and she is up on the beach for her calf's convenience. Now, then,'—as we opened the bight and got a fair sight of it,—'give way, strong as you please,—and we'll head her off, before she knows it.'

"We got her and got the calf, and when, next morning, the other ships saw us cutting in, they didn't say much about that race; and 'Old T.'s Nursery' was a byword on the coast as long as we staid there.

"There goes eight bells, and I rather think Mr. Brown will want me on deck." We followed, for there was the prospect of seeing topsails reefed,—the most glorious event of a landsman's sea-experiences. We had begun the day with a dead calm, but toward night the wind had come out of the eastward. Each plunge the ship gave was sharper, each shock heavier. The topmasts were working, the lee-shrouds and backstays straining out into endless curves. A deeper plunge than usual, a pause for a second, as if everything in the world suddenly stood still, and a great white giant seems to spring upon our weather-bow and to leap on board. We hear the crash and feel the shock, and presently the water comes pouring aft,—and Captain Cope calls out to reef topsails, — double-reef fore and mizzen, — one reef in the main. The mates are in the weather-rigging before the word is out of the captain's lips, to take the earings of their respective topsails; and then follows the rush of men up the shrouds and out along the yards. The sails are slatting and flapping, and one can hardly see the row of broad backs against the dusky sky as they bend over the canvas. There are hoarse murmurs, and calls to "light up the sail to windward"; and presently from the fore-topsail-yard comes the cry, ringing and clear,—"Haul away to leeward!"—repeated next moment from the main and echoed from the mizzen. Sheltered by the weather-bulwarks, and with one arm round a mizzen-backstay, there is a capital place to watch all this and feel the glorious thrill of the sea,—to look down the sloping deck into the black billows, with here and there a white patch of foam, and while the organ-harp overhead is sounding its magnificent symphony. It

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is but wood and iron and hemp and canvas that is doing all this, with some thirty poor, broken-down, dissipated wretches, who, being fit for nothing else, of course *are* fit for the fo'castle of a Liverpool Liner. Yet it is, for all that, something which haunts the memory long,—which comes back years after in inland vales and quiet farm-houses like brown-moss agates set in emerald meadows, in book-lined studies, and in close city streets. For it is part of the might and mystery of the sea, the secret influence that sets the blood on fire and the heart throbbing, —of any in whose veins runs some of the true salt-water sympathy. Men are born landsmen, and are born on land, but belong to the Ocean's family. Sooner or later, whatever their calling, they recognize the tie. They may struggle against it, and scotch it, but cannot kill it. They may not be seamen,—they may wear black coats and respectable white ties, and have large balances in the bank, but they are the Sea's men,—brothers by blood-relationship, if not by trade, of Ulysses and Vasco, of Columbus and Cabot, of Frobisher and Drake.

Other stories of the sea are floating through my memory as I write,—tales told with elbows leaning on cabin-tables, while the swinging-lamp oscillated drearily overhead, and sent uncertain shadows into the state-room doors. There is the story which Vivian Grey told us of the beautiful clipper "Nighthawk,"—her who sailed with the "Bonita" and "Driving-Scud" and "Mazeppa," in the great Sea-Derby, whose course lay round the world. How, one Christmas-day, off the pitch of Cape Horn, he, standing on her deck, saw her dive bodily into a sea, and all of her to the mainmast was lost in ocean,—her stately spars seemingly rising out of blue water unsupported by any ship beneath;—it seemed an age to him, he said, before there was any forecastle to be seen rising from the brine. Also, how, caught off that same wild cape, they had to make sail in a reef-topsail-breeze to claw off its terrible rocks, seen but too plainly under their lee. How, as he said, "about four in the afternoon it seemed to blow worse than ever, and you could see the staunch boat was pressed down under her canvas, and every spar was groaning and quivering, while the ship went bodily to leeward." And next, "how she seemed to come to herself, as it were, with a long staggering roll, and to spring to windward as if relieved of a dead weight; for the gale had broken, and the foam-belt along the cliffs grew dimmer and dimmer, and the land fainter and fainter. And then," he said, "to hear the fo'castle-talk, you would have said that never was such a ship, such spars, such a captain, such seamanship, and such luck, since Father Jason cleared the 'Argo' from the Piræus, for Colchis and a market."

Or I might tell you how Dr. ——, the ship-surgeon, was in that Collard steamer which ran down the fishing-boat in the fog off Cape Race,—and how, looking from his state-room window, he saw a mighty cliff so near that he could almost lay his hand upon it. How Fanshaw was on board the "Sea-King" when she was burned, off Point Linus,—and how he hung in the chains till he was taken off, and his hair was repeatedly set on fire by the women—emigrant-passengers—jumping over his head into the sea.

But not so near a-shaking hands with Death did any of them tell, as Ned Kennedy,—who, poor fellow, lies buried in some lone *cañon* of the Sierra Madre. Let us hear him give it in his wild, reckless way. Ned was sitting opposite us, his thick, black hair curling from under his plaid travelling-cap,—his thick eyebrows working, and his hands occupied in arranging little fragments of pilot-biscuit on the table. He broke in upon the last man who was talking, with a —

"Tell you what, boys,—I've a better idea of what all that means. I suppose you both know what the Mediterranean lines of steamers are, and what capital seamanship, and travelling comfort, and all that, you find there. The engineers, however, are Scotch, English, or American, always; because why? A French

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officer once told me the reason. 'You see, *mon ami*,' he said, 'this row of handles which are used to turn these different stops and cocks. Now, my countrymen will take them down and use them properly, each one, just as well as your countrymen; but they will put them back again in their places never.' So it is, and the engineers are all as I say.

"I left Naples for Genoa in the 'Ercolano,' of the Naples line. There were not many passengers on board,—no women,—and what there were were all priests or soldiers. Nobody went by the Neapolitan line except Italians, at that time,—the French company having larger, handsomer, and decidedly cleaner vessels. Of course, as a heretic and a civilian, I had nobody to talk to; so, finding that the engineer had a Saxon tongue in his head, I dove down into his den and made acquaintance. Being shut up there with Italians so much, he thawed out to me at once, and we were sworn brothers by the time we reached Civita Vecchia.

"The 'Ercolano' was as crazy an old tub as ever floated; judging from the extensive colonies which tenanted her berths, she must have been launched about the same time as Fulton's 'Clermont,' or the old 'Ben Franklin,' Captain Bunker, once so well known off the end of Newport wharf. You know how those boats are managed,—stopping all day in port and running at night. We brought up at Leghorn in that way, and Marston, the engineer, proposed to me to have a run ashore. I had no *visé* for Tuscany then, and the Austrian police are very strict; but Marston proposed to pass me off for one of the steamer's officers. So he fished out an old uniform coat of his and made me put it on; and, sure enough, the bright buttons and shoulder-straps carried me through,—only I was dreadfully embarrassed" (Ned never was disturbed at anything,—if an elephant had walked into the cabin, he would have offered him a seat and cigar,) "by the sentries all presenting arms to my coat, which sat upon me as a shirt is supposed to on a bean-pole. I overheard one man attribute my attenuated frame to the effects of sea-sickness. We went into various shops, and finally into one where all sorts of sea-notions were kept, and Marston said, 'Here's what I've been in search of this month past. I began to think I should have to send to London for it. The 'Ercolano' is a perfect sieve, and may go down any night with all aboard; and here's a swimming-jacket to wear under your coat,—just the thing.' He fitted and bought one, and was turning to go, when a fancy popped into my head: 'Marston,' said I, 'is this coat of yours so very baggy on me?' 'H-e-em,' said he, 'I've known more waxy fits; a trifle of padding wouldn't hurt your looks.' 'I knew it,' said I; 'every soldier we passed seemed to me to smoke me for an impostor, knowing the coat wasn't made for me. Here, let's put one of these things underneath.' I put it on, buttoned the coat over it, inflated it, and the effect was a marvel;—it made a portly gentleman of me at once. I couldn't bear to take it off. 'Just the thing for diligence-travelling in the South of France,' said I; 'keep your neighbor's elbows from your ribs.' I never thought that I must buy a coat to match it. I was so tickled at my own fancy that buy it I would, in spite of Marston's remonstrance. Then we went off and dined, and got very jolly together,—at least, I did,—so that, when we pulled off to the steamer, I thought nothing about my coat or the jacket under it.

"There was a dirty-looking sky overhead, and a nasty cobbling sea getting up under foot as we ran out of Leghorn Harbor, and a little French screw which we left at her anchor was fizzing off steam from her waste-pipe,—evidently meaning to stay where she was. But our captain, having been paid in advance for all the dinners of the voyage, preferred being at sea before the cloth was laid. That made sure of at least twenty out of every twenty-five passengers as non-comedents, and lightened the cook's labors wonderfully. So we were soon jumping and bobbing about and throwing water in a lively

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way enough; and our black gowns and blue coats were lying about decks in every direction, with what had been *padres* and soldiers an hour before inside. I lit a cigar and picked out the driest place I could find, and hugged myself on my luck,—another man's coat getting wet on my back, while the air-tight jacket was keeping me dry as a bone.

"As night fell, it grew worse and worse; and the little Sicilian captain came on deck, looking rather wild. He called his pilots and mates into consultation, and from where I lay I could hear the words, 'Spezzia,' and 'Porto Venere,' several times; so I suppose they were debating whether or no to keep her head to the gale, or to edge away a point or two, and run for that bay. But with a head sea and a Mediterranean gale howling down from the gorges of the Ligurian Alps, that thing wasn't so easy. The boat would plunge into a sea and bury to her paddle-boxes, then pitch upward as if she were going to jump bodily out of water, and slap down into it again, while her guards would spring and quiver like card-board. The engine began to complain, as they will when a boat is laboring heavily. You could hear it take, as it were, long breaths, and then stop for a second altogether. I slipped below into the engine-room, and found Marston looking very sober. 'Kennedy,' said he, 'the 'Ercolano' will be somebody's coffin before to-morrow morning, I'm afraid. I'm carrying more steam than is prudent or safe, and the *padrone* has just sent orders to put on more. We are not making a mile an hour, he says; and our only chance is to get under the lee of the land. Look at those eccentrics and that connecting-rod! I expect to see something go any minute; and then—there's no use saying what will come next.' He sat down on his bench and covered his face with his hands.

"It seems, the 'Spezzia' question was decided about that time on deck, and the 'Ercolano's' bow suffered to fall off in the direction of that bay. The effect was that the next sea caught us full on the weather-bow with a shock that pitched everything movable out of its place. There was a twist and a grind from the machinery, a snap and a crash, and then part after part gave way, as the strain fell upon it in turn. Marston, with an engineer's instinct, shut off the steam; but the mischief was done. We felt the 'Ercolano' give a wild sheer, and then a long, sickening roll, as if she were going down bodily,—and we sprang for the companion-ladder. Everything on deck was at sixes and sevens when we reached it. '*Sangue di San Gennaro! siamo perduti!*' howled the captain; and even the poor sea-sick passengers seemed to wake up a little. It was a bad look-out. We got pretty much of every wave that was going, so there was hardly any standing forward; and, having no steam on, the wind and the sea had their own way with us. The gallant little *padrone* seemed to keep up his pluck, and made out to show a little sail, so as to bring her by the wind; but that, in a long, sharp steamer, didn't mend matters much. To make things completely cheerful and comfortable, word was passed up that we were leaking badly. I confess I didn't see much hope for us; and having lugged up my valise from below, where there was already a foot of water over the cabin-floor, I picked out the little valuables I could stow about me and kicked the rest into a corner. Still we had our boats, and, as the gale seemed to be breaking a little, there was hope for us. At last they managed to get them into the water, and keep them riding clear under our lee. The priests were bundled in like so many wet bales of black cloth, and then the soldiers, and Marston and I tried to follow; but a 'No room for heretics here,' enforced by a bit of brown steel in a soldier's hands, kept us back. The chance wasn't worth fighting for, after all. I didn't believe the steamer would sink, any way. I was aboard the 'San Francisco' when she drifted for nine days. However, there wasn't much time left for us to speculate on that,—for a rush of firemen and crew and the like

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into the boats was the next thing, and then the fasts were cast off or cut, and the wind and sea did the rest. They shot away into the darkness. A couple of firemen, two of the priests, and a soldier were left on board. The firemen went to getting drunk,—the priests were too sick to move or care for anything,—the soldier sat quietly down on the cabin-skylight; Marston and I climbed on to the port paddle-box to look out for a sail.

"The clouds had broken with the dying of the gale, and the moon shone out, lighting up the foaming sea far and wide, and showing our water-logged or sinking craft. Every wave that swept over us found its way below, and we settled deeper and deeper. Still, if we could only hold on till morning, those seas are alive with small craft, and we stood a good chance of being picked off. I was saying as much to Marston when the 'Ercolano' gave a lurch and then dove bows first into the sea. A great wave seemed to curl over us, and then to thrust us by the shoulders down into the depths, and all was darkness and water. I went down, down, and still I was dragged lower still, though the pressure from above ceased, and I was struggling to rise. I struck out with hands and feet;—I was held fast. I felt behind me and found a hand grasping my coat-tails. Marston had seized me, and with the other hand was clinging to the iron rail on the top of the paddle-box,—clinging with the death-grip of a drowning man, if you know what that is. I tried to unclasp the fingers,—to drive him from his hold on the rail. Of course I couldn't; it was Death's hand, not his, that was holding there, and my own strength was going, when a thought flashed into my mind. I tore open my coat, and it slipped from me like a grape-skin from the grape, and I went up like an arrow.

"Never shall I forget the blessed light of heaven, and the sweet air in my lungs once more. Bad off as I was, it was better than being anchored to a sinking wreck by a dead man's grasp. I heard a voice near me that night repeating the Latin prayers of the Romish Church for the departing soul, but I couldn't see the speaker. The moon had gone under a cloud again, but there was light enough for me to catch a glimpse of some floating wreck on the crest of a wave above me; and then it came down right on top of me,—a lot of rigging and a spar or two,—our topmast and yard, which had gone over the side just before we foundered. I climbed on to it, and found my prospects hugely improving,—especially as clinging to the other end was the soldier left on board. As soon as I could persuade him I was no spook or mermaid, he was almost as pleased as I was, especially when he found I was the '*eretico*.' He was a Swiss, it seemed, of King Ferdinand's regiments, going home on furlough, and a Protestant, which was why he was left on board.

"Between us both we managed to get the spars into some sort of a raft-shape, so that they would float us more comfortably; and there we watched for the morning. When that came, the sea had smoothed itself, and the wind died away considerably,—as it does in the Mediterranean at short notice. We looked every way for the white lateen-sails of the coasting and fishing craft, but in vain. It grew hotter and hotter as the sun got higher, and hope and strength began to give out. I lay down on the raft and slept,—how long I don't know, for my first consciousness was my friend's cry of "A ship!" I looked up, and there, sure enough, in the northeast, was a large ship, running before the wind, right in our direction. I suspect poor Fritzeli must have been asleep also, that he hadn't seen her before,—for she was barely a couple of miles off. She was apparently from Genoa or Spezzia; but the main thing was, that she was travelling our road, and that with a will. I tore off my shirt-sleeve at the shoulder, and waved it, while Fritzeli held up his red sash. But it was an anxious time. On she came,—a big frigate. We could see a commodore's pendant flying at the main, and almost hear the steady rush of wa-

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ter under her black bows. Did they see us, or not? There was no telling; a man-of-war walks the sea's roads without taking hats off to everybody that comes along. A quiet report goes up to the officer of the deck, a long look with a glass, and the whole affair would be settled without troubling us to come into council. On she came, till we could see the guns in her bow ports, and almost count the meshes in her hammock netting. The shadow of her lofty sails was already fallen upon us before she gave a sign of recognition. Then her bow gave a wide sheer, and her whole broadside came into view, as she glided by the spars where we were crouching. An officer appeared at her quarter and waved his gold-banded cap to us, as the frigate rounded to, to the leeward of us,—and the glorious stripes and stars blew out clear against the hot sky. A light dingey was in the water before the main yard had been well swung aback, and a midshipman was urging the men, who needed no urging, to give way strong. I didn't know how weak I had got, till they were lifting me aboard the boat. An hour after, when I had had something to eat and was a little restored and had told my story, the officer of the deck was relieved and came below to see me.

"'I fancy, Sir, we've just passed something of your steamer,' he said,—'a yawl-boat, bottom up, with a name on the stern which we couldn't well make out: *Erco* something, it looked like. Hadn't been long in the water, I should say.'

"And that was the last of the steamer. Fritzeli and I were the sole survivors."

THE JOLLY MARINER:

A BALLAD.

It was a jolly mariner
  As ever hove a log;
He wore his trousers wide and free,
  And always ate his prog,
And blessed his eyes, in sailor-wise,
  And never shirked his grog.

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
  Whilst walking up and down:—
"The briny sea has pickled me,
  And done me very brown;
But here I goes, in these here clo'es,
  A-cruising in the town!"

The first of all the curious things
  That chanced his eye to meet,
As this undaunted mariner
  Went sailing up the street,
Was, tripping with a little cane,
  A dandy all complete!

He stopped,—that jolly mariner,—
  And eyed the stranger well:—
"What that may be," he said, says he,

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" Is more than I can tell;
But ne'er before, on sea or shore,
Was such a heavy swell!"

He met a lady in her hoops,
And thus she heard him hail:—
" Now blow me tight!—but there's a sight
To manage in a gale!
I never saw so small a craft
With such a spread o' sail!

" Observe the craft before and aft,—
She'd make a pretty prize!"
And then, in that improper way,
He spoke about his eyes,
That mariners are wont to use,
In anger or surprise.

He saw a plumber on a roof,
Who made a mighty din:—
" Shipmate, ahoy!" the rover cried,
" It makes a sailor grin
To see you copper-bottoming
Your upper-decks with tin!"

He met a yellow-bearded man,
And asked about the way;
But not a word could he make out
Of what the chap would say,
Unless he meant to call him names
By screaming, " Nix furstay!"

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
And to the man said he,
" I haven't sailed these thirty years
Upon the stormy sea,
To bear the shame of such a name
As I have heard from thee!

" So take thou that!"—and laid him flat.
But soon the man arose,
And beat the jolly mariner
Across his jolly nose,
Till he was fain, from very pain,
To yield him to the blows.

'Twas then this jolly mariner,
A wretched jolly tar,
Wished he was in a jolly-boat
Upon the sea afar,
Or riding fast, before the blast,
Upon a single spar!

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'Twas then this jolly mariner
  Returned unto his ship,
And told unto the wondering crew
  The story of his trip,
With many oaths and curses, too,
  Upon his wicked lip!—

As hoping—so this mariner
  In fearful words harangued—
His timbers might be shivered, and
  His le'ward scuppers danged,
(A double curse, and vastly worse
  Than being shot or hanged!)

If ever he—and here again
  A dreadful oath he swore—
If ever he, except at sea,
  Spoke any stranger more,
Or like a son of—something—went
  A-cruising on the shore!

SUGGESTIONS.

"Waste words, addle questions."
BISHOP ANDREWS.

AFFAIRS.

WHEN affairs are at their worst, a bold project may retrieve them by giving an assurance, else wanting, that hope, spirit, and energy still exist.

AFFINITIES.

Place an inferior character in contact with the finest circumstances, and, from wanting affinities with them, he will still remain, from no fault of his own, insensible to their attractions. Take him up the mount of vision, and show him the finest scene in Nature, and, instead of taking in the whole circle of its beauty, he will, quite as likely, have his attention engrossed by something mean and insignificant under his nose. I was reminded of this, on taking a little boy, three years old, to the top of the New York Reservoir. Placing him on one of the parapets, I endeavored to call his attention to the more salient and distant features of the extended prospect; but the little fellow's mind was too immature to be at all appreciative of them. His interest was confined to what he saw going on in a dirty inclosure on the opposite side of the street, where two or three goats were moving about. After watching them with curious interest for some time, "See, see!" said he, "dem is pigs down dare!" Was there need for quarrelling with my fine little man for seeing pigs where there were only goats, or goats where there was much worthier to be seen?

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A brave deed performed, a noble object accomplished, gives a fillip to the spirits, an exhilaration to the feelings, like that imparted by Champagne, only more

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permanent. It is, indeed, admirably well said by one wise to discern the truth of things, and able to give to his thought a vigorous expression, that "a man feels relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace."

APPLAUSE.

Noble acts deserve a generous appreciation. Indeed, it is a species of injustice not to warmly applaud whatever is wisely said or ably done. Fine things are shown that they may be admired. When the peacock struts about, it is to show what a fine tail he has.

ARTISTS.

The artist's business is with the beautiful. The repugnant is outside of his province. Let him study only the beautiful, and he will always be pleased; let him treat only of the beautiful, with a true feeling for it, and he will always give pleasure.

The artist must love both his art and the subjects of his art. Nothing that is not lovable is worth portraying. In the portrait of Rosa Bonheur, she is appropriately represented with one arm thrown affectionately around the neck of a bull. She must have loved this order of animals, to have painted them so well.

AUTHORS.

Instead of the jealousies that obtain among them, there is no class that ought to stand so close together, united in a feeling of common brotherhood, to strengthen, to support, and to encourage, by mutual sympathy and interchange of genial criticism, as authors. A sensitive race, neglect pierces like sharp steel into the very marrow of their being. And still they stand apart! Alive to praise, and needing its inspiration, their relations are those of icebergs,—cold, stiff, lofty, and freezing. What infatuation is this! They should seek each other out, extend the hand of fellowship, and bridge the distance between them by elaborate courtesies and kindly recognitions.

AN AUTHOR'S FIRST BOOK.

No man is a competent judge of what he himself does. An author, on the eve of his first publication, and while his book is going through the press, is in a predicament like that of a man mounted on a fence, with an ugly bull in the field that he is obliged to cross. The apprehended silence of the journals concerning his merits—for no notice is the worst notice—constitutes one of the "horns of his dilemma"; while their possibly invidious comments upon his want of them constitute another and equally formidable "horn." Between these, and the uncertainty as to whether he will not in a little time be cut by one-half of his acquaintances and only indulgently tolerated by the other half, his experience is apt to be very peculiar, and certainly not altogether agreeable. Never, therefore, envy an author his feelings on such an occasion, on the score of their superior enjoyment, but rather let him be visited with your softest pity and tenderest commiseration.

BOOKS.

A book is only a very partial expression of its author. The writer is greater than his work; and there is in him the substance, not of one, or a few, but of many books, were they only written out.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Small circumstances illustrate great principles. To-day my dinner cost me sixpence less than usual. This is an incident not quite so important as some others recorded in history, but the causes of it originated more than two thousand years ago. It will also serve to explain the principle, that causes are primary and secondary, remote and immediate,—and that historians, when they speak of certain effects as produced by certain causes, refer usually only to the last of a chain of causes. Socrates one day had a conversation with Aristippus, in which

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he threw out certain remarks on the subject of temperance. Being overheard by Xenophon, they were subsequently committed to writing and published by him. These, falling in my way last evening, made such an impression on my mind, that I was induced to-day to forego my customary piece of pudding after dinner, to the loss of the eating-house proprietor, whose receipts were thus diminished, first, by a few observations of an ancient Greek, secondly, by a report given of them by a bystander, and, thirdly, by the accidental perusal of them, after twenty centuries, by one of his customers.

CHEERFULNESS.

Sullen and good, morbid and wise, are impossible conditions. The best test, both of a man's wisdom and goodness, is his cheerfulness. When one is not cheerful, he is almost invariably stupid. A sad face seldom gets into much credit with the world, and rarely deserves to. "Sorrow," says old Montaigne, "is a base passion."

"The quarrel between Gray and me," said Horace Walpole, "arose from his being too serious a companion." In my opinion, this was a good ground for cutting the connection. What right has any one to be "too serious a companion?"

COWARDS.

In desperate straits the fears of the timid aggravate the dangers that imperil the brave. For cowards the road of desertion to the enemy should be left open; they will carry over to them nothing but their fears. The poltroon, like the scabbard, is an incumbrance when once the sword is drawn.

CRITICISM.

No work deserves to be criticized which has not much in it that deserves to be applauded. The legitimate aim of criticism is to direct attention to what is excellent. The bad will dig its own grave, and the imperfect may be safely left to that final neglect from which no amount of present undeserved popularity can rescue it.

Ever so critical of things: never but good-naturedly so of persons.

CULTURE.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.

DEATH.

Without death in the world, existence in it would soon become, through over-population, the most frightful of curses. To death we owe our life; the passing of one generation clears the way for another; and thus, in the economy of Providence, the very extinction of being is a provision for extending the boon of existence. Even wars and disease are *a good misunderstood.* Without them, child-murder would be as common in Christendom as it is in over-populated China.

DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

To interest a number of people in your welfare, get in debt to them. If they will not then promote your interest, it is because they are not alive to their own. It is to the advantage of creditors to aid their debtors. Cæsar owed more than a million of dollars before he obtained his first public employment, and at a later period his liabilities exceeded his assets by ten millions. His creditors constituted an important constituency, and doubtless aided to secure his elections.

DIFFICULTIES.

Great difficulties, when not succumbed to, bring out great virtues.

DISGUST.

A fit of disgust is a great stimulator of thought. Pleasure represses it.

EARNESTNESS.

M. de Buffon says that "genius is only great patience." Would it not be truer to say that genius is great earnestness? Patience is only one faculty; earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties: it is the cause of patience; it gives endurance.

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overcomes pain, strengthens weakness, braves dangers, sustains hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them. Yes, War yields its victories, and Beauty her favors, to him who fights or wooes with the most passionate ardor,—in other words, with the greatest earnestness. Even the simulation of earnestness accomplishes much,—such a charm has it for us. This explains the success of libertines, the coarseness of whose natures is usually only disguised by a certain conventional polish of manners: "their hearts seem in earnest, because their passions are."

EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that, while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have largely made-up characters.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

I have not yet been able to decide whether it is better to read certain of Emerson's essays as poetry or philosophy. Perhaps, though, it would be no more than just to consider them as an almost complete and perfect union of the two. Certainly, no modern writer has more of vivid individuality, both of thought and expression,—and few writers, of any age, will better bear reperusal, or surpass him in the grand merit of suggestiveness. There is much in his books that I cannot clearly understand, and passages sometimes occur that once seemed to me destitute of meaning; but I have since learned, from a greater familiarity with what he has written, to respect even his obscurities, and to have faith that there is at all times behind his words both a man and a meaning.

ENGLISHMEN.

There is in the character of perhaps a majority of Englishmen a singular commingling of the haughty and the subservient,—the result, doubtless, of the mixed nature, partly aristocratic and partly democratic, of the government, and of the peculiar structure of English society, in which every man indemnifies himself for the subserviency he is required to exhibit to the classes above, by exacting a similar subserviency from those below him. Thackeray, who is to be considered a competent judge of the character of his countrymen, puts the remark into the mouth of one of his characters, that, "if you wish to make an Englishman respect you, you must treat him with insolence." The language is somewhat too strong, and it would not be altogether safe to act upon the suggestion; but the witticism embodies a modicum of truth, for all that.

EXAMPLE.

Example has more followers than reason.

EXCITEMENT COUNTERVAILS PAIN.

We wince under little pains, but Nature in us, through the excitement attendant upon them, seems to brace us to endure with fortitude greater agonies. A curious circumstance, that will serve as an illustration of this, is told by an eminent surgeon of a person upon whom it became necessary to perform a painful surgical operation. The surgeon, after adjusting him in a position favorable to his purpose, turned for a moment to write a prescription; then, taking up the knife, he was about making an "imminent deadly breach" in the body of his subject, when he observed an expression of distress upon his countenance. Wishing to reassure him, "What disturbs you?" he inquired. "Oh," said the sufferer, "you have left the pen in the inkstand!" and this being removed, he submitted to the operation with extraordinary composure.

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FACT AND FANCY.

"See, nurse! see!" exclaimed a delighted papa, as something like a smile irradiated the face of his infant child,—"an angel is whispering to it!" "No, Sir," replied the more matter-of-fact nurse,—"it is only wind from its stomach."

FINE HOUSES.

To build a huge house, and furnish it lavishly,—what is this but to play baby-house on a large scale?

FINE LADIES.

If you would know how many of the "airs" of a fine lady are "put on," contrast her with a woman who has never had the advantages of a genteel training. What appear as the curvettings and prancings of a high-mettled nature turn out, from the light thus afforded, to be only the tricks of a skilful grooming.

FUTURE LIFE.

Altogether too much thought is given to the next world. One world at a time ought to be sufficient for us. If we do our duty manfully in this, much consideration of our relations to that next world may be safely postponed until we are in it.

GREAT MEN.

Oh, the responsibility of great men! Could some of these—the originators of new beliefs, of new methods in Art, of new systems of state and ecclesiastical polity, of novel modes of practice in medicine, and the like—"revisit the pale glimpses of the moon," and look upon the streams of blood and misery that have flowed from fountains they have unsealed, they would skulk back to their graves faster and more affrighted than when they first descended into them.

HABITS.

Habit, to a great extent, is the forcing of Nature to your way, instead of leaving her to her own. Struck by this consideration, "He is a fool, then, who has any habits," said W. Softly, my dear Sir,—the position is an extreme one. Bad habits are very bad, and good habits, blindly followed, are not altogether good, for they make machines of us. Occasional excesses may be wholesome; and Nature accommodates herself to irregularities, as a ship to the action of waves. Good habits are in the nature of allies: we may strengthen ourselves by an alliance with them, but they should not outnumber the forces they act with. Habits are the Hessians of our moral warfare: the good or the ill they do depends on the side they fight on.

HEROISM.

The race of heroes, though not prolific, is never extinct. Nature, liberal in this, as in all things else, has sown the constituent qualities of heroism broadcast. Elements of the heroic in character exist in almost every individual; it is only the felicitous combination of them all in one that is rare.

IDEAS.

Ideas, in regard to their degrees of merit, may be divided, like the animal kingdom, into classes or families. First in rank are those ideas that have in them the germs of a great moral unfolding,—as the ideas of a religious teacher, like Socrates or Confucius. Next in merit are those ideas that lay open the secrets of Nature, or add to the combinations of Art,—as the ideas of inventors and discoverers. Next in the order of excellence are all new and valuable ideas on diseases and their treatment, on the redress of social abuses, on government and laws and their administration, and all similar ideas on all other subjects connected with material welfare or intellectual and moral advancement. Last and least, ideas that are only the repetition of other ideas, previously known, though not so well expressed.

INSTITUTIONS.

When an institution, not designed to be stationary, ceases to be progressive, it is usually because its officers have lost

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their ambition to make it so. In such a contingency, they had better be called upon to resign, and thus to open the way for a more executive and energetic management.

LAWYERS.

The lawyer's relation to society is like that of the scarecrow to the cornfield; concede that he effects nothing of positive good, and he still exerts a wholesome influence from the terror his presence inspires.

LEADERSHIP.

He who aspires to be leader must keep in advance of his column. His fears must not play traitor to his occasions. The instant he falls into line with his followers, a bolder spirit may throw himself at the head of the movement initiated, and from that moment his leadership is gone.

LET THE RIGHT PREVAIL.

It is better that ten times ten thousand men should suffer in their interests than that a right principle should not be vindicated. Granting that all these will be injured by the suppression of the false, an infinitely greater number will as certainly be prejudiced by throwing off the allegiance due to truth. Throughout the future, all have an interest in the establishment of sound principles, while only a few in the present can have even a partial interest in the perpetuation of error.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

It is pleasanter and more amiable to applaud than to condemn, and they who look wisely to their happiness will endeavor, as they go through life, to see as much to admire, and as few things that are repugnant, as possible. Nothing that is not distinctively excellent is worthy of particular study or comment.

LOVERS' DIFFERENCES.

Their love for each other is only partial who differ much and widely. When a loving heart speaks to a heart that loves in return, an understanding is easily arrived at.

WHAT LOVE PROVES.

The existence of so much love in the world establishes that there is in it much of the excellence that justifies so exalted a passion. Almost every man has been a lover at some period in his life, and, out of so many lovers, it is unreasonable to suppose that all of them have been mistaken in their estimates.

MAGNANIMITY.

Justice to the defeated exalts the victor from a subject of admiration to an object of love. To the fame of superior courage or address he thereby adds the glory of a greater magnanimity. Praise, too, of a vanquished opponent makes our victory over him appear the more signal.

MANHOOD.

The question is not, the number of facts a man knows, but how much of a fact he is himself.

MEAN MEN.

If a man is thoroughly mean by nature, let him give full swing to his meanness. Such a fellow brings discredit upon generosity by putting on its semblance. If he attempts to disguise the smallness of his soul, he only adds to his contemptible trait of meanness the still more despicable vice of hypocrisy. Mean by the sacred institution of Nature, and without a generous trait to mar the excellence of his native meanness, so long as he continues unqualifiedly mean, he exists a perfect type of a particular character, and presents to us a fine illustration of the vast capabilities of Nature.

METHODS OF THE ENTERPRISING.

Great personal activity at times, and closely sedentary and severely thoughtful habits at other times, are the forces by which able men accomplish notable enterprises. Sitting with thoughtful brows by their evening firesides, they originate and

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mature their plans; after which, with energies braced to their work, they move to the easy conquest of difficulties accounted formidable, because they have deliberated upon and mastered the *best methods* for overcoming them.

MILITARY SCHOOLS.

The existence of military schools is a proof that the other schools have not done their duty.

NATURE AND ART.

The art of being interesting is largely the art of being *real*,—of being without art.

NEWSPAPERS.

The world is not fairly represented by its newspapers. Life is something better than they make it out to be. They are mainly the records of the crimes that curse and the casualties that afflict it, the contests of litigants and the strifes of politicians; but of the sweet amenities of home and social life they are and must be silent. Not without a reason has the poet fled from the "poet's corner."

NON-COMMUNICANTS.

Certain minds are formed to take in truths, but not to utter them. They hoard their knowledge, as misers their gold. Their communicativeness is small. Their appreciation of principles is greater than their sympathy for persons.

OPINIONS.

The best merit of an opinion is, that it is sound; its next best merit, that it is briefly expressed.

POETS AND POETRY.

The "twelve rules for a poet" are eleven too many. The poet needs but one rule for his guidance as a poet,—namely, never to write poetry.*

POPULAR ASPIRANTS.

The fate of a popular aspirant is often like that of a prize ox. When in his best condition, he is put up for exhibition, decorated with flowers and ribbons, and afterwards led out to be slaughtered.

PRAISE.

No one, probably, was ever injured by having his good qualities made the subject of judicious praise. The virtues, like plants, reward the attention bestowed upon them by growing more and more thrifty. A lad who is told often that he is a good boy will in time grow ashamed to exhibit the qualities of a bad one.

PRIDE.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that carries its head proudly above its neighbor plants,—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

PROVERBS.

Invention and the Graces preside at the birth of a good proverb. Aside from the ideas expressed in them, they are deserving of the attention of literary men and all students of expression, from the infinite variety of turns of style they exhibit. "If you don't want to be tossed by a bull, toss the bull." Here, for instance, the thought is not only spirited, but it is so rendered as to give to the idea both the force of novelty and the agreeableness of wit. The words are as hard and compact, and the thought flies as swift, as a bullet.

PUBLIC MEN.

A public man may reasonably esteem it a piece of good fortune to be vigorously attacked in the newspapers. In the first place, it lifts him prominently into notice. Then, a plausible defence will divide public opinion, while a triumphant vindication will more fully establish him in the popular regard. Even if unable to offer either, the notoriety so acquired will in time soften into a counterfeit of celebrity so like the original that it will easily pass for it. Besides, the world is charitable, and will forget old sins in consideration of later virtues.

* I speak, of course, only of the discreet poet. Great poets are never discreet. Their genius overrides their discretion.

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MANNERS OF REFORMERS.

Reformers, from being deeply impressed with the evils they seek to redress, and actively engaged in a warfare against them, are apt to contract a certain habit of denunciation, extending to persons and things at large, and by which their character for amiability is injuriously affected. This is particularly noticeable in that portion of the press devoted to Progress.

REQUESTS.

It is well to dress in your best when you go to press a request. It is not so easy to resist the solicitations of a well-dressed importunate.

RICH AND POOR.

Grace resides with the cultivated, but strength is the property of the people. Art with these has not emasculated Nature.

RICH TO EXCESS.

Intellectually, as many suffer from too much physical health as too little. A fat body makes a lean mind.

RULE OR RUIN.

A thoroughly vigorous man will not actively belong to any associated body, except to rule in it. Not to control in its affairs is to have his individuality cut down to the standard of those that do. He must stamp himself upon the institution, or its enfeebling influence will be stamped upon him.

SANS PEUR.

No man is competent greatly to serve the cause of truth till he has made audacity a part of his mental constitution.

There are some dangers that are to be courted,—courted and braved as a coy mistress is to be wooed, with all the more vigor as the day makes against us. When Fortune frowns upon her worthy wooer, it is still permitted him to think how pleasant it will be ere long to bask in her smiles.

SLIGHTS.

In seasons when the energies flag and our ambition fails us, a rebuff is a blessing, by rousing us from inaction, and stirring us to more vigorous efforts to make good our pretensions.

SOCIAL REGENERATION.

Private worth is the only true basis of public prosperity. Still, ministers and moralists do but tinker at the regeneration of the world in merely recommending individual improvement. The most prolific cause of depravity is the social system that forms the character to what it is. The virtues, like plants, to flourish, must have a soil and air adapted to them. A plant at the seaside yields soda; the same plant grown inland produces potash. What society most needs, for its permanent advancement, is uniformity of inheritance.

SPEAKERS.

A speaker should put his character into what he says. So many speakers, like so many faces, have no individuality in them!

SPEAKING AND TALKING.

There is often a striking contrast between a man's style of writing and of talking,—for which I offer this explanation: He ponders what he writes; he talks without system. As an author, therefore, he is sententious; as a conversationist, loose and verbose;—or the reverse of this may be true.

SPEECH.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.

PREVAILING STYLES.

In literary performances, as in Gothic architecture, the taste of the age is largely in favor of the pointed styles. Our churches and our books must bristle all over with points, or they are not so much thought of.

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SUNDAY.

The poor man's rich day.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Only the good is worth knowing, and only the beautiful worth studying.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco in excess fouls the breath, discolors the teeth, soils the complexion, deranges the nerves, reduces vitality, impairs the sensibility to beauty and to pleasure, abets intemperance, promotes idleness, and degrades the man.

TRADE-LIFE.

Formerly, when great fortunes were made only in war, war was a business; but now, when great fortunes are made only by business, business is war.

TRUTH-SEEKERS.

Hamlet, in the ghost scene, is a fine example of the *questioning spirit* pursuing its inquiries regardless of consequences. The apparition which affrights and confounds his companions only spurs his not less timid, perhaps, but more speculative nature into following and plying it with questions. Only thus should Truth be followed, with an interest great enough to overmaster all fears as to whither she may lead and what she may disclose.

UGLY MEN.

When a man is hideously ugly his only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

THE WALK.

The walk discloses the character. A placid and composed walk bespeaks the philosopher. He walks as if the present was sufficient for him. A measured step is the expression of a disciplined intellect, not easily stirred to excesses. A hurried pace denotes an eager spirit, with a tendency to precipitate measures. The confident and the happy swing along, and need a wide sidewalk; while an irregular gait reveals a composite of character,—one thing to-day, another to-morrow, and nothing much at any time.

WINE.

In vino there is not only *veritas*, but sensibility. It makes the face of him who drinks it to excess blush for his habits.

WISDOM.

Wisdom comes to us as guest, but her visits are liable to sudden terminations. In our efforts to retain the wisdom we have acquired, an embarrassment arises like that of the little boy who was scolded for having a dirty nose. "Blow your nose, Sir." "Papa, I do blow my nose, but it won't stay blowed."

WOMEN AS JUDGES OF CHARACTER.

It is more honorable to have the regards of a few noble women than to be popular among a much greater number of men. Having in themselves the qualities that command our love, they are, for that reason, the better able to appreciate the traits that deserve to inspire it. The heart must be judged by the heart, and men are too intellectual in the processes by which they form their regards.

AVERAGE WORTH.

A wife should accept her husband, and a friend his friend, upon a general estimate. Particulars in character and conduct should be overlooked.

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BULLS AND BEARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THERE was an exhibition of pictures in an upper room on Washington Street. The artists had collected their unsold productions, and proposed to offer them at auction. There were sketches of White Mountain scenery, views of Nahant and other beaches, woodland prospects, farmhouses with well-sweeps, reedy marshes and ponds, together with the usual variety of ideal heads and figures,—a very pretty collection. The artists had gone forth like bees, and gathered whatever was sweetest in every field through a wide circuit, and now the lover of the beautiful might have his choice of the results without the fatigue of travel. Defects enough there were to critical eyes, —false drawing, cold color, and unsuccessful distances; still there was much to admire, and the spirit and intention were interesting, even where the inexperience of the painter was only too apparent.

A group of visitors entered the room: a lady in the prime of beauty, richly but modestly dressed, casting quick glances on all sides, yet with an air of quiet self-possession; a gentleman, her brother apparently, near forty years of age, dignified and prepossessing; a second lady, in widow's weeds; and a young gentleman with successful moustaches, lemon-colored gloves, and one of those bagging coats which just miss the grace of flowing outline without the compensation of setting off a good figure. The lady first mentioned seemed born to take the lead; it was no assumption in her; *incedo regina* was the expression of her gracefully poised head and her stately carriage. "A pretty bit," she said, carelessly pointing with her parasol to a picture of a rude country bridge and dam.

"Yes," said her elder brother, "spirited and lifelike. Who is the painter, Marcia?"

The beauty consulted her catalogue.

"Greenleaf,—George Greenleaf."

"A new name. Look at that distant spire," he continued, "faintly showing among the trees in the background. The water is surprisingly true. A charming picture. I think I'll buy it."

"How quickly you decide," said the lady, with an air of languor. "The picture is pretty enough, but you haven't seen the rest of the collection yet. Gamboge paints lovely landscapes, they say. I wouldn't be enthusiastic about a picture by an artist one doesn't know anything about."

A gentleman standing behind a screen near by moved away with a changed expression and a deepening flush. Another person, an artist evidently, now accosted the party, addressing them as Mr. and Miss Sandford. After the usual civilities, he called their attention to the picture before them.

"We were just admiring it," said Mr. Sandford.

"Do you like it, Mr. Easelmann?" asked the lady.

"Yes, exceedingly."

"Ah! the generosity of a brother artist," replied Miss Sandford.

"No; you do the picture injustice,—and me too, for that matter; for," he added, with a laugh, "I am not generally supposed to ruin my friends by indiscriminate flattery. This young painter has wonderfully improved. He went up into the country last season, found a picturesque little village, and has made a portfolio of very striking sketches."

Miss Sandford began to appear interested.

"Quite pwomising," said the Adonis in the baggy coat, silent until now.

"Yes, he has blossomed all at once. He talks of going abroad."

"Bettah stay at home," said the young gentleman, languidly. "I've been thwough all the gallewies. It's always the same

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stowy,—always the same old humbugs to be admired,—always a doosid boah."

"One relief you must have had in the galleries," retorted Easelmann; "your all-round shirt-collar wouldn't choke you quite so much when your head was cocked back."

Adonis-in-bag adjusted his polished all-rounder with a delicately gloved finger, and declared that the painter was "a jolly fel-low."

The gentleman who had blushed a moment before, when the picture was criticized, was still within earshot; he now turned an angry glance upon the last speaker, and was about to cross the room, when Mr. Easelmann stopped him.

"With your permission, Miss Sandford," said the painter, nodding meaningly towards the person retreating.

"Certainly," replied the lady.

"Mr. Greenleaf," said Easelmann, "I wish you to know some friends of mine."

The gentleman so addressed turned and approached the party, and was presented to "Miss Sandford, Mr. Sandford, Mrs. Sandford, and Mr. Charles Sandford." Miss Sandford greeted him with her most fascinating smile; her brother shook his hand warmly; the other lady, a widowed sister-in-law, silently curtsied; while the younger brother inclined his head slightly, his collar not allowing any sudden movement. In a moment more the party were walking about the room, looking at the pictures.

When at length the Sandfords were about to leave the room, the elder gentleman said to Mr. Greenleaf,—

"We should be happy to see you with our friend, Mr. Easelmann, at our house. Come without ceremony."

Miss Sandford's eyes also said, "Come!" at least, so Greenleaf thought.

Mr. Charles Sandford, meanwhile, who was cultivating the sublime art of indifference, the distinguishing feature and the ideal of his tribe, only tapped his boot with his slender ratan, and then smoothed his silky moustaches.

Greenleaf briefly expressed his thanks for the invitation, and, when the family had gone, turned to his friend with an inquiring look.

"Famous, my boy!" said Easelmann. "Sandford knows something about pictures, though rather stingy in patronage; and he is evidently impressed. The beauty, Marcia, is not a judge, but she is a valuable friend,—now that you are recognized. The widow is a most charming person. Charles, a puppy, as every young man of fashion thinks he must be for a year or two, but harmless and good-natured. The friendship of the family will be of service to you."

"But Marcia, as you call her, was depreciating my picture not a minute before you called me."

"Precisely, my dear fellow; but she didn't know who had painted it, and, moreover, she hadn't seen you."

Greenleaf blushed again.

"Don't color up that way; save your vermilion for your canvas. You *are* good-looking; and the beauty desires the homage of every handsome man, especially if he is likely to be a lion."

"A lion! a painter of landscapes a lion! Besides, I am no gallant. I never learned the art of carrying a lady's fan."

"I hope not; and for that very reason you are the proper subject for her. Your simplicity and frankness are all the more charming to a woman who needs new sensations. Probably she is tired of her *blasé* and wary admirers just now. She will capture you, and I shall see a new and obsequious slave."

Greenleaf attempted to speak, but could not get in a word.

"I felicitate you," continued Easelmann. "You will have a valuable experience, at any rate. To-morrow or next day we will call upon them. Good morning!"

Greenleaf returned his friend's farewell; then walking to a window, he took out a miniature. It was the picture of a young and beautiful girl. The calm eyes looked out upon him trustfully; the smile upon the mouth had never seemed so lovely. He thought of the proud, dazzling coquette, and then looked upon the image

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of the tender, earnest, truthful face before him. As he looked, he smiled at his friend's prophecy.

"This is my talisman," he said; and he raised the picture to his lips.

An evening or two later, as Easelmann was putting his brushes into water, Greenleaf came into his studio. The cloud-compelling meerschaums were produced, and they sat in high-backed chairs, watching the thin wreaths of smoke as they curled upwards to the skylight. The sale of pictures had taken place, and the prices, though not high enough to make the fortunes of the artists, were yet reasonably remunerative; the pictures were esteemed almost as highly, Easelmann thought, as the decorative sketches in an omnibus.

"And did Sandford buy your picture, Greenleaf?"

"Yes, I believe so. In fact, I saw it in his drawing-room, yesterday."

"Certainly; how could I have forgotten it? I must have been thinking of the animated picture there. What is paint, when one sees such a glowing, glancing, fascinating, arch, lovely, tantalizing"——

"Don't! Don't pelt me with your parts of speech!"

"I was trying to select the right adjective."

"Well, you need not shower down a basketful, merely to pick out one."

"But confess, now, you are merely the least captivated?"

"Not the least."

"No little palpitations at the sound of her name? No short breath nor upturned eyes? No vague longings nor 'billowy unrest'?"

"None."

"You slept well last night?"

"Perfectly."

"No dreams of a sea-green palace, with an Undine in wavy hair, and a big brother with fan-coral plumes, who afterwards turned into a sea-dog?"

"No,—I eat the late suppers you tempt me with, and preserve my digestion."

"A great mistake! One good dream in a nightmare will give you more poetical ideas than you can paint in a month: I mean a reasonable nightmare, that you can ride,—not one that rides you. The imagination then seems to scintillate nothing but beautiful images."

"I don't care to become a red-hot iron for the sake of seeing the sparks I might radiate."

"Prosaic again! Now sin and sorrow have their advantages; the law of compensation, you see. Poets, according to Shelley, learn in suffering what they teach in song. And if novelists were always scrupulous, what do you think they would write? Only milk-and-water proprieties, tamely-virtuous platitudes. Do you think Dickens never saw a tap-room or a thief's den?—or that Thackeray is unacquainted with the "Cave of Harmony"? No,—all the piquancy of life comes from the slight *soupçon* of wickedness wherewithal we season it."

"I like amazingly to have you wander off in this way; you are always entertaining, whether your ethics are sound or not."

"Don't trouble yourself about ethics. You and I are artists; we want effects, contrasts; we must have our enthusiasms, our raptures, and our despair."

"You ride a theory well."

"Now, my dear Greenleaf, listen. Kindly I say it, but you are a trifle too innocent, too placid,—in short, too youthful. To paint, you must be intense; to be intense, you must feel; and—you see I come back on the sweep of the circle—to feel, one must have incentives, objects."

"So, you will roast your own liver to make a *pâté*."

"Better so than to have the Promethean vulture peck it out for you."

"Well, if I am as you say, what am I to do? I am docile, to-day."

"Fall in love."

"I have tried the experiment."

"It must have been with some insipid girl, not out of her teens, odorous of bread and butter, innocent of wiles, and

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ignorant of her capabilities and your own."

"Perhaps, but still I have been in love,—and am."

"Bless me! that was a sigh! The sleeping waters then did show a dimple. Why, man, *you* talk about love, with that smooth, shepherd's face of yours, that contented air, that smoothly sonorous voice! Corydon and Phyllis! You should be like a grand piano after Satter has thundered out all its chords, tremulous with harmonies verging so near to discord that pain would be mixed with pleasure in the divinest proportions."

Greenleaf clapped his hands. "Bravo, Easelmann! you have mistaken your vocation; you should turn musical critic."

"The arts are all akin," he replied, calmly refilling his pipe.

"I think I can put together the various parts of your lecture for you," said Greenleaf. "You think I see Nature in her gentler moods, and reproduce only her placid features. You think I have feeling, though latent,—undeveloped. My nerves need a banging, just enough not to wholly unstring them. For that pleasant experience, I am to fall in love. The woman who has the nature to magnetize, overpower, transport me is Miss Marcia Sandford. I am, therefore, to make myself as uncomfortable as possible, in pursuit of a pleasure I know beforehand I can never obtain. Then, from the rather prosaic level of Scumble, I shall rise to the grand, gloomy, and melodramatic style of Salvator Rosa. *Voilà tout!*

"An admirable summary. You have listened well. But tell me now,—what do *you* think? Or do you wander like a little brook, without any will of your own, between such banks as Fate may hem you in withal?"

"I will be frank with you. Until last season, I never had a serious, definite purpose in life. I fell in love then with the most charming of country-girls."

"I know," interrupted Easelmann, in a denser cloud than usual,—"a village Lucy,—'a violet 'neath a mossy stone, fair as a star when only one,'—you know the rest of it. She was fair because there *was* only one."

"Silence, Mephistopheles! it is my turn; let me finish my story. I never told her my love"——

"'But let concealment'"——

"Attend to your pipe; it is going out. I did *look*, however. The language of the eyes needs no translation. I often walked, sketched, talked with the girl, and I felt that there was the completest sympathy between us. I knew her feelings towards me, as well, I am persuaded, as she knew mine. I gave her no pledge, no keepsake; I only managed, by an artifice, to get her daguerreotype at a travelling saloon."

Easelmann laughed. "Let me see it, most modest of lovers!"

"You sha'n't. Your evil eye shall not fall upon it. After I came to Boston, I took a room and began working up my sketches"——

"Where I found you brushing away for dear life."

"I meant to earn enough to go abroad, if it were only for one look at the great pictures of which I have so often dreamed. Then I meant to come back"——

"To find your Lucy married to a schoolmaster, and with five sickly children."

"No,—she is but seventeen; she will not marry till I see her."

"I admire your confidence, Greenleaf; it is an amiable weakness."

"After I had been here a month or two, I was filled with an unutterable sense of uneasiness. Something was wrong, I felt assured. I daily kissed the sweet lips"——

"Of a twenty-five-cent daguerreotype."

Greenleaf did not notice the interruption. "I thought the eyes looked troubled; they even seemed to reproach me; yet the soul that beamed in them was as tender as ever."

"*Diablerie!* I believe you are a spiritualist."

"At last I could bear it no longer. I shut up my room and took the cars for Innisfield."

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"I remember; that was when you gave out that you had gone to see your aunt."

"I found Alice seriously ill. I won't detain you further than to say that I did not leave her until she was completely restored,—until my long cherished feelings had found utterance, and we were bound by ties that nothing but death will divide."

"Really, you are growing sentimental. The waters verily are moved."

"That is because an angel has troubled them. You will mock, I know; but it is nevertheless true, as I am told, that, for the week before I left Boston, she was in a half-delirious state, and constantly called my name."

"And you heard her and came. Sharp senses, and a good, dutiful boy!"

"My presentiment was strange, wasn't it?"

"Oh, don't try to coax me into believing all that! It's very pretty, and would make a nice little romance for a magazine; but you and I have passed the age of measles and chicken-pox. Now, to follow your example, let me make a summary. You are in love, you say, which, for the sake of argument, I will grant. You are engaged. But you are ambitious. You want to go to Italy, and you hope to surpass Claude, as Turner has done—over the left. Then you will return and marry the constant Alice, and live in economical splendor, on a capital —let me see—of eighty-seven dollars and odd cents, being the proceeds of a certain auction-sale. Promising, isn't it?"

Greenleaf was silent,—his pipe out.

"Don't be gloomy," continued Easelmann, in a more sympathetic tone. "Let us take a stroll round the Common. I never walk through the Mall at sunset without getting a new hint of effect."

"I agree to the walk," said Greenleaf.

"Let us take Charbon along with us."

"He doesn't talk."

"That's what I like him for; he thinks the more."

"How is one to know it?"

"Just look at him! talk your best,—parade your poetry, your criticism, your epigrams, your puns, if you have any, and then look at him! By Jove! I don't want a better talker. I know it's *in* him, and I don't care whether he opens his mouth or not."

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW MUCH IT SOMETIMES COSTS TO BE THOUGHT CHARITABLE.

Mr. Sandford was a bachelor, and resided in a pleasant street at the West End,—his sister being housekeeper. His house was simply furnished,—yet the good taste apparent in the arrangement of the furniture gave the rooms an air of neatness, if not of elegance. There were not so many pictures as might be expected in the dwelling of a lover of Art, and in many cases the frames were more noticeable than the canvas; for upon most of them were plates informing the visitor that they were presented to Henry Sandford for his disinterested services as treasurer, director, or chairman of the Society for the Relief of Infirm Wood-sawyers, or some other equally benevolent association. The silver pitcher and salver, always visible upon a table, were a testimonial from the managers of a fair for the aid of Indigent Widows. A massive silver inkstand bore witness to the gratitude of the Society of Merchants' Clerks. And numerous Votes of Thanks, handsomely engrossed on parchment, with eminent names appended, and preserved in gilt frames, filled all the available space upon the walls. It was evident that this was the residence of a Benefactor of Mankind.

It was just after breakfast, and Mr. Sandford was preparing to go out. His full and handsome face was serene as usual, and a general air of neatness pervaded his dress. He was, in fact, unexceptionable in appearance, wearing the look that gets credit in State Street, gives respectability to a public platform, and seems to bring a blessing into the abodes of poverty. Nothing but broad and liberal views, generous sentiments, and a

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noble self-forgetfulness would seem to belong to a man with such a presence. But his sister Marcia, this morning, seemed far from being pleased with his plans; her tones were querulous, and even severe.

"Now, Henry," she exclaimed, "you are not going to sell that picture. We've had enough changes. Every auction a new purchase, which you immediately fling away."

"You are a very warm-hearted young woman," replied the brother, "and you doubtless imagine that I am able with my limited resources to buy a picture from every new painter, besides answering the numberless calls made upon me from every quarter."

"Why did you bid for the picture, then?"

"I wished to encourage the artist."

"But why do you sell it, then?"

"Monroe wants it, and will give a small advance on its cost."

"But Monroe was at the sale; why didn't he bid for it then?"

"A very natural question, Sister Marcia; but it shows that you are not a manager. However, I'll explain. Monroe was struck with the picture, and would have given a foolish price for it. So I said to him,—'Monroe, don't be rash. If two connoisseurs like you and me bid against each other for this landscape, other buyers will think there is something in it, and the price will be run up to a figure neither of us can afford to pay. Let me buy it and keep it a month or so, and then we'll agree on the terms. I sha'n't be hard with you.' And I won't be. He shall have it for a hundred, although I paid eighty-seven and odd."

"So you speculate, where you pretend to patronize Art?"

"Don't use harsh words, Sister Marcia. Half the difficulties in the world come from a hasty application of terms."

"But I want the picture; and I didn't ask you to buy it merely to oblige Mr. Greenleaf."

"True, sister, but he will paint others, and better ones, perhaps. I will buy another in its place."

"And sell it when you get a good offer, I suppose."

"Sister Marcia, you evince a thoughtless disposition to trifle with—I hope not to wound—my feelings. How do you suppose I am able to maintain my position in society, to support Charles in his elegant idleness, to supply all your wants, and to help carry on the many benevolent enterprises in which I have become engaged, on the small amount of property left us, and with the slender salary of fifteen hundred dollars from the Insurance Office? If I had not some self-denial, some management, you would find quite a different state of things."

"But I remember that you drew your last year's salary in a lump. You must have had money from some source for current expenses meanwhile."

"Some few business transactions last year were fortunate. But I am poor, quite poor; and nothing but a sense of duty impels me to give so much of my time and means to aid the unfortunate and the destitute, and for the promotion of education and the arts that beautify and adorn life."

His wits were probably "wool-gathering"; for the phrases which had been so often conned for public occasions slipped off his tongue quite unawares. His countenance changed at once when Marcia mischievously applauded by clapping her hands and crying, "Hear!" He paused a moment, seeming doubtful whether to make an angry reply; but his face brightened, and he exclaimed,—

"You are a wicked tease, but I can't be offended with you."

"Bye-bye, Henry," she replied. "Some committee is probably waiting for you." Then, as he was about closing the door, she added,—"I was going to say, Henry, if your charities are not more expensive than your patronage of Art, you might afford me that *moire antique* and the set of pearls I asked you for."

We will follow Mr. Sandford to the

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Insurance Office. It was only nine o'clock, and the business of the day did not begin until ten. But the morning hour was rarely unoccupied. As he sat in his arm-chair, reading the morning papers, Mr. Monroe entered. He was a clerk in the commission house of Lindsay and Company, in Milk Street,—a man of culture and refined taste, as well as attentive to business affairs. With an active, sanguine temperament, he had the good-humor and frankness that usually belong to less ardent natures. Simple-hearted and straightforward, he was yet as trustful and affectionate as a child. He was unmarried and lived with his mother, her only child.

"Ah, Monroe," said Sandford, with cordiality, "you don't want the picture yet? Let it remain as long as you can, and I'll consider the favor when we settle."

"No,—I'm in no hurry about the picture. I have a matter of business I wish to consult you about. My mother had a small property,—about ten thousand dollars. Up to this time I haven't made it very profitable, and I thought"——

Just then a visitor entered. The President of the Society for the Reformation of Criminals came with a call for a public meeting.

"You know, my dear Sir," said the President, "that we don't expect you to pay; we consider the calls made upon your purse; but we want your name and influence."

Mr. Sandford signed the call, and made various inquiries concerning the condition and prospects of the society. The President left with a smile and a profusion of thanks. Before Mr. Sandford was fairly seated another person came in. It was the Secretary of the Society for the Care of Juvenile Offenders.

"We want to have a hearing before the city government," said he, "and we have secured the aid of Mr. Greene Satchel to present the case. Won't you give us your name to the petition, as one of the officers? No expense to you; some wealthy friends will take care of that. We don't desire to tax a man who lives on a salary, and especially one who devotes so much of his time and money to charity."

"Thank you for your consideration," said Mr. Sandford, signing his name in a fair round hand.

Once more the friends were left alone, and Monroe proceeded,—

"I was going on to say that perhaps you might know some chance for a safe investment."

Mr. Sandford appeared thoughtful for a moment.

"Yes,—I think I may find a good opportunity; seven per cent., possibly eight."

"Excellent!" said Monroe.

There was another interruption. A tall, stately person entered the office, wearing a suit of rather antique fashion, apparently verging on sixty years, yet with a clear, smooth skin, and a bright, steady eye. It was the Honorable Charles Wyndham, the representative of an ancient family, and beyond question one of the most eminent men in the city. Mr. Sandford might have been secretly elated at the honor of this visit, but he rose with a tranquil face and calmly bade Mr. Wyndham good morning.

"My young friend," began the great man, "I am happy to see you looking so well this morning. I have not come to put any new burdens on your patient shoulders; we all know your services and your sacrifices. This time we have a little recompense,—if, indeed, acts of beneficence are not their own reward. The Board are to have a social meeting at my house to-night, to make arrangements for the anniversary; and we think a frugal collation will not be amiss for those who have worked for the Society so freely and faithfully."

Mr. Sandford softly rubbed his white hands and bowed with a deprecatory smile.

"I know your modesty," said Mr. Wyndham, "and will spare you further compliment. Your accounts are ready,

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I presume? I intend to propose to the Board, that, as we have a surplus, you shall receive a substantial sum for your disinterested services."

They were standing near together, leaning on a tall mahogany desk, and the look of benevolent interest on one side, and of graceful humility on the other, was touching to see. Mr. Sandford laid his hand softly on his distinguished friend's shoulder, and begged him not to insist upon payment for services he had been only too happy to render.

"We won't talk about that now; and I must not detain you longer from business. *Good* morning!" And with the stateliest of bows, and a most gracious smile, the Honorable Mr. Wyndham retreated through the glass door.

When Mr. Sandford had bowed the visitor out, he returned to Monroe with an expression of weariness on his handsome face. "So many affairs to think of! so many people to see! Really, it is becoming vexatious. I believe I shall turn hunks, and get a reputation for downright stinginess."

"But your visitors are pleasant people," said Monroe,—"and the last, certainly, was a man whom most men think it an honor to know."

"You mean Wyndham. Oh, yes, Wyndham *is* a good fellow; a little prosy sometimes, but means well. We endure the Dons, you know, if they *are* slow."

Monroe thought his friend hardly respectful to the head of the Wyndham family, but set it down as an awkward attempt at being facetious.

"Well, about that money of yours?" said Sandford.

"I left it, as a loan on call, at Danforth's. But how do you propose to invest it?"

"I haven't fully made up my mind. Perhaps it is best you should not know. I will guaranty you eight per cent., and agree to return the principal on thirty days' notice. So you can try, meanwhile, and see if you can do better."

Monroe agreed to the proposal, and drew a check on the broker for the amount, for which Sandford signed a note, payable thirty days after presentation. The friends now separated, and Monroe went to his warehouse.

Stockholders began to come to look over the morning papers, and chat about the news, the stocks, and the degeneracy of the times. What a club is to an idle man of fashion,—what a sewing-society is to a scandal-loving woman,—what a billiard-room is to a man about town,—what the Athenæum is to the sober and steadfast bibliolater,—that is the Insurance Office to the retired merchant, bald and spectacled, who wanders like a ghost among the scenes of his former activity. The comfortable chairs, and in winter the social fires in open grates,—the slow-going and respectable newspapers, the pleasant view of State Street, and, above all, the authoritative disposition of public affairs upon the soundest mercantile principles of profit and loss,—all these constitute an attraction which no well-brought-up Bostonian, who has money to buy shares, cares to resist, at least until the increasing size of his buckskin shoes renders locomotion difficult.

To all these solid men Mr. Sandford gave a hearty good-morning, and a frank, cheerful smile. They took up the journals and looked over the telegraphic dispatches, thinking, as they were wont, that the old Vortex was lucky, above all Companies, in its honest, affable, and intelligent Secretary.

Mr. Sandford retired to his private room and looked hastily at his morning letters; but his mind did not seem to be occupied with the business before him. He rang the bell for the office-boy. "Tom," said he, "go and ask Mr. Fletcher to step down here a minute." He mused after the boy left, tapping his fingers on the table to the time of a familiar air. "If I can keep Fletcher from dabbling in stocks, I shall make a good thing of this. I shall keep a close watch on him. To manage men, there is nothing like knowing how to go to work at

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them. ALL the fools are jack-a-dandies, and one has only to find where the strings hang to make them dance as he will. I have Fletcher fast. I heard a fellow talking about taming a man, Rarey-fashion, by holding out a pole to him with a bunch of flowers. Pooh! The best thing is a bit of paper with a court seal at the corner, stuck on the end of a constable's staff."

Mr. Fletcher entered presently,—the office where he was employed being only a few doors off. He was a slender young man, with strikingly regular features and delicate complexion; his mobile mouth was covered by a fringy moustache, and his small keen eyes were restless to a painful degree. The sudden summons appeared to have flustered him; for his eyes danced more than usual, giving him the startled and perplexed look of a hunted animal at bay. He was speedily reassured by Sandford's bland voice and encouraging smile.

"A new opening, Fletcher,—a 'pocket,' as the Californians call it. Is there any chance to operate? Just look about. I have the funds ready. Something safe, and fat, too."

"Plenty of chances to those who look for them," replied Fletcher. "The men who are hard up are the best customers; they will stand a good slice off; and if a man is sharp, he can deal as safely with them as with the A 1s, who turn up their noses at seven per cent."

"You understand, I see."

"I think I ought. Papyrus, only yesterday, was asking if anything could be done for him,—about fifteen hundred; offers Sandbag's note with only thirty days to run. The note was of no use to *him*, because the banks require two names, and his own isn't worth a straw. But Sandbag is good."

"We'll take it. About a hundred off?"

Fletcher nodded.

"I've plenty more to invest, Fletcher. Let me know if you see any paper worth buying."

Fletcher nodded again, but looked expectant, much like a dog (not wishing to degrade him by the comparison) waiting with longing eyes while his master eats his morning mutton-chop.

"Fletcher," said Sandford, "I'll make this an object to you. I don't mind giving you five dollars, as soon as we have Papyrus's indorsement on the note. And, speaking of the indorsement, let him sign his name, and then bring me the note. I wish to put on the name of the person to whose order it is to be payable."

"Then it is on the account"——

"Of whom it may concern," broke in Sandford. "Don't stand with your mouth open. That is my affair."

"But if you pay me only five dollars"——

"That is so much clear gain to you. Do you suppose that we—my backer and I—shall run the risk for nothing? Good morning! Attend to your own affairs at Danforth's properly. Don't burn your fingers with any new experiments. There's a crash coming and stocks will fall. Good morning!"

The Secretary looked relieved when Fletcher closed the door, and speedily dispatched the necessary letters and orders for the Company. Then leaving the affairs of the Vortex in the hands of his clerk, he strolled out for his usual lunch. Wherever he walked, he was met with smiles and greetings of respect. He turned into an alley, entered an eating-house, and took his place at a table; he ordered and ate his lunch, and then left, with a nod towards the counter. The landlord, who began on credit, expected no pay from the man who procured him money accommodations. No waiter had ever seen a sixpence from his purse. How should a man be expected to pay, who spent his substance and his time so freely in charity?

CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING SOME CONFESSIONS NOT INTENDED FOR THE PUBLIC EAR.

MISS MARCIA SANDFORD, after breakfast, was sitting in her chamber with her

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widowed sister-in-law, who had come to spend a few months with her late husband's family. The widow no longer wore the roses of youth, but was yet on friendly terms with Time; indeed, so quietly had their annual settlements passed off, that it would have puzzled any one not in their confidence to tell how the account stood. The simplicity of her dress, the chastened look, and the sobriety of phrase, of which her recent affliction was the cause, might have hinted at thirty-five; but when her clear, placid eye was turned upon you, and you saw the delicate flush deepening or vanishing upon a smooth cheek, and noted the changeful expression that hovered like a spiritual presence around her mouth, it would have been treason to think of a day beyond twenty. She had known but little of Marcia, and that little had shown her only as a lover of dress and of admiration, besides being capricious to a degree unusual even in a spoiled favorite.

A musical *soirée* was under consideration. Marcia was a proficient upon the harp and piano, and, as she had heard that Mr. Greenleaf, the handsome painter, as she called him, was a fine singer, she determined to practise some operatic duets with him, that should move all her musical friends to envy.

"You seem to have taken a strong liking to this Mr. Greenleaf, Marcia."

"Yes, Lydia," replied the beauty, "I do like him, exceedingly,—what I have seen of him. He will do—for a month or so. People are frequently quite charming at first, like fresh bouquets,—but dull and tame enough when the dew is off."

"But you can't have a new admirer, as you have fresh flowers, every day."

"That's true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"What a female Bluebeard you are!"

"Wouldn't you, now, like to meet some new, delightful person every day? Consider how prosaic a man is, after you know all about him."

"I always find something new in a man really worth knowing."

"Do you? I wish I could. I always look them through as I used to my toys. I never cared for my 'crying babies,' after I found out what made them squeak."

"I am afraid the comparison will hold out farther than you intended. You were never satisfied with your toys until you had not only explored their machinery, but smashed them into the bargain."

"But men stand it better than toys. If they get smashed, as you say, they heal wonderfully. I sometimes think, that, like lobsters, they can repair their injuries by new growths,—fresh claws, and fins, and feelers."

"Complimentary, truly! but I notice that you don't speak of vital organs."

"Hearts, you mean, I suppose. That is an obsolete idea,—a relic of superstition."

"But how many of these broken idols have you thrown aside, Marcia? Have you kept account?"

"Dear me! no! Why should I?"

"It would be interesting, I think, to a student of social statistics, to know how many engagements there are to one marriage, how many offers to one engagement, how many flirtations to one offer, and how many tender advances to one flirtation."

"Oh, Lydia! Love and Arithmetic! they never went together. I leave all calculations to my wise and busy brother. I like to wander like a humming-bird, that keeps no account of the flower-cups it has sipped out of."

"Let us reckon. I can help you, perhaps. I have heard you talk of half a dozen. There is Colonel Langford,—one."

"Handsome, proud, and shallow. Let him go!"

"There is Lieutenant Allen,—two."

"Fierce, impatient, and exacting. He can go also. I had as lief be loved by a lion."

"Next is Mr. Lanman,—three."

"Wily, plausible, passionate, and treacherous. He is only a cat in a new sphere of existence."

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"Then there is Denims,—I am not sure about the order,—four."

"Rich, vain, and stupid;—there never was such a dolt."

"But you kept him for a longer time than usual."

"Yes, rather; but he was too dull to understand my ironical compliments, or to resent my studied neglect."

"Jaunegant makes five."

"Oh, the precious crony of my brother Charles! The best specimen of the dandy race. The man who gives so much love to himself and his clothes, that he has none to spare for any one else. But, Lydia, this is tedious; we shall never get through at this rate. Besides," with a mock-sentimental air, "you have not been here long enough to know the melancholy history,—to count the wrecks that are strewn along the coast, where the Siren resorts. Let me take up the list. Corning, who really loved me, (six,) and went to sea to cure the heart-ache. I heard of him in State Street a month ago,—with a blue shirt and leather belt, and chewing a piece of tobacco as large as his thumb. He seemed happy as a king."

"I saw a kind of tobacco advertised as '*The Solace*';—the name was given by some disappointed swain, I suppose."

"Probably," said Marcia, smiling. "Then there was Outrack, (seven,) who was so furious at the refusal, that he immediately married the gay Miss Flutter Budget, forty-five, short, stout, and fifty thousand dollars,—he twenty-six, tall, slender, and some distant expectations. I heard him, at a party, call her 'Dear'!"

"I don't think you get on any faster than I did. We shall have to finish the tour of the portrait-gallery another day."

"You are not tired? I wanted to tell you of several more. Yet I don't know why I should. I declare to you seriously, that I never before mentioned the names of these persons in this way, nor referred to them as rejected lovers."

"I have no doubt of it. It has seemed like a fresh, spontaneous confession."

"There is some magic about you, Sister Lydia. You invite confidence; or rather, you seem to be like one of those chemical agents that penetrate everything; there's no resisting you. Don't protest. I know what you would say. It isn't your curiosity. You are no Paulina Pry; if you were, precious little you would get from me."

"But, Marcia, let me return a moment to what you were saying. Did the reason never occur to you, why you so soon become tired of your admirers? You see through them, you say. Is it not possible that a lady who has the reputation of caprice,—a flirt, as the world is apt to call her,—though ever so brilliant, witty, and accomplished, may not attract the kind of men that can bear scrutiny, but only the butterfly race, fit for a brief acquaintance? Believe me, Marcia, there is a reason for everything, and, with all your beauty and fascination, you must yourself have the element of constancy, to win the admiration of the best and worthiest men."

"So, you are going to preach?" said Marcia, rather crestfallen.

"No, I don't preach. But what I see, I ought to tell you; I should not be a good sister otherwise."

"I'll think about it. But now for the musical party. I mean to send for Mr. Greenleaf, to practise some songs and duets. He is not a butterfly, I am sure."

"But, Marcia, is it well, is it right, for you to try to fascinate this new friend of yours, unless you feel something more than a transient interest in him?"

"How can I tell what interest I shall feel in him, until I know him better?"

"But you know his circumstances and his prospects. You are not the woman to marry a poor painter. You have too many wants; or rather, you have become accustomed to luxuries that now seem to be necessaries."

"True, I haven't the romance for love in a cottage. But a painter is not necessarily a bad match; if he doesn't become rich, he may be distinguished. And besides, no one knows what will happen from the beginning of an acquaintance.

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We will enjoy the sunshine of to-day; and if to-morrow brings a darker sky, we must console ourselves as we can."

"What an Epicurean! Well, Marcia, you are not a child; you must act for yourself."

Marcia made no reply, but sat down to her desk to write a note; and her sister-in-law soon after went to her own room.

During all this conversation, Mrs. Sandford was struck by the tone which the beautiful coquette assumed. Her words were aptly chosen, her sentences smoothly constructed; she never hesitated; and there was an ever-present air of consciousness, that left no conviction of sincerity. Whether she uttered sentiments of affection, or sharp criticism upon character, there was the same level flow of language, the same nicely modulated intonation. There was no flash of enthusiasm, none of those outbursts in which the hearer feels sure that the heart has spoken. Mrs. Sandford was thoroughly puzzled. Marcia had never been otherwise than kind; in fact, she seemed to be studiously careful of the feelings of others, except when her position as a reigning belle made it necessary to cut a dangler. This methodical speech and unruffled grace of manner might be only the result of discipline. Truth and honesty *might* exist as well under this artificial exterior as in a more impulsive nature. But the world generally thinks that whoever habitually wears a smiling mask has some secret end to serve thereby. "I like this painter, Greenleaf," she soliloquized, "and I mean to look out for him. I am persuaded that Marcia would never marry him; and I think he is too sensitive, too manly, to be a fit subject for her experiments."

CHAPTER IV.

CONCERNING CONSTANCY AND THE AFFINITIES.

"A MUSICAL *soirée?* Famous, my boy!" said Easelmann, as he sat, smoking as usual, in his fourth-story *atelier* with Greenleaf, watching the sun go down. "Making progress, I see. You have nothing to do; the affair will take care of itself."

"What affair?"

"Don't be stupid (*puff*). Your affair with Miss Sandford (*puff*). There's a wonderful charm in music (*puff*). Two such young people might fall in love, to be sure, without singing together (*puff*). But music is the true *aqua regia;* it dissolves all into its own essence. A piano and a tenor voice will do more than a siege of months, though aided by a battery of bouquets."

"How you run on! I have called twice,—once with you, and the second time by the lady's invitation. Besides, I told you—indiscreetly, I am afraid—that I am really engaged to be married."

"Oh, yes, I have not forgotten the touching story (*puff*); but we get over all things, even such passions as yours. We are plants, that thrive very well for a while in the pots we sprouted in, but after a time we must have a change of soil."

"I don't think we outgrow affection, honor, truth."

"That is all very pretty; but our ideas of honor and truth are apt to change."

"I don't believe you are half so bad a fellow, Easelmann, as you would have me think. You utter abominable sentiments, but you behave as well as other people—nearly."

"Thank you. But listen a moment. (*Laying down his pipe.*) Do you have the same tastes you had at eighteen? I don't refer to the bumpkins with whom you played when a boy, and who, now that you have outgrown them, look enviously askance at you. I don't care to dwell on your literary tastes,—how you have outgrown Moore and Festus-Bailey, and are fast getting through Byron. I won't pose you, by showing how your ideas in Art have changed,—what new views you have of life, society;—but think of your ideas of womanly, or rather, girlish beauty at different ages. By Jove, I should like to see your inna-

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moratas arranged in chronological order!"

"It would be a curious and instructive spectacle."

"You may well say that! Let me sketch a few of them."

"I think I could do it better."

"No,—every man thinks his own experience peculiar; but life has a wonderful sameness, after all. Besides, you would flatter the portraits. Not to begin too early, and without being particular about names, there was, first, Amanda, aged fourteen; face circular, cheeks cranberry, eyes hazel, hair brown and wavy, awkward when spoken to, and agreeable only in an osculatory way. Now, being twenty-five, she is married, has two children, is growing stout, and always refers to her lord and master as 'He,' never by any accident pronouncing his name. Second, Julia; sixteen, flaxen-haired, lithe, not ungraceful, self-possessed, and perhaps a little pert. She is unmarried; but, having fed her mind with no more solid aliment than country gossip, no sensible man could talk to her five minutes. Third, Laura; eighteen, black hair, with sharp outlines on the temples, eyes heavily shaded and coquettishly managed, jewelry more abundant than elegant, repeats poetry by the page, keeps a scrap-book, and writes endless letters to her female friends. She is still romantic, but has learned something from experience,—is not so impressible as when you knew her. I won't stop to sketch the pale poetess, nor the dancing hoyden, nor the sweet blue-eyed creature that lisped, nor the mature and dangerously-charming widow that caused some perturbations in your regular orbit.

"Now, my dear fellow," Easelmann continued, "you fancied that your whole existence depended upon the hazel or the blue or the black eyes, in turn; but at this time you could see their glances turned in rapture upon your enemy, if you have one, without a pang."

"One would think you had just been reading Cowley's charming poem, 'Henrietta first possest.' But what is the moral to your entertaining little romance? That love must always be transient?"

"Not necessarily, but generally. We are travelling at different rates of progress and on different planes. Happy are the lovers who advance with equal step, cultivating similar tastes, with agreeing theories of life and its enjoyments!"

"Wise philosopher, how comes it, that, with so just an appreciation of the true basis of a permanent attachment, you remain single? I see a gray hair or two, not only on your head, but in that favorite moustache of yours."

"Gray? Oh, yes! gray as a badger, but immortally young. As for marriage, I'm rather past that. I had my chance; I lost it, and shall not throw again."

Easelmann did not seem inclined to open this sealed book of his personal history, and the friends were silent. Greenleaf at length broke the pause.

"I acknowledge the justice of your ideas in their general application, but in my own case they do not apply at all. I was not in my teens when I went to Innisfield, but in the maturity of such faculties as I have. Alice satisfies my ideal of a lovely, loving woman. She has capabilities, taste, a thirst for improvement, and will advance in everything to which I am led."

"I won't disturb your dreams, nor play the Mephistopheles, as you sometimes call me. I am rather serious to-day. But here you are where every faculty is stimulated, where you unconsciously draw in new ideas with your daily breath. Alice remains in a country town, without society, with few books, with no opportunity for culture in Art or in the minor graces of society. You are not ready to marry; your ambition forbids it, and your means will not allow it. And before the time comes when you are ready to establish yourself, think what a difference there may be between you! The thought is cruel, but worth your consideration none the less.—But let us change the subject. What are you doing? Any new orders?"

"Two new orders. One for a large picture from Mr. Sandford. The price is

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not what it should be, but it will give me a living, and I am thankful for any employment. I loathe idleness. I die, if I haven't something to do."

"Mere uneasiness, my youthful friend! Be tranquil, and you will find that laziness has its comforts. However, to-morrow let me see your pictures. You lack a firmness and certainty of touch that nothing but practice will give. But your forms are faithfully drawn, your eye for color is sharp and true, and, what is more than all, you have the poetry which informs, harmonizes, and crowns all."

"I am grateful for your friendly criticism," said Greenleaf, with a sudden flush. "You know that people call you blunt, and that most of the artists think you almost malicious in your severity; but you are the only man who ever talks sincerely to me."

Easelmann noticed the emotion, and spoke abruptly,—

"Depend upon it, if I see anything faulty, you will know it; if you think *that* friendly, I am your friend. But look over there, where the sunset clouds are reflected in the Back Bay. Now, if I should put those tints of gold and salmon and crimson and purple, with those delicate shades of apple-green, into a picture, the mob would say, 'What an absurd fellow this painter is! Where did he find all that Joseph's coat of colors?' The mob is a drove of asses, Greenleaf."

"Come, let us take our evening stroll."

"Have you seen Charbon, to-day?"

"No. But I should like to."

"We'll call for him."

"Yes, I rather like his brilliant silence."

"Next week, let us go to Nahant. I want you to try your hand on a coast view. But what, what are you about? At that trumpery daguerreotype again? Let me see the beauty,—that's a good boy!"

"No!"

"Then put it up. If you won't show it, don't aggravate a fellow in that way."

[To be continued.]

SPIRITS IN PRISON.*

I.

O ye, who, prisoned in these festive rooms,
  Lean at the windows for a breath of air,
Staring upon the darkness that o'erglooms
  The heavens, and waiting for the stars to bare
Their glittering glories, veiled all night in cloud,
  I know ye scorn the gas-lights and the feast!
I saw you leave the music and the crowd,
  And turn unto the windows opening east;
I heard you sigh,—"When will the dawn's dull ashes
  Kindle their fires behind yon fir-fringed height?
When will the prophet clouds with golden flashes
  Unroll their mystic scrolls of crimson light?"
Fain would I come and sit beside you here,
  And silent press your hands, and with you lean
Into the midnight, mingling hope and fear,
  Or pining for the days that might have been!

* 1 Peter, iii. 19.

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II.

Are we not brothers? In the throng that fills
  These strange enchanted rooms we met. One look
Told that we knew each other. Sudden thrills,
  As of two lovers reading the same book,
Ran through our hurried grasp. But when we turned,
  The scene around was smitten with a change:
The lamps with lurid fire-light flared and burned;
  And through the wreaths and flowers,—oh, mockery strange!—
The prison-walls with ghastly horror frowned;
  Scarce hidden by vine-leaves and clusters thick,
A grim cold iron grating closed around.
  Then from our silken couches leaping quick,
We hurried past the dancers and the lights,
  Nor heeded the entrancing music then,
Nor the fair women scattering delights
  In flower-like flush of dress,—nor paused till when,
Leaning against our prison-bars, we gazed
  Into the dark, and wondered where we were.
Speak to me, brothers, for ye stand amazed!
  I come, your secret burthen here to share!

III.

I know not this mysterious land around.
  Black giant trees loom up in form obscure.
Odors of gardens and of woods profound
  Blow in from out the darkness, fresh and pure.
Faint sounds of friendly voices come and go,
  That seem to lure us forth into the air;
But whence they come perchance no ear may know,
  And where they go perchance no foot may dare.

IV.

A realm of shadowy forms out yonder lies.
  Beauty and Power, fair dreams pursued by Fate,
Wheel in unceasing vortex; and the skies
  Flash with strange lights that bear no name nor date.
Sweet winds are breathing that just fan the hair,
  And fitful gusts that howl against the bars,
And harp-like songs, and groans of wild despair,
  And angry clouds that chase the trembling stars.
And on the iron grating the hot cheek
  We press, and forth into the night we call,
And thrust our arms, that, manacled and weak,
  Clutch but the empty air, and powerless fall.

V.

And yet, O brothers! we, who cannot share
  This life of lies, this stifling day in night,—
Know we not well, that, if we did but dare
  Break from our cell, and trust our manhood's might,

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When once our feet should venture on these wilds,
  The night would prove a sweet, still solitude,—
Not dark for eyes that, earnest as a child's,
  Strove in the chaos but for truth and good?
And oh, sweet liberty, though wizard gleams
  And elfin shapes should frighten or allure,
To find the pathway of our hopes and dreams,—
  By toil to sweeten what we should endure,—
To journey on, though but a little way,
  Towards the morning and the fir-clad heights,—
To follow the sweet voices, till the day
  Bloomed in its flush of colors and of lights,—
To look back on the valley and the prison,
  The windows smouldering still with midnight fires,
And know the joy and triumph to have risen
  Out of that falsehood into new desires!
O friends! it may be hard our chains to burst,
  To scale the ramparts, pass the sentinels;
Dark is the night; but we are not the first
  Who break from the enchanter's evil spells.
Though they pursue us with their scoffs and darts,
  Though they allure us with their siren song,
Trust we alone the light within our hearts!
  Forth to the air! Freedom will dawn ere long!

PUNCH.

NOT inebriating, but exhilarating punch; not punch of which the more a man imbibes the worse he is, but punch of which the deeper the quaffings the better the effects; not a compound of acids and sweets, hot water and fire-water, to steal away the brains,—but a finer mixture of subtler elements, conducive to mental and moral health; not, in a word, punch, the drink, but "Punch," the wise wag, the genial philosopher, with his brevity of stature, goodly-conditioned paunch, next-to-nothing legs, protuberant back, bill-hook nose, and twinkling eyes,—to speak respectfully, Mr. Punch, attended by the solemnly-sagacious, ubiquitously-versatile "Toby," together with the invisible company of skirmishers of the quill and pencil, producing in his name those ever-welcome sheets, flying forth the world over, with hebdomadal punctuality. Of the ingredients and salutary influence of this Punch—an institution and power of the age, no more to be overlooked among the forces of the nineteenth century than is the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph—we propose to speak;—not, however, because of the comicality of the theme; for the fun that surrounds, permeates, and saturates it would hardly move us to discourse of it here, if it had not higher claims to attention. To take Punch only for a clown is to *mis*take him egregiously. Joker as he is, he himself is no joke. The fool's-cap he wears does not prove him to be a fool; and even when he touches the tip of his nasal organ with his fore-finger and winks so irresistibly, meaning lurks in his facetious features,

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to assure you he does not jest without a purpose, or play the buffoon only to coin sixpences. The fact, then, we propose to illustrate is this:—that Punch is a teacher and philanthropist, a lover of truth, a despiser of cant, an advocate of right, a hater of shams,—a hale, hearty old gentleman, whose notions are not dyspeptic croakings, but healthful opinions of good digestion, and who, though he wear motley and indulge in drolleries without measure, is full of sense and sensibility.

The birth-place and parentage of Punch are involved in some doubt,—a fate he shares with several of the world's other heroes, ancient and modern. Accounts differ; and as he has not chosen to settle the question autobiographically, we follow substantially the narrative*—that ought to be true; for, mythical or historic, it appropriately localizes and fitly circumstances the nativity of the humorist of the age.

In 1841, Mark Lemon, a writer of considerable ability, was the landlord of the Shakspeare Head, Wych Street, London. A tavern with such a publican and such a name was, of course, frequented by a circle of wits, with whom, in the year just mentioned, originated "Punch." Lemon (how could there be punch without a lemon?) has been the editor from the outset. From which of the knot of good fellows the bright idea of the unique journal first emanated does not appear. The paternity has been ascribed to Douglas Jerrold. Its name might have been suggested by the place of its birth. If so, it at once lost all associations with the ladle and the bowl, and received a wider and better interpretation. The hero of the famous puppet-show was chosen for the typical presiding genius and sponsor of the novel enterprise. And there is no neater piece of allegorical writing in our language than the introductory article of the first number, wherein is exquisitely shadowed forth "the moral" of the work, "Punch,"—suggestive of that "graver puppetry," the "visual and oral cheats," "by which mankind are cajoled." Punch, the exemplar of boldness and philosophic self-control, is the quaint embodiment of the intention to pursue a higher object than the amusement of thoughtless crowds,—an intention which has been adhered to with remarkable fidelity. The first number appeared July 17th, and the serial has lived over a decade and a half, and grown to the bulk of thirty-four or thirty-five volumes. It was not, however, built in a day. It knew a rickety infancy and hours of peril, and owes its rescue from neglect and starvation, its subsequent and constantly increasing prosperity, to the enterprising publishers,—Bradbury and Evans,—who nursed and resuscitated it at the critical moment. Well-known contributors to the letter-press have been Jerrold, Albert Smith, à Beckett, Hood, and Thackeray; whilst Henning, Leech, Meadows, Browne, Forrester, Gilbert, and Doyle have acted as designers. Of these men of letters and art, Lemon and Leech, it is said, alone remain; some of the others broke off their connection with the work at different periods, and some have passed away from earth. Their places have been supplied by the Mayhews, Tom Taylor, Angus Reach, and Shirley Brooks, and the historical painter, Tenniel. These changes have mostly been made behind the scenes; the impersonality of the paper—to speak after the Hibernian style—being personified by Mr. Punch himself,—ostensibly, by a well-preserved and well-managed conceit, its sole conductor through all its vicissitudes and during the whole of its brilliant career. Whatever becomes of correspondents, Punch never resigns and never dies. The baton never falls from his grasp. He sits in his arm-chair, the unshaken Master of the Revels,—though thrones totter, kings abdicate, and revolutions convulse empires. Troubles may disturb his household; but thereby the public does not suffer. He still lives,—immortal in his funny and fascinating idiosyncrasies.

* See Parton's *Humorous Poetry.*

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The ingredients of Punch, the instrumentalities by which he has won fame and victories, are almost too multifarious for enumeration. All the merry imps which beset Leigh Hunt, when about to compile selections from the comic poets, belong to Punch's retinue. Doubles of Similes, Buffooneries of Burlesques, Stalkings of Mock Heroics, Stings in the Tails of Epigrams, Glances of Innuendoes, Dry Looks of Irony, Corpulencies of Exaggerations, Ticklings of Mad Fancies, Claps on the Backs of Horse Plays, Flounderings of Absurdities, Irresistibilities of Iterations, Significances of Jargons, Wailings of Pretended Woes, Roarings of Laughter, and Hubbubs of Animal Spirits, all appear, singly or in companies, to flash, ripple, dance, shoot, effervesce, and sparkle, in prose and verse, vignettes, sketches, or elaborate pictures, on the ever-shifting and always entertaining pages of the London Charivari. Of one prominent form of the exhibition of this inexhaustible arsenal, namely, *the illustrations*, special notice is to be taken. These, notwithstanding their oddity, extravagance, and burlesqueness, by reason of their grace, finish, and good taste, frequently get into the proximity of the fine arts. This elevation of sportive drawing is mainly to be put to the credit of manly John Leech,—"the very Dickens of the pencil." He and his associates have proved that the humorous side of things may be limned with mirth-provoking truth, and that vices and follies may be depicted with a vigorous and accurate crayon, without coarseness or vulgarity, or pandering to depraved sentiments. Herein is most commendable success. Punch's gallery—with but few, if any exceptions—may be opened to the purest eyes. In it there is much of Hogarthian genius, without anything that needs a veil. In alluding to the agencies of Punch, it would be doing him great injustice to leave the impression that they are all of a mirthful character. Often is he tearfully, if at the same time smilingly, pathetic. Seriousness, certainly, is not his forte, and he is not given to homilies and moral essays. Usually he gilds homœopathic pills of wisdom with a thick coating of humor. Yet, now and then, his vein is an earnest vein, and he speaks from the abundance of a tender and deeply-moved heart. This is especially true of some of his poetical effusions, which rank high among the best fugitive pieces of the times. That Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was an original contribution to his columns is almost enough of itself to show that Punch, like some other famous comedians, can start the silent tear, as well as awaken peals of laughter. And this is but one of many instances in point that might be cited. In his productions you often meet golden sentences of soberest counsel, beautiful tributes to real worth, stirring appeals for the oppressed, and touching eulogies of the loved and lost.

Thus much of the history and machinery of Punch. His salutary influence is to be spoken of next. But before venturing upon what may seem indiscriminate praise, let it be confessed that our hero is not without his weaknesses. Nothing human is perfect, and Punch is very human. The good Homer sometimes nods; so doth the good Punch. He does not always perform equally well, —keep up to his highest level. If he never entirely disappoints his audience, he fails sometimes to shoot the brightest arrows of his quiver and hit his mark so as to make the scintillating splinters fly. Now and then he has been slightly dull, forgotten himself and his manners, gone too far, got into the wrong box, missed seizing the auricular appendage of the right pig, run things into the ground,—blundered as common and uncommon people will. Under these general charges we must, painful as it is to speak of the errors of a favorite, enter a few specifications.

The writer of the prospectus, before referred to, seems to have had a premonitory fear—growing out of his bad treatment of Judy—that Punch in his new vocation might fail of uniform gentlemanliness towards the ladies; and time

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has shown that there were some little grounds for the apprehension. The droll hunchback's virulent dislike of mothers-in-law seems the nursed-up wrath of an unhappy personal experience. Vastly amusing as were the "Caudle Lectures," it is a question whether excessive indulgence in the luxury of satire upon a prolific theme did not infuse into them over-bitter exaggeration, not favorable to the culture of domestic felicity. Did these celebrated curtain-homilies stand alone, their sharp and unrivalled humor might save Punch from the censure of being once in a while the least bit of a Bluebeard. But, for the most gallant gentleman, on the whole, in the United Kingdom, he is not so invariable in fairness towards the fair as could be wished. The follies and frivolities of absurd fashions are his proper game; and he does brave service in hunting them down. Still, his warfare against crinoline, small bonnets, and other feminine fancies in dress, has been tiresomely inveterate. Even Mr. Punch had better, as a general rule, leave the management of the female toilette to those whom it most nearly concerns. But in his case, the scolding or pouting should not be inexorable; for in one way he atones amply for all his impertinence. He paints his young ladies pretty and graceful, being, with all his sly satire, evidently fond of the sex, the juvenile portion at least. Surely, a compliment so uniform and tasteful must more than outweigh his teasing and banter with the amiable subjects of both.

Of Punch as a local politician we are hardly fair judges, and it may be a mistaken suspicion that he has occasionally given up to party what was meant for mankind. With respect to "foreign affairs," we shall be safer in saying, that, with all his cosmopolitanism, he is a shade or two John-Bullish. Thanking him for his fraternal cordiality towards "Jonathan," we must doubt if it will do to trust implicitly his reports and impressions of men and things across the Channel. That he is more than half right, however, when lingering remains of insular prejudice tinge his solicitude to save his native land from entangling alliances, and keep its free government from striking hands with despotism, we incline to believe; and we honor him that his loyalty is not mere adulation, but duly seasoned with the democratic principle that would have the stability of the throne the people's love, — the people being of infinitely greater importance than the propping-up or the propagation of royal houses. In one sad direction Punch's patriotism and humanity, it seems to us, were wrathful exaggerations, open to graver objection than yielding unconsciously to a natural bias. In his zeal against terrible outrages, he forgot that two wrongs never make a right. We refer to his course on the Indian Revolt. From the way he raised his voice for war, almost exterminating, and with no quarter, one would think the British rule in the East had been the rule of Christian love,—that Sepoys and other subjects had known the reigning power only as patriarchal kindness, — and so, without excuse, a highly civilized, justly and tenderly treated people, suddenly, and without provocation, became rebellious devils, and rebellious only because they were devils. In the hour of horror-struck indignation, was not Punch too blood-thirsty, vindictive, unjust, and oblivious to the truth of history, that the insurgents are poor superstitious heathens, whom a selfish policy may have kept superstitious and heathenish? True, he was the witness of broken hearts and desolate hearth-stones at home, and daily heard of hellish atrocities inflicted on the women and children abroad, — enough to crush out for the moment every thought but the thought of vengeance. Yet, even at such a crisis, he should have remembered, that England, in strict accordance with the stern, unrelenting logic of events, having sown to the wind, might therefore have reaped the whirlwind. It is among the mysteries of Providence, that retributive justice, when visiting nations, often involves innocent victims,—but it is retributive justice still; and tracing up

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rightly the chain of causes and effects, it may be that the tragedies of Delhi and Lucknow are attributable, to say the least, as much to the avarice of the dominant as to the depravity of the subjugated race. The bare possibility that this might be the truth a philosopher like Punch ought not to have overlooked, in the suddenness and fire of his anger.

Finally, Punch is no ascetic, but quite the reverse. He cannot be expected, any more than his namesake, the beverage, to go down with the apostles of temperance. He is a convivialist,—moderately so,—and no teetotaler. He evidently prefers roast-beef and brown-stout to bran-bread and cold water, and has gone so far as to sing the praises of pale-ale. He thinks the laboring classes should have their pot of beer, if the nobility and gentry are to eat good dinners and take airings in Hyde Park, on Sundays. He is a Merry Englishman, as to the stomach,—and, like a Merry Englishman, enjoys good living. There is no denying this fact; but here is the whole front of his offending. Remember that he was born at the Shakspeare's Head, and has had a publican for his right-hand man.

These are defects, it may be; and yet not by its defects are we to judge of a work of Art. Of that generous and just canon Punch should have the full benefit. Try him by that, and he has abounding virtues to flood and conceal with lustrous and far-raying light his exceptional errors. To brief notices of some of these —regretting the want of room to enlarge upon them as it would be pleasant to do —we gladly turn.

Punch is to be loved and cherished as the maker of mirth for the million. Saying this, we do not propose to go into an argument to excuse, justify, or recommend hilarity for its own sake or its medicinal effects on overtasked bodies and souls. Desperate attempts have been made to prove the innocence of fun, and the allowableness of wit and humor. Assuming or conceding that the jocose elements or capacities of human nature need apology and defence, very nice distinctions have been drawn, and very ingenious sophistry employed, to prove that the best of people may, within certain limits, crack jokes, or laugh at jokes cracked for them. These efforts to accommodate stern dogmas to that pleasant stubborn fact in man's constitution, his irresistible craving for play, and irresistible impulse to laugh at whatever is really laughable, are about as necessary as would be an essay maintaining the harmlessness of sunshine. The *fact* has priority over the dogmas, and is altogether too strong to need the patronizing special-pleading they suggest. Instead of going into the metaphysics of the question about the lawfulness and blamelessness of humor shown or humor relished, suppose we cut the knot by a delightful illustration of the compatibility of humor with the highest type of character.

No one will deny the sincerity, earnestness, devotedness, sublime consecration to duty, of the heroine of the hospitals of Scutari. No one will dispute the practical piety of the gentle, but fearless, the tender-hearted, but truly strong-minded woman, who made the lazar-house her home for months together,—ministered to its sick, miserable, and ignorant inmates,—put, by the unostentatious exercise of indomitable faith and unswerving self-sacrifice, the love and humanity of the Gospel in direct and strongest contrast with the barbarisms of war. No one will deny or dispute this now. That heroic English maiden, whose shadow, as it fell on his pillow, the rude soldier kissed with almost idolatrous gratitude, has won, without thought of seeking it, and without the loss of a particle of humility and womanly delicacy, the loving admiration of all Christendom. Well, she

> "whose presence honors queenly guests,
> Who wears the noblest jewel of her time,
> And leaves her race a nobler, in her name,"

shall be the sufficient argument here,—especially as none have paid finer, more delicate, or truer tributes to her virtue than Punch. In a recent sketch of

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her career, accompanying her portrait in the gallery of noted women, this sentence is given from a descriptive letter: —"Her general demeanor is quiet and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken, if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous." Here is a delightful, and, we doubt not, true intimation. Since the springs of pathos lie very near the springs of humor, in the richest souls, the fair Florence must, in moments of weariness, have glanced with merry eyes over the pages of Punch, or handed, with smiling archness, his inimitable numbers to her wan and wounded patients, kindly to cheat them into momentary forgetfulness of their agonies. If this were so, who shall say that the use or enjoyment of wit is not as right as it is natural? None, unless it be the narrowest of bigots,—like those who objected to this heroic lady's mission of mercy to the East, because she did not echo their sectarian shibboleths, and would not ask whether a good nurse were Protestant or Romanist.

We may repeat, therefore, as a prime excellence of Punch, that he is the maker of mirth for the million. He is mainly engaged in furnishing titillating amusement,—and he furnishes an article, not only marketable, but necessary. All work makes Jack a dull boy,—and not infrequently an unhappy, if not bad boy,—whether Jack be in the pulpit, the counting-room, the senate-house, or digging potatoes; and what is true of Jack is equally true of Gill, his sister, sweetheart, or wife. That Punch every week puts a girdle of smiles round the earth, interrupts the serious business of thousands by his merry visits, and with his ludicrous presence delights the drawing-room, cheers the study, and causes side-shakings in the kitchen,—entitles him to be called a missionary of good. Grant this,—then allow, on the average, five minutes of merriment to each reader of each issue of Punch,—then multiply these 5 minutes by—say 50,000, and this again by 52 weeks, and this, finally, by 17 years, and thus cipher out, if you have a tolerably capacious imagination, the amount of happiness which has flowed and spread, like a river of gladness, through the world, from that inexhaustible, bubbling, and sparkling fountain, at 85, Fleet Street, London.

Punch is the advocate of true manliness. Velvet robes and gilded coronets go for nothing with him, if not worn by muscular integrity; and fustian is cloth-of-gold, in his eyes, when it covers a stout heart in the right place. He has no mercy on snobbism, flunkeyism, or dandyism. He whips smartly the ignoble-noble fops of the household-troops,—parading them on toy-horses, and making them, with suicidal irony, deplore the hardships of comrades in the Crimea. He sneers at the loungers, and the delicate, dissipated *roués* of the club-house,—though their names were once worn by renowned ancestors, and are in the peerage. Fast young men are to him befooled prodigals, wasting the wealth of life in profitless living. He is not, however, an anchorite, or hard upon youth. On the contrary, he is an indulgent old fellow, and too sagacious to expect the wisdom of age from those sporting their freedom-suits. Still, he has no patience with the foppery whose whole existence advertises fine clothes, patronizes taverns, saunters along fashionable promenades, and ogles opera-dancers. In this connection, his hits at "the rising generation" will be called to mind. Punch has found out that in England there are no boys now,—only male babies and precocious men;—no growing up,—only a leap from the cradle, robe, and trousers to the habiliments and manners of a false manhood. Punch has found out and frequently illustrates this fact, and furnishes a series of pictures of Liliputians aping the questionable doings of their elders. It is observable, however, that he confines these portraits of precocity chiefly to one sex. Whether this be owing to his innate delicacy and habitual gallantry, or to the English custom of keeping little girls—and what we should call large girls also—at home longer, and under more re-

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straint, than in our republic, we cannot say. Were he on this side of the Atlantic, he might possibly find occasion to be less partial in the use of his reproving fun. Young misses seem to be growing scarce, and young ladies becoming alarmingly numerous. The early date at which the cry comes for long skirts, parties, balls, and late hours, for lace, jewelry, and gold watches, threatens to rob our homes of one of their sweetest charms,—the bright presence of joyous, gentle, and modest lasses, willing to be happy children for as many years as their mothers were, on their way to maidenhood and womanhood.

Punch is a reformer,—and of the right type, too; not destructive, declamatory, vituperative; not a monomaniac, snarly, and ill-natured,—as if zeal in riding a favorite hobby excused exclusiveness of soul and any amount of bad temper. He would not demolish the social system and build on its ruins a new one; being clearly of the opinion that the growths of ages and the doings of six thousands of years are to be respected,—that progress means improvement upon the present, rather than overthrow of the entire past. Calm, hopeful, cheerful, and patient, he is at the same time bold and uncompromising, and a bit radical into the bargain. In his own delicious way, he has been no mean advocate of liberal principles and measures. He has argued for the repeal of the corn and the modification of the game laws, the softening of the cruelties of the criminal code, and the fair administration of law for all orders and conditions of men and women. He has had no respect for ermine, lawn, or epaulets, in his assaults upon the monopolies and sinecures of Church and State, circumlocution offices, nepotism, patronage, purchase, and routine, in army or navy. He wants the established religion to be religious, not a cover for aristocratic preferments and dog-in-the-manger laziness,—and government administered for the whole people, and not merely dealing out treasury-pap and fat offices for the pensioned few. Punch is loyal, sings lustily, "God Save the Queen," and stands by the Constitution. He is a true-born Englishman, and patriotic to the backbone; but none are too high in place or name for his merciless ridicule and daring wit, if they countenance oppressive abuses. It is a tall feather in his fool's-cap, that his fantastic person is a dread to evil-doers on thrones, in cabinets, and red-tape offices. Crowned tyrants, bold usurpers, and proud statesmen are sensitive, like other mortals, to ridicule, and know very well how much easier it is to cannonade rebellious insurgents than to put down the general laugh, and that the point of a joke cannot be turned by the point of the bayonet. "Punch" was seized in Paris on account of the caricature of the "Sphinx," but after twenty-four hours' consideration the order of confiscation was rescinded, and the irreverent publication now lies upon the tables of the reading-rooms. So, iron power is not beyond the reach of the shafts of wit; once make it ridiculous, and it may continue to be dreaded, but will cease to be respected.

Limits permitting, it would be pleasant to refer at length to various other marked graces of Punch,—such, for example, as his care for true Art, by exposing to merited contempt the abortions of statuary, painting, and architecture that come under his accurate eye,—his concern for good letters, exhibited in fantastic parodies of affectations, mannerisms, absurdities of plot, and vices of style in modern poets and novelists,—his "*nil nisi bonum*," and, where there is no "*bonum*," his silent "*nil*," of the dead, whom when living he pursued with unrelenting raillery,—his cool, eclectic judgments, freedom from extremes, and other manifestations of clear-headedness and refined sentiment, glimmering and shooting through his rollicking drollery, quick wit, and quiet humor. But we must pass them by, to emphasize a quality that out-tops and outshines them all,—his humanity.

This is Mr. Punch's specialty, generating his purest fun and consecrating his versatile talents to highest ends. Wher-

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ever he catches meanness, avarice, selfishness, force, preying upon the humble and the weak, he is sure to give them hard knocks with his baton, or home-thrusts with his pen and pencil. His practical kindness is charmingly comprehensive, too. He speaks for the dumb beast, pleads for the maltreated brutes of Smithfield Market, craves compassion for skeleton omnibus-horses, with the same ready sympathy that he fights for cheated fellow-mortals. In the court of public opinion, he is volunteer counsel for all in any way defrauded or kept in bondage by pitiless pride, barbarous policy, thoughtless luxury, or wooden-headed prejudice. His sound ethics do not admit that the lower law of man's enactment can, under any circumstances, override or abrogate the higher laws of God. Consequently, he judges with unbiased, instinctive rectitude, when he shows up in black and white the Model Republic's criminal anomaly, by making the African Slave a companion-piece to the Greek Slave, among "Jonathan's" contributions to the great Crystal Palace Exhibition. In this same vein of a wide-ranging application of the Golden Rule, he is ever on the alert to brand inhuman deeds and institutions, wherever found. You cannot very often hit him with the "*tu quoque*" retort, insinuate that he lives in a house of glass, or charge him with visiting his condemnation upon distant iniquities whilst winking at iniquities of equal magnitude directly under his nose.

Punch is no Mrs. Jellyby, brimful of zeal for Borrio boolas in far-off Africas, and utterly stolid to disorders and distresses under his own roof. Proud of the glory, he feels and confesses the shame of England; and the grinding injustice of her caste-system, aristocracy, and hierarchy does not escape the lash of his rebuke. He is the friend of the threadbare curate, performing the larger half of clerical duty and getting but a tittle of the tithes,—of the weary seamstress, wetting with midnight tears the costly stuff which must be ready to adorn heartless rank and fashion at to-morrow's pageant,—of the pale governess, grudgingly paid her pittance of salary without a kind word to sweeten the bitterness of a lonely lot. He is the friend even of the workhouse juveniles, and, as their champion, castigates with cutting sarcasm and stinging scorn the reverend and honorable guardians, who, just as, full of hope, they had reached the door of the theatre, prohibited a band of these wretched orphans from availing of a kind-hearted manager's invitation to an afternoon performance of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." Truly, Punch is more than half right, as, in his indignation, he declares, "It will go luckily with some sour-faced Christians, if, with the fullest belief in their own right of entry of paradise, they are not '*stopped at the very doors*'"; and the parson, in the case, gets but his deserts, when at his lugubrious sham-piety are hurled stanzas like these:—

"Their little faces beamed with joy
  Two miles upon their way,
As they supposed, each girl and boy,
  About to see the play.
Their little cheeks with tears were wet,
  As *back again* they went,
Balked by a sanctimonious set,
  Led by a Reverend Gent.

"And if such Reverend Gents as he
  Could get the upperhand,
Ah, what a hateful tyranny
  Would override the land!
That we may never see that time,
  Down with the canting crew
That would *out of their pantomime*
  Poor little children *do!*"

Punch is the friend of all who are friendless, and, with a generous spirit of protection, gives credit to whom credit is due, whatever conventionality, precedent, monopoly, or routine may say to the contrary. During the Crimean War, he took care of the fame of the rank-and-file of the army. The dispatches to Downing Street, reporting the gallantry of titled officers, were more than matched by Punch's imitative dispatches from the seat of war, setting forth the exploits of Sergeant O'Brien, Corporal Stout, or Private Gubbins. He saw to it that those who had the hardest of the fight, the

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smallest pay, and the coarsest rations, should not be forgotten in the gazetting of the heroes. Indeed, our comic friend's fellowship of soul with the humblest members of the human family is a notable trait; it is so ready, and yet withal so judicious. It is no part of his philosophy, as already intimated, violently and rashly to disturb the existing order of things, and set one class in rebellion against other classes. He simply insists upon the recognition of the law of mutual dependence all round. This is observable in his dealing with the vexed question of domestic service. The prime trouble of housekeeping comes in frequently for a share of his attention; and underneath ironical counsels, you may trace, quietly insinuating itself into graphic sketches, the genial intent fairly to adjust the relations between life above and life below stairs. Accordingly, Punch sees no reason why Angelina may have a lover in the parlor, whilst Bridget's engagement forbids her to entertain a fond "follower" in the kitchen; and he perversely refuses to see how it can be right for Miss Julia to listen to the soft nonsense of Captain Augustus Fitzroy in the drawing-room, and entirely wrong for Molly, the nursery-maid, to blush at the blunt admiration of the policeman, talking to her down the area. Punch is independent and original in this respect. His strange creed seems to be, that human nature *is* human nature,—whether, in its feminine department, you robe it in silk or calico, and, in its male department, button a red coat over the breast of an officer of the Guards, or put the coarse jerkin on the broad back of the industrious toilsman. And according to this whimsical belief, he writes and talks jocosely, but with covert common sense. His warm and catholic humanity runs up and down the whole social scale with a clear-sighted equity. His philanthropy is what the word literally signifies,—the love of man as man, and because he is a man. Without being an impracticable fanatic, advocating impossible theories, or theories that can grow into realities only with the gradual progress of the race,—without indulging in fanciful visions of unapproached Utopias,—without imagining that all, wherever born and however nurtured, can reach the same level of wealth and station,—he holds, not merely that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,"

but also, be the condition high or low, the worthy occupant of it, by reason of the common humanity he shares with all above and all beneath and all around him, has a brother's birthright to brotherly treatment, to even-handed justice and open-handed charity.

We have taken it for granted that Punch is a household necessity and familiar friend of our readers; and, resisting as far as possible the besetting temptation to refer in detail to the many pictorial and letter-press illustrations of his merits, have spoken of him as "a representative man,"—the universally acknowledged example of the legitimate and beneficent uses of the sportive faculties; thus indirectly claiming for these faculties more than toleration.

The variety in human nature must somehow be brought into unity, and its diversified, strongly contrasted elements shown to be parts of a symmetrical and harmonious whole. The philosophy, the religion, which overlooks or condemns any of these elements, is never satisfactory, and fails to win sincere belief, because of its felt incompleteness. All men have an instinctive faith that in God's plan no incontestable facts are exceptional or needless facts. Science assumes this in regard to the phenomena of the natural world; and, in its progressive searches, expects to discover continual proof that all manifestations, however opposite and contradictory, are parts of one beneficent scheme. Accordingly, Science starts on its investigations with the conviction that the storm is as salutary as the sunshine,—that there is utility in what seems mere luxury,—and that Nature's loveliness and grandeur, Nature's oddity and grotesqueness, have a substantial value, as well as Nature's wheat-harvests.

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Now the same principle is to be recognized in dealing with things spiritual. It may not be affirmed that anything appertaining to universal consciousness—spontaneous, irresistible, as breathing—is of itself base, and therefore to be put away; since so to do is to question the Creative Wisdom. The work of the Infinite Spirit must be consistent; and you might as truly charge the bright stars with malignity as denounce as vile one faculty or capacity of the mind. Consequently, there is a use for all forms of wit and humor.

Punch represents a genuine phase of human nature, — none the less genuine because human nature has other and far different phases. That there is a time to mourn does not prove there is no time to dance. Punch has his part, and his times to play it, in the melodrama, the mixed comedy and tragedy, of existence. What we have to do is to see that he interferes with no other actor's *rôle*, comes upon the stage in fitting scenes, keeps to the text and the impersonations which right principle and pure taste assign him. His grimaces are not for the church. He may not sing his catches when penitent souls are listening to the "Miserere," drop his torpedo-puns when life's mystery and solemnity are pressed heavily upon the soul,—be irreverent, profane, or vulgar. He must know and keep his place. But he should have his place, and have it confessed; and that place is not quite at the end of the procession of the benefactors of the race. Punch, as we speak of him now, is but a generic name for Protean wit and humor, well and wisely employed. As such, let Punch have his mission; there is ample room for him and his merry doings, without interfering with soberer agencies. *Let* him go about tickling mankind; it does mankind good to be tickled occasionally. Let him broaden elongated visages; there are many faces that would be improved by horizontal enlargement, by having the corners of the mouth curved upward. Let him write and draw "as funny as he can"; there are dull talking and melancholy pictures in abundance to counterbalance his pleasantry. Let him amuse the children, relax with jocosity the sternness of adults, and wreathe into smiles the wrinkles of old age. Let him, in a word, be a Merry Andrew,—the patron and promoter of frolicsomeness. To be only this is nothing to his discredit; and to esteem him for being only this is not to pay respect to a worthless mountebank.

But Punch is and can be something more than a caterer of sport. Kings, in the olden time, had their jesters, who, under cover of blunt witticisms, were permitted to utter home-truths, which it would have cost grave counsellors and dependent courtiers their heads to even whisper. Punch should enjoy a similar immunity in this age, — and society tolerate his free and smiling speech, when it would thrust out sager monitors. If it be true that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"

something like the converse of this saying is also true. Not fools exactly, but wisdom disguised in the motley of wit, often gains entrance to ears deaf to angelic voices. There are follies that are to be laughed out of their silliness and sinfulness. There are tyrants, big and little, to be dethroned by ridicule. There are offences, proof against appeals to conscience, that wince and vanish before keen satire. Even as a well-aimed joke brings back good-humor to an angry mob, or makes mad and pugnacious bullies cower and slink away from derision harder to stand than hard knocks,—even so will a quizzical Punch be efficient as a philanthropist, when sedate exhortations or stern warnings would fail to move stony insensibility.

As an element in effective literature, a force in the cause of reform, the qualities Punch personifies have been and are of no slight service. And herein those qualities have an indefeasible title to regard. Let there be no vinegar-faced, wholesale denunciation of them, because sometimes their pranks are wild and overleap the fences of propriety.

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Rather let appreciation of their worthiness accompany all reproving checks upon their extravagances. Let nimble fun, explosive jokes, festoon-faced humor, the whole tribe of gibes and quirks, every light, keen, and flashing weapon in the armory of which Punch is the keeper, be employed to make the world laugh, and put the world's laughter on the side of all right as against all wrong. If this be not done, the seriousness of life will darken into gloom, its work become slavish tasks, and the conflict waged be a terrible conflict between grim virtues and fiendish vices. If you could shroud the bright skies with black tempest-clouds, burn to ashes the rainbow-hued flowers, strike dumb the sweet melodies of the grove, and turn to stagnant pools the silver streams,—if you could do this, thinking thereby to make earth more of a paradise, you would be scarcely less insane than if you were to denounce and banish all

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
> Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter, holding both his sides."

THE SUBJECTIVE OF IT.

TOWARD the close of a dreamy, tranquil July day, a day made impressive beyond the possible comprehension of a dweller in civilization by its sun having risen for us over the unbroken wilderness of the Adirondack, a mountain-land in each of whose deep valleys lies a blue lake, we, a party of hunters and recreation-seekers, six beside our guides, lay on the fir-bough-cushioned floor of our dark camp, passing away the little remnant of what had been a day of rest to our guides and of delicious idleness to ourselves. The camp was built on the bold shore of a lake which yet wants a name worthy its beauty, but which we always, for want of such a one, call by that which its white discoverer left it, — Tupper's Lake, — whose waters, the untremulous mirror of the forests and mountains around and the sky above, gleamed to us only in blue fragments through the interstices of the leafy veil that intervened. The forest is unbroken to the water's edge, and even out over the water itself it stretches its firs and cedars, gray and moss-draped, with here and there a moisture-loving white-birch, so that from the very shore one sees only suggestive bits of distance and sky; and from where we were lying, sky, hills, and the water below were all blue alike, and undistinguishable alike, glimpses of a world of sunlight, which the grateful shadow we lay in made delicious to the thought. We were sheltered right woodsman-like; — our little house of fresh-peeled bark of spruces, twelve feet by nine, open only to the east, on which side lay the lake, shielded us from wind and rain, and the huge trees shut around us so closely that no eye could pierce a pistol-shot into their glades. There were blue-jays all about us, making the woods ring with their querulous cries, and a single fish-hawk screamed from the blue overhead, as he sailed round and round, watching the chances of a supper in the lake. Between us and the water's edge, and a little to one side of the path we had bushed out to the shore, was the tent of the guides, and there they lay asleep, except one who was rubbing up his "man's" rifle, which had been forgotten the night before when we came in from the hunt, and so had gathered rust.

Three of our party were sleeping, and the others talked quietly and low, desultorily, as if the drowsiness had half conquered us too. The conversation had

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rambled round from a discussion on the respective merits of the Sharp's and the Kentucky rifles (consequent on a trial of skill and rifles which we had had after dinner) to Spiritualism,—led to this last topic by my relation of some singular experiences I had met in the way of presentiments and what seemed almost like second-sight, during a three-months' sojourn in the woods several summers before. There is something wonderfully exciting to the imagination in the wilderness, after the first impression of monotony and lonesomeness has passed away and there comes the necessity to animate this so vacant world with something. And so the pines lift themselves grimly against the twilight sky, and the moanings of the woods become full of meaning and mystery. Living, therefore, summer after summer, as I had done, in the wilderness, until there is no place in the world which seems so much like a home to me as a bark camp in the Adirondack, I had come to be what most people would call morbid, but what I felt to be only sensitive to the things around, which we never see, but to which we all at times pay the deference of a tremor of inexplicable fear, a quicker and less deeply drawn breath, an involuntary turning of the head to see something which we know we shall not see, yet are glad to find that we do not,—all which things we laugh at as childish when they have passed, yet tremble at as readily when they come again. J., who was both poet and philosopher, singularly clear and cold in his analyses, and at the same time of so great imaginative power that he could set his creations at work and then look on and reason out the law of their working as though they were not his, had wonders to tell which always passed mine by a degree; his experiences were more various and marvellous than mine, yet he had a reason for everything, to which I was compelled to defer without being convinced. "Yes," said he, finally knocking out the ashes from his meerschaum, as we rose, at the Doctor's suggestion, to take a row out on the lake while the sun was setting,—"Yes, I believe in *your* kind of a 'spiritual world,'—but that it is purely subjective."

I was silenced in a moment;—this single sentence, spoken like the expression of the experience of a lifetime, produced an effect which all his logic could not. He had rubbed some talismanic opal, pronouncing the spirit-compelling sentence engraved thereon, and a new world of doubts and mysteries, marvels and revelations burst on me. One phase of existence, which had been hitherto a reality to me, melted away into the thinness of an uncompleted dream; but as it melted away, there appeared behind it a whole universe, of which I had never before dreamed. I had puzzled my brains over the metaphysics of subjectivity and objectivity and found only words; now I grasped and comprehended the round of the thing. I looked through the full range of human cognitions, and found, from beginning to end, a proclamation of the presence of that arch-magician, Imagination. I had said to myself,—"The universe is subjective to Deity, objective to me; but if I am his image, what is that part of me which corresponds to the Creator in Him?" Here I found myself, at last, the creator of a universe of unsubstantialities, all of the stuff that dreams are made of, and all alike unconsciously evoked, whether they were the dreams of sleep or the hauntings of waking hours. I grew bewildered as the thought loomed up in its eternal significance, and a thousand facts and phenomena, which had been standing in the darkness around my little circle of vision, burst into light and recognition, as though they had been waiting beyond the outer verge for the magic words. J. had spoken them.

Silent, almost for the moment unconscious of external things, in the intense exaltation of thought and feeling, I walked down to the shore. Taking the lightest and fleetest of our boats, we pushed off on the perfectly tranquil water. There was no flaw in the mirror which gave us a duplicated world.

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Line for line, tint for tint, the noble mountain that lifts itself at the east, robed in primeval forest to its very summit, and now suffused with rosy light from the sun, already hidden from us by a low ridge in the west, was reproduced in the void below us. The shadow of the western ridge began to climb the opposite bluffs of the lake shore. We pulled well out into the lake and lay on our oars. If anything was said, I do not remember it. I was as one who had just heard words from the dead, and hears as prattle all the sounds of common life. My eyes, my ears, were opened anew to Nature, and it seemed even as if some new sense had been given me. I felt, as I never felt before, the cool gloom of the shadow creep up, ridge after ridge, towards the solitary peak, irresistibly and triumphantly encroaching on the light, which fought back towards the summit, where it must yield at last. It drew back over ravines and gorges, over the wildernesses of unbroken firs which covered all the upper portion of the mountain, deepening its rose-tint and gaining in intensity what it lost in expanse,—diminished to a handbreadth, to a point, and, flickering an instant, went out, leaving in the whole range of vision no speck of sunlight to relieve the wilderness of shadowy gloom. I had come under a spell,—for, often as I had seen the sun set in the mountains and over the lakes, I had never before felt as I now felt, that I was a part in the landscape, and that it was something more to me than rocks and trees. The sunlight had died on it. J. took up the oars and our silently-moving boat broke the glassy surface again. All around us no distinction was visible between the landscape above and that below, no water-line could be found; and to the west, where the sky was still glowing and golden, with faint bands of crimson cirrus swept across the deep and tremulous blue, growing purple as the sun sank lower, we could distinguish nothing in the landscape. Neither sound nor motion of animate or inanimate thing disturbed the scene, save that of the oars, with the long lines of blue which ran off from the wake of the boat into the mystery closing behind us. A rifle-shot rang out from the landing and rolled in multitudinous echoes around the lake, dying away in faintest thunders and murmurings from the ravines on the side of the mountain. It was the call to supper, and we pulled back to the light of the fire, which was now glimmering through the trees from the front of the camp.

Supper over, the smokers lighted their pipes and a rambling conversation began on the sights and sounds of the day. For my own part, unable to quiet the uneasy questioning which possessed me, I wandered down to the shore and took a seat in the stern of one of the boats, which, hauled part of their length upon the sandy beach, reached out some distance among the lily-pads which covered the shallow water, and whose folded flowers dotted the surface, the white points alone visible. The uneasy question still stirred within me; and now, looking towards the northwest, where the sky yet glowed faintly with twilight, a long line of pines, gaunt and humanesque, as no tree but our northern white-pine is, was relieved in massy blackness against the golden gray, like a long procession of giants. They were in groups of two and three, with now and then an isolated one, stretching along the horizon, losing themselves in the gloom of the mountains at the north. The weirdness of the scene caught my excited imagination in an instant, and I became conscious of two mental phenomena. The first was an impression of motion in the trees, which, whimsical as it was, I had not the slightest power to dispel. I trembled from head to foot under the consciousness of this supernatural vitality. My rational faculties were as clear as ever they had been, and I understood perfectly that the semblance of motion was owing to two characteristics of the white-pine, namely, —that it follows the shores of the lakes in lines, rarely growing back at any distance from the water, except when it follows, in

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the same orderly arrangement, the rocky ridges,—and that, from its height above all other forest-trees, it catches the full force of the prevalent winds, which here are from the west, and consequently leans slightly to the east, much as a person leans in walking. These traits of the tree explained entirely the phenomenon; yet the knowledge of them had not the slightest effect to undeceive my imagination. I was awe-struck, as though the phantoms of some antediluvian race had arisen from the valleys of the Adirondack and were marching in silence to their old fanes on the mountain-tops. I cowered in the boat under an absolute chill of nervous apprehension.—The second phenomenon was, that I heard *mentally* a voice which said distinctly these words,—"The procession of the Anakim!"—and at the same time I became conscious of some disembodied spiritual being standing near me, as we are sometimes aware of the presence of a friend without having seen him. Every one accustomed to solitary thought has probably recognized this kind of mental action, and speculated on the strange duality of Nature implied in it. The spiritualists call it "impressional communication," and abandon themselves to its vagaries in the belief that it is really the speech of angels; men of thought find in it a mystery of mental organization, and avail themselves of it under the direction of their reason. I at present speculated with the philosophers; but my imagination, siding with the spiritualists, assured me that some one spoke to me, and reason was silenced. I sat still as long as I could endure it, alone, and then crept back, trembling, to the camp,—feeling quiet only when surrounded by the rest of the party.

My attendant dæmon did not leave me, I found; for now I heard the question asked, half-tauntingly,—"Subjective or objective?"

I asked myself, in reply,—"Am I mad or sane?"

"Quite sane, but with your eyes opened to something new!" was the instantaneous reply.

On such expeditions, men get back to the primitive usages and conditions of humanity. We had arisen at daybreak; darkness brought the disposition to rest. We arranged ourselves side by side on the couch of balsam and cedar boughs which the guides had spread on the ground of the camp, our feet to the fire, and all but myself soon slept. I lay a long time, excited, looking out through the open front of the camp at the stars which shone in through the trees, and even they seemed partakers of my new state of existence, and twinkled consciously and confidentially, as to one who shared the secret of their own existence and purposes. The pine-trees overhead had an added tone in their moanings, and indeed everything, as I regarded it, seemed to manifest a new life, to become identified with me: Nature and I had all things in common. I slept, at length,—a strange kind of sleep; for when the guides awoke me, in the full daylight, I was conscious of some one having talked with me through the night.

In broad day, with my companions, and in motion, the influences of the previous evening seemed to withdraw themselves to a remote distance,—yet I was aware of their awaiting me when I should be unoccupied. The day was as brilliant, as tranquil as its predecessor, and the council decided that it should be devoted to a "drive," for we had eaten the last of our venison for breakfast. The party were assigned their places at those points of the lake where the deer would be most likely to take the water, while my guide, Steve M——, and myself went up Bog River, to start him. The river, a dark, sluggish stream, about fifty feet wide, the channel by which the Mud Lakes and Little Tupper's Lake, with its connected lakes and ponds, empty into Tupper's Lake, is a favorite feeding-ground with the deer, whose breakfast is made on the leaves of the *Nuphar lutea* which edge the stream. We surprised one, swimming around amongst the leaves, snatching here and there the choicest of them, and when he turned to go out and rose

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in the water, as his feet touched bottom, I gave him a ball without fatal effect, and landing, we put Carlo on the track, which was marked by occasional drops and clots of blood, and hearing him well off into the woods, and in that furious and deep bay which indicates close pursuit, we went back to our boat and paddled up-stream to a run-way Steve knew of, where the deer sometimes crossed the river. We pushed the boat into the over-hanging alders which fringe the banks, leaning out into and over the water, and listened to the far-off bay of the hound. It died away and was entirely lost for a few minutes, and then came into hearing from the nearer side of the ridge, which lay back from the river a hundred rods or so, and I cocked my rifle while Steve silently pushed the boat out of the bushes, ready for a start, if the deer should "water." The baying receded again, and this time in the direction of the lake. The blood we had found on the trail was the bright, red, frothy blood which showed that the ball had passed through the lungs, and, as we knew that the deer would not run long before watering, we were sure that this would be his last turn and that he was making in earnest for the lake, where some of the boats would certainly catch him.

The excitement of the hunt had brought me back to a natural state of feeling, and now, as I lay in the stern of the boat, drifting slowly down-stream, and looked up into the hazy blue sky, in the whole expanse of which appeared no fragment of cloud, and the softened sunshine penetrated both soul and body, while the brain, lulled into lethargy by the unbroken silence and monotony of forest around, lost every trace of its midsummer madness,—I looked back to the state of the last evening as to a curious dream. I asked myself wherein it differed from a dream, and instantly my dæmon replied, "In no wise." The instant reply surprised me, without startling me from my lethargy. I responded, as a matter of course, "But if no more than a dream, it amounts to nothing." It answered me, "But when a man dreams wide awake?" I pondered an instant, and it went on: "And how do you know that dreams are nothing? They are real while they last, and your waking life is no more; you wake to one and sleep to the other. Which is the real, and which the false? since you assume that one is false." I only asked myself again the eternal question, "Objective or subjective?" and the dæmon made no further suggestion. At this instant we heard the report of a gun from the lake. "That's the Doctor's shot-gun," said Steve, and pulled energetically down-stream; for we knew, that, if the Doctor had fired, the deer had come in,—and if he had missed the first shot, he had a second barrel, which we should have heard from.

Among the most charming cascades in the world is certainly that which Bog River makes where it falls into Tupper's Lake. Its amber water, black in the deep channel above the fall, dividing into several small streams, slips with a plunge of, it may be, six feet over the granite rocks, into a broad, deep pool, round which tall pines stand, and over which two or three delicate-leaved white-birches lean, from which basin the waters plunge in the final foamy rush of thirty or forty feet over the irregularly broken ledge which makes the bold shore of the lake. Between the two points of rock which confine the stream is thrown a bridge, part of the military road from the Mohawk settlements to those on the St. Lawrence, built during the war of 1812. On this bridge I waited until Steve had carried the boat around, when we reëmbarked for the camp.

Arriving at the landing, we found two of the guides dressing the Doctor's deer, and the others preparing for dinner. As night came on my excitement returned, and I remained in the camp while the others went out on the lake,—not from fear of such an experience as I had the night before, for I enjoyed the wild emotions, as one enjoys the raging of the sea around the rocks he stands on, with a

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kind of tremulous apprehension,—but to see what effect the camp would produce on the state of feeling which I had begun to look at as something normal in my mental development. The rest of the party had gone out in two boats, and three of the guides, taking another, went on an excursion of their own; the two remaining, having cleared the supper-things away and lighted their pipes, were engaged in their tent, playing *old sledge* by the light of a single candle. There was a race out on the lake, and a far-off merriment, with an occasional halloo, like a suggestion of a busy world somewhere, but all so softened and toned down that it did not jar on my tranquillity. There was a crackling fire of green logs as large as the guides could lift and lay on, and they simmered in the blaze, and lit up the surrounding tree-trunks and the overhanging foliage, and faintly explored the recesses of the forest beyond. I lay on the blankets, and near to me seemed to sit my dæmon, ready to be questioned.

At this instant there came a doubt of the theological position of my ghostly *vis-a-vis*, and I abruptly thought the question, "Who are you?"

"Nobody," replied the dæmon, oracularly.

This I knew in one sense to be true; and I replied, "But you know what I mean. Don't trifle. Of what nature is your personality?"

"Do you think," it replied, "that personality is necessary to existence? We are spirit."

"But wherein, save in the having or not having a body, do you differ from me?"

"In all the consequences of that difference."

"Very well,—go on."

"Don't you see that without your circumstances you are only half a being?—that you are shaped by the action and reaction between your own mind and surrounding things, and that the body is the only medium of this action and reaction? Do you not see that without this there would have been no consciousness of self, and consequently neither individuality nor personality? Remove those circumstances by removing the body, and do you not remove personality?"

"But," said I, "you certainly have individuality, and wherein does that differ from personality?"

"Possibly you commit two mistakes," replied the dæmon. "As to the distinction, it is one with a difference. You are personal to yourself, individual to others; and we, though individual to you, may be still impersonal. If spirit takes form from having something to act on, the fact that we act on you is sufficient, so far as you are concerned, to cause an individuality."

I hesitated, puzzled.

It went on: "Don't you see that the inertia of spirit is motion, as that of matter is rest? Now compare this universal spirit to a river flowing tranquilly, and which in itself gives no evidence of motion, save when it meets with some inert point of resistance. This point of resistance has the effect of action in itself, and you attribute to *it* all the eddies and ripples produced. You *must* see that your own immobility is the cause of the phenomena of life which give you your apparent existence;—our individuality to you may be just as much the effect of your personality; you find us only responsive to your own mental state."

I was conscious of a sophistry somewhere, but could not, for the life of me, detect it. I thought of the Tempter; I almost feared to listen to another word; but the dæmon seemed so fair, so rational, and, above all, so confident of truth, that I could not entertain my fears.

"But," said I, finally, "if my personality is owing to my physical circumstances, to my body and its immobility, what is the body itself owing to?"

"All physical or organic existence is owing to the antagonism between certain particles of matter, fixed and resistant, and the all-pervading, ever-flowing spirit; the different inertiæ conflict, and end by combining in an organic being, since neither can be annihilated or transmut-

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ed. Perhaps we can tell you, by-and-by, how this antagonism commences; at present, you would scarcely be able to comprehend it clearly."

This I felt, for I was already getting confused with the questions that occurred to me as to the relations between spirit and matter.

I asked once more, "Have you never been personal, as I am?—have you never had a body and a name?"

"Perhaps," was the reply,—"but it must have been long since; and the trifling circumstances which you call life, with all their direct and recognizable effects, pass away so soon, that it is impossible to recall anything of it. There seems a kind of consciousness when we have something to act against, as against your mind at the present moment; but as to name, and all that kind of distinctiveness, what is the use of it where there is no possibility of confusion or mistake as to identity? We have said that we are spirit; and when we say that spirit is one and matter one, we have gone behind personal identity."

"But," asked I, "am I to lose my individual existence,—to become finally merged in a universal impersonality? What, then, is the object of life?"

"You see the plants and animals all around you growing up and passing away,—each entering its little orbit, and sweeping through this sphere of cognizance back again to the same mystery it emerged from; you never ask the question as to them, but for yourself you are anxious. If you had not been, would creation have been any less creation?—if you cease, will it not still be as great? Truly, though, your mistake is one of too little, not of too much. You assume that the animals become nothing; but, truly, nothing dies. The very crystals into which all the so-called primitive substances are formed, and which are the first forms of organization, have a spirit in them; for they obey something which inhabits and organizes them. If you could decompose the crystal, would you annihilate the soul which organized it? The plant absorbs the crystal, and it becomes a part of a higher organization, which could no more exist without its soul; and if the plant is cut down and cast into the oven, is the organic impulse food for the flames? You, the animal, do but exist through the absorption of these vegetable substances, and why should you not obey the analogical law of absorption and aggregation? You killed a deer to-day;—the flesh you will appropriate to supply the wants of your own material organization; but the life, the spirit which made that flesh a deer, in obedience to which that shell of external appearance is moulded,—you missed that. You can trace the body in its metamorphoses; but for this impalpable, active, and only real part of the being,—it were folly to suppose it more perishable, more evanescent, than the matter of which it was master. And why should not you, as well as the deer, go back into the great Life from which you came? As to a purpose in creation, why should there be any other than that which existence always shows,—that of existing?"

I now began to notice that all the leading ideas which the dæmon offered were put in the form of questions, as if from a cautious non-committalism, or as if it dared not in so many words say that they were the absolute truth. I felt that there was another side to the matter, and was confident that I should detect the sophistry of the dæmon; but then I did not feel able to carry the conversation farther, and was sensible of a readiness on the part of my interlocutor to cease. I wondered at this, and if it implied weariness on its part, when it was replied,—"We answer to your own mind; of course, when that ceases to act, there ceases to be reaction." I cried out in my own mind, in utter bewilderment,—"Objective or subjective?" and ceased my questionings.

The camp-fire glowed splendidly through the overhanging branches and foliage, and I longed for a revel of light. I asked the guides to make a "blaze," and, after a minute's delay and an ejaculation of

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"*Game, to your high, low, jack;*" they emerged from the tent and in a few minutes had cut down several small dead spruces and piled the tops on the fire, which flashed up through the pitchy, inflammable mass, and we had a pyrotechnical display which startled the birds, that had gone to rest in the assurance of night, into a confused activity and clamor. The heat penetrated the camp and gave me a drowsiness which my disturbed repose of the night before rendered extremely grateful, and when the rest of the party returned from their row, I was asleep.

It was determined, the next morning, in council, to move; and one of the guides having informed us of a newly-opened carry, by which we could cross from Little Tupper's Lake, ten miles above us, directly to Forked Lake, and thence following the usual route down the Raquette River and through Long Lake, we could reach Martin's on Saranac Lake without retracing our steps, except over the short distance from the Raquette through the Saranac Lakes,—after breakfast, we hurriedly packed up our traps and were off as early as might be. It is hard boating up the Bog River, and hard work both for guides and tourists. All the boats and baggage had to be carried three miles, on the backs of the guides, and, help them as much as we could, the day had drawn nearly to its close before we were fairly embarked on Little Tupper's, and we had then nearly ten miles to go before reaching Constable's Camp, where we were to stop for the night. I worked hard all day, but in a kind of dream, as if the dead weight I carried with weariness were only the phantom of something, and I were a fantasy carrying it; —the actual had become visionary, and my imaginings nudged me and jostled me almost off the path of reason. But I had no time for a *séance* with my dæmon. The next day I devoted with the guides to bushing out the carry across to Forked Lake, about three and a half miles, through perfectly pathless woods; for we found Sam's statements as to the carry being chopped out entirely false; only a blazed line existed; so all the guides, except one, set to work with myself bushing and chopping out, while the other guide and the rest of the party spent the day in hunting. At the close of the day we had completed nearly two miles of the path, and returned to Constable's Camp to sleep. The next day we succeeded in getting the boats and baggage through to Bottle Pond, two and a half miles, and the whole party camped on the carry,—the guides anathematizing Sam, whose advice had led us on this road. The next afternoon found us afloat on Forked Lake, weary and glad to be in the sunlight on blue water again. Hard work and the excitement of responsibility in engineering our road-making operations had kept my visitor from dream-land away, and as we paddled leisurely down the beautiful lake,—one of the few yet untouched by the lumbermen,—I felt a healthier tone of mind than I had known since we had entered the woods. As we ran out of one of the deep bays which constitute a large portion of the lake, into the principal sheet of water, one of the most perfectly beautiful mountain-views I have ever seen burst upon us. We looked down the lake to its outlet, five miles, between banks covered with tall pines, and far away in the hazy atmosphere a chain of blue peaks raised themselves sharp-edged against the sky. One singularly-shaped summit, far to the south, attracted my attention, and I was about to ask its name, when Steve called out, with the air of one who communicates something of more than ordinary significance,—"Blue Mountain!" The name, Steve's manner, and I know not what of mysterious cause, gave to the place a strange importance. I felt a new and unaccountable attraction to the mountain. Some enchantment seemed to be casting its glamour over me from that distance even. There was thenceforward no goal for my wanderings but the Blue Mountain. It is a solitary peak, one of the southernmost of the Adirondacks, of

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a very quaint form, and lies in a circlet of lakes, three of which in a chain are named from the mountain. The way by which the mountain is reached is through these lakes, and their outlet, which empties into Raquette Lake. I had determined to remain in the woods some weeks, and now concluded to return, as soon as I had seen the rest of the party on their way home, and take up quarters on Raquette Lake for the rest of my stay.

That night we camped at the foot of Forked Lake, and not one of the party will ever forget the thunder-storm that burst on us in our woods-encampment among the tall pines, two of which, near us, were struck by the lightning. I tried in vain, when we were quiet for the night, to get some information on the subject of my attraction to the Blue Mountain. My dæmon appeared remote and made no responses. It seemed as if, knowing my resolution to stay alone there, it had resolved to be silent until I was without any cause for interruption of our colloquies. Save the consciousness of its remote attendance, I felt no recurrence of my past experience, until, having seen my friends on the road to civilization again, I left Martin's with Steve and Carlo for my quarters on the Raquette. We hurried back up the river as fast as four strong arms could propel our light boat, and resting, the second night, at Wilbur's, on Raquette Lake, I the next morning selected a site for a camp, where we built a neat little bark-house, proof against all discomforts of an elemental character, and that night I rested under my own roof, squatter though I was. The dæmon seemed in no haste to renew our former intimate intercourse,—for what reason I could not divine; but a few days after my settling, days spent in exploring and planning, it resumed suddenly its functions. It came to me out on the lake, where I had paddled to enjoy the starlight in the delicious evening, when the sky was filled with luminous vapor, through which the stars struggled dimly, and in which the landscape was almost as clearly visible as by moonlight.

"Well!" said I, familiarly, as I felt it take its place by my side, "you have come back."

"*Come back!*" it replied; "will you never get beyond your miserable ideas of space, and learn that there is no separation but that of feeling, no nearness but that of sympathy? If you had cared enough for us, we should have been with you constantly."

I was anxious to get to the subject of present interest, and did not stop to discuss a point which, in one, and the highest sense, I admitted.

"What," I asked, "was that impulse which urged me to go to the Blue Mountain? Shall I find there anything supernatural?"

"*Anything supernatural?* What is there above Nature, or outside of it?"

"But nothing is without cause; and for an emotion so strong as I experienced, on the sight of those mountains, there must have been one."

"Very likely! if you go after it, you will find it. You probably expect to find some beautiful enchantress keeping her court on the mountain-top, and a suite of fairies."

I started, for, absurd as it may seem, that very idea, half-formed, undeveloped from very shame at my superstition, had rested in my mind.

"And," said I, at a loss what to say, "are there no such things possible?"

"All things are possible to the imagination."

"To create?"

"Most certainly! Is not creation the act of bringing into existence? and does not your Hamlet exist as immortally as your Shakspeare? The only true existence, is it not that of the Idea? Have you not seen the pines transfigured?"

"And if I imagined a race of fairies inhabiting the Blue Mountain, should I find them?"

"If you *imagined* them, yes! But the imagination is not voluntary; it works to supply a necessity; its function is creation, and creation is needed only to fill a vacuum. The wild Arab, feeling his

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own insignificance, and comprehending the necessity for a Creating Power, finds between himself and that Power, which to him, as to you the other day, assumes a personality, an immense distance, and fills the space with a race half divine, half human. It was the necessity for the fairy which created the fairy. You do not feel the same distance between yourself and a Creator, and so you do not call into existence a creative race of the same character; but has not your own imagination furnished you with images to which you may give your reverence? It may be that you diminish that distance by degrading the Great First Cause to an image of your personality, and so are not so wise as the Arab, who at once admits it to be unattainable. Each man shapes that which he looks up to by his desires or fears, and these in their turn are the results of his degree of development."

"But God, is not He the Supreme Creator?"

"Is it not as we said, that you measure the Supreme by yourself? Can you not comprehend a supreme law, an order which controls all things?"

In my meditations this doubt had often presented itself to me, and I had as often put it resolutely aside; but now to hear it urged on me in this way from this mysterious presence troubled me, and I shrank from further discussion of the topic. I earnestly desired a fuller knowledge of the nature of my colloquist.

"Tell me," said I, "do you not take cognizance of my personality?—do you read my past and my future?"

"Your past and future are contained in your present. Who can analyze what you are can see the things which made you such; for effect contains its cause;—to see the future, it needs only to know the laws which govern all things. It is a simple problem: you being given, with the inevitable tendencies to which you are subject, the result is your future; the flight of one of your rifle-balls cannot be calculated with greater certainty."

"But how shall we know those laws?" said I.

"You contain them all, for you are the result of them; and they are always the same,—not one code for your beginning, and another for your continuance. Man is the complete embodiment of all the laws thus far developed, and you have only to know yourself to know the history of creation."

This I could not gainsay, and my mind, wearied, declined to ask further. I returned to camp and went to sleep.

Several days passed without any remarkable progress in my knowledge of this strange being, though I found myself growing more and more sensitive to the presence of it each day; and at the same time the incomprehensible sympathy with Nature, for I know not what else to call it, seemed growing stronger and more startling in the effects it produced on the landscape. The influence was no longer confined to twilight, but made noon-day mystical; and I began to hear strange sounds and words spoken by disembodied voices,—not like that of my dæmon, but unaccompanied by any feeling of personal presence connected therewith. It seemed as if the vibrations shaped themselves into words, some of them of singular significance. I heard my name called, and the strangest laughs on the lake at night. My dæmon seemed averse to answering any questions on the topic of these illusions. The only reply was,—"You would be wiser, not knowing too much."

Ere many days of this solitary life had passed, I found my whole existence taken up by my fantasies. I determined to make my excursion to the Blue Mountain, and, sending Steve down to the post-office, a three-days' journey, I took the boat, with Carlo and my rifle, and pushed off. The outlet of the Blue Mountain Lakes is like all the Adirondack streams, dark and shut in by forest, which scarcely permits landing anywhere. Now and then a log fallen into the water compels the voyager to get out and lift his boat over; then a shallow rapid must be dragged over; and when the stream is clear of obstruc-

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tion, it is too narrow for any mode of propulsion but poling or paddling.

I had worked several weary hours, and the sun had passed the meridian, when I emerged from the forest into a wild, swampy flat,—"wild meadow," the guides call it,—through which the stream wound, and around which was a growth of tall larches backed by pines. Where the brook seemed to reënter the wood on the opposite side, stood two immense pines, like sentinels, and such they became to me; and they looked grim and threatening, with their huge arms reaching over the gateway. I drew my boat up on the boggy shore at the foot of a solitary tamarack, into which I climbed as high as I could to look over the wood beyond.

Never shall I forget what I saw from that swaying look-out. Before me was the mountain, perhaps five miles away, covered with dense forest to within a few hundred feet of the summit, which showed bare rock with firs clinging in the clefts and on the tables, and which was crowned by a walled city, the parapet of whose walls cut with a sharp, straight line against the sky, and beyond showed spire and turret and the tops of tall trees. The walls must have been at least a hundred and fifty feet high, and I could see here and there between the group of firs traces of a road coming down the mountain-side. And I heard one of those mocking voices say, "The city of silence!"—nothing more. I felt strongly tempted to start on a flight through the air towards the city, and why I did not launch forth on the impulse I know not. My blood rushed through my veins with maddest energy, and my brain seemed to have been replaced by some ethereal substance, and to be capable of floating me off as if it were a balloon. Yet I clung and looked, my whole soul in my eyes, and had no thought of losing the spectacle for an instant, even were it to reach the city itself. The glorious glamour of that place and moment, who can comprehend it? The wind swung my tree-top to and fro, and I climbed up until the tree bent with my weight like a twig under a bird's.

Presently I heard bells and strains of music, as though all the military bands in the city were coming together on the walls; and the sounds rose and fell with the wind,—one moment entirely lost, another full and triumphant. Then I heard the sound of hunting-horns and the baying of a pack of hounds, deep-mouthed, as if a hunting-party were coming down the mountain-side. Nearer and nearer they came, and I heard merry laughing and shouting as they swept through the valley. I feared for a moment that they would find me there, and drive me, intruding, from the enchanted land.

But I must fathom the mystery, let what would come. I descended the tree, and when I had reached the boat again I found the whole thing changed. I understood that my city was only granite and fir-trees, and my music only the wind in the tree-tops. The reaction was sickening; the sunshine seemed dull and cold after the lost glory of that enchantment. The Blue Mountain was reached, its destiny fulfilled for me, and I returned to my camp, sick at heart, as one who has had a dear illusion dispelled.

The next day my mind was unusually calm and clear. I asked my dæmon what was the meaning of the enchantment of yesterday.

"It was a freak of your imagination," it replied.

"But what is this imagination, then, which, being a faculty of my own, yet masters my reason?"

"Not at all a faculty, but your very highest self, your own life in creative activity. Your reason *is* a faculty, and is subordinate to the purposes of your imagination. If, instead of regarding imagination as a pendant to your mental organization, you take it for what it is, a function, and the noblest one your mind knows, you will see at once why it is that it works unconsciously, just as you live unconsciously and involuntarily. Men set their reason and feeling to subdue what they consider a treacherous element in themselves; they succeed only

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in dwarfing their natures, and imagination is inert while reason controls; but when reason rests in sleep, and you cease to live to the external world, imagination resumes its normal power. You dream; —it is only the revival of that which you smother when you are awake. You consider the sights and sounds of yesterday follies; you reason;—imagination demonstrates its power by overturning your reason and deceiving your very senses."

"You speak of its creations; I understand this in a certain sense; but if these were such, should not they have permanence? and can anything created perish?"

"Nonsense! what will these trees be to-morrow? and the rocks you sit on, are they not changing to vegetation under you? The only creation is that of ideas; things are thin shadows. If man is not creative, he is still undeveloped."

"But is not such an assumption trenching on the supremacy of God?" I asked.

"What do you understand by 'God?'"

"An infinitely wise and loving Controller of events, of course," I replied.

"Did you ever find any one whose ideas on the subject agreed with yours?"

"Not entirely."

"Then your God is not the same as the God of other men; from the Fee-Jeean to the Christian there is a wide range. Of course there is a first great principle of life; but this personality you all worship, is it not a creation?"

I now felt this to be the great point of the dæmon's urging; it recurred too often not to be designed. Led on by the sophistry of my tempter, I had floated unconsciously to this issue, practically admitting all; but when this suggestion stood completely unclothed before me, my soul rose in horror at the abyss before it. For an instant all was chaos, and the very order of Nature seemed disorder. Life and light vanished from the face of the earth; my night made all things dead and dark. A universe without a God! Creation seemed to me for that moment but a galvanized corse. What my emotions were no human being who has not felt them can conceive. My first impulse was to suicide; with the next I cried from the depths of my despair, "God deliver me from the body of this death!" It was but a moment,—and there came, in the place of the cold questioning voice of my dæmon, one of ineffable music, repeating words familiar to me from childhood, words linked to everything loved and lovely in my past:—"Ye believe in God, believe also in me." The hot tears for another moment blotted out the world from sight. I said once more to the questioner, "Now who *are* you?"

"Your own doubts," was the reply; and it seemed as if only I spoke to myself.

Since that day I have never reasoned with my doubts, never doubted my imagination.

ALL'S WELL.

SWEET-VOICÈD Hope, thy fine discourse
  Foretold not half life's good to me;
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
  To show how sweet it is to be!
    Thy witching dream
    And pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power;
    Thy promise brave
    From birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour.

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Ask and receive,—'tis sweetly said;
  Yet what to plead for know I not;
For Wish is worsted, Hope o'ersped,
  And aye to thanks returns my thought.
    If I would pray,
    I've nought to say
But this, that God may be God still;
    For Him to live
    Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound!
  Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the Present sound?
  Who promises a *future* heaven?
    Or glad, or grieved,
    Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
    Still pours the flood
    Of golden good,
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
  No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far less
  Than treasure shared by every soul.
    Talk not of store,
    Millions or more,—
Of values which the purse may hold,—
    But this divine!
    I own the mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
  In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
  My ores arterial tides convey;
    The fields, the skies,
    And sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—
    The oaks, the brooks,
    And speaking looks
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
  For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
  And is not ta'en in Time's arrears:
    His life's a hymn
    The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
    And to his soul

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The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, must thou become:
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his
Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

THE BIRDS OF THE PASTURE AND FOREST.

He who has always lived in the city or its suburbs, who has seldom visited the interior except for purposes of trade, and whose walks have not often extended beyond those roads which are bordered on each side by shops and dwelling-houses, may never have heard the birds that form the subject of this sketch. These are the birds of the pasture and forest,—those shy, melodious warblers, who sing only in the ancient haunts of the Dryads, and of those nymphs who waited upon Diana in her hunting-excursions, but who are now recognized only by the beautiful plants which, with unseen hands, they rear in the former abodes of the celestial huntress. These birds have not probably multiplied, like the familiar birds, with the increase of human population and the extension of agriculture. They were perhaps as numerous in the days of King Philip as they are now. Though they do not shun mankind, they keep aloof from cultivated grounds, living chiefly in the deep wood or on the edge of the forest, and in the bushy pasture.

There is a peculiar wildness in the songs of this class of birds, that awakens a delightful mood of mind, similar to that which is excited by reading the figurative lyrics of a romantic age. This feeling is, undoubtedly, to a certain extent, the effect of association. Having always heard their notes in rude, wild, and wooded places, they never fail to bring this kind of scenery vividly before the imagination, and their voices affect us like the sounds of mountain-streams. There is a little Sparrow which I often hear about the shores of unfrequented ponds, and in their untrodden islets, and never in any other situations. The sound of his voice, therefore, always enhances the sensation of rude solitude with which I contemplate this wild and desolate scenery. We often see him perched upon a dead tree that stands in the water, a few rods from the shore, apparently watching our angling operations from his leafless perch, where he sings so sweetly, that the very desolation of the scene borrows a charm from his voice that renders every object delightful. This bird I believe to be the *Fringilla palustris* of Wilson.

It is certain that the notes of the solitary birds, compared with those of the Robin and Linnet, excite a different class of sensations. I can imagine that there is a similar difference in the flavors of a cherry and a cranberry. If the former is sweeter, the latter has a spicy zest that is peculiar to what we call natural fruit. The effect is the same, however, whether it be attributable to some intrinsic quality, or to association, which is indeed the source of some of the most delightful emotions of the human soul.

Nature has made all her scenes, and

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the sights and sounds that accompany them, more lovely, by causing them to be respectively suggestive of a certain class of sensations. The birds of the pasture and forest are not frequent enough in cultivated places to be associated with the garden or village inclosure. Nature has confined particular birds and animals to certain localities, and thereby adds a poetic and a picturesque attraction to their features. There are also certain flowers that cannot be cultivated in the garden, as if they were designed for the exclusive adornment of those secluded arbors which the spade and the plough have never profaned. Here flowers grow which are too holy for culture, and birds sing whose voices were never heard in the cage of the voluptuary, and whose tones inspire us with a sense of freedom known only to those who often retire from the world, to live in religious communion with Nature.

When the flowers of early summer are gone, and the graceful neottia is seen in the meadows, extending its spiral clusters among the nodding grasses,—when the purple orchis is glowing in the wet grounds, and the roadsides are gleaming with the yellow blossoms of the hypericum, the merry voice of the Bobolink has ceased, and many other familiar birds have become almost silent. At this time, if we stroll away from the farm and the orchard into more retired and wooded haunts, we may hear, at all times of the day and at frequent intervals, the pensive and melodious notes of the Wood-Sparrow, who sings as if he were delighted at being left almost alone to warble and complain to the benevolent deities of the grove. He who in his youth has made frequent visits to these pleasant and solitary places, and wished that he could live and love forever among the wild-roses, the blushing azaleas, the red summer-lilies, and the thousands of beautiful and sweet-scented flowers that spring up among the various spicy and fruit-bearing shrubs which unite to form a genuine huckleberry-pasture, — he only knows the unspeakable delights which are awakened by the sweet, simple notes of this little warbler.

The Wood-Sparrow (*Fringilla pusilla*) is somewhat less than a Canary, with a chestnut-colored crown; above of a grayish brown hue, and dusky white beneath. Though he does not seem to be a shy bird, I have never seen him in cultivated grounds, and the inmates of solitary cottages alone are privileged to hear his notes from their windows. He loves the hills which are half covered with young pines, viburnums, cornels, and huckleberry-bushes, and feeds upon the seeds of grasses and wild lettuce, with occasional repasts of insects and berries.

His notes are sweet and plaintive, seldom consisting of more than one strain. He commences slowly, as if repeating the syllable, *de de de de de de d' d' d' d' d' d' d' r' r' r'*,—increasing in rapidity, and at the same time rising as it were by semitones, or chromatically, to about a major fourth on the scale. In midsummer, when this bird is most musical, he occasionally lengthens his song by alternately ascending and descending, interposing a few chirping notes between the ascending and descending series. The song loses a part of its simplicity, and, as it seems to me, is not improved by this variation.

While listening to the notes of the Wood-Sparrow, we are continually saluted by the agreeable, though less musical song of the Chewink, or Ground-Robin,—a bird that frequents similar places. This is a very beautiful bird, elegantly spotted with white, red, and black,—the female being of a bright bay color where the male is red. Every rambler knows him, not only by his plumage and his peculiar note, but also by his singular habit of lurking about among the bushes, appearing and disappearing like a squirrel, and watching all our movements. Though he does not avoid our company, it is with difficulty that a marksman can obtain a good aim at him, so rapidly does he change his position among the leaves and branches. In this habit he resembles the Wren. While we are watching his mo-

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tions, he pauses in his song, and utters that peculiar note of complaint from which he has derived his name, *Chewink*, though the sound he utters is more like *chewee*, accenting the second syllable.

The Chewink (*Fringilla erythrophthalma*) is a very constant singer during four months of the year, from the middle of April. He is very untiring in his lays, seldom resting for any considerable time from morning till night, being never weary in rain or in sunshine, or at noon-day in the hottest weather of the season. His song consists of two long notes, the first about a third above the second, and the last part is made up of several rapidly uttered notes about one tone below the first note.

There is an expression of great cheerfulness in these notes; but music, like poetry, must be somewhat plaintive in its character, to take strong hold of the feelings. I have never known a person to be affected by these notes as by those of the Wood-Sparrow. While engaged in singing, the Chewink is usually perched on the lower branch of a tree, near the edge of a wood, or on the top of a tall bush. He is a true forest-bird, and builds his nest in the thickets that conceal the boundaries of the wood.

The notes of the Chewink and his general appearance and habits are well calculated to render him conspicuous, and they cause him to be always noticed and remembered. Our birds are like our men of genius. As in the literary world there is a description of talent that must be discovered and pointed out by an observing few, before the great mass can understand it or even know its existence,—so the sweetest songsters of the wood are unknown to the mass of the community, while many very ordinary performers, whose talents are conspicuous, are universally known and admired.

As we advance into the wood, if it be near mid-day, or before the decline of the sun, the notes of two small birds will be sure to attract our attention. These notes are very similar, and as slender and piercing as the chirp of a grasshopper, being distinguished from the latter only by a different and more pleasing modulation. The birds to which I refer are the Red Start (*Muscicapa ruticilla*) and the Speckled Creeper (*Sylvia varia*). The first is the more rarely seen of the two, being a bird of the deep forest, and shunning observation by hiding himself in the most obscure parts of the wood. In general appearance, and in the color of his plumage, he bears a resemblance to the Ground-Robin, though not more than half his size. He lives entirely on insects, catching them while they are flying in the air.

His song is similar to that of the Summer Yellow-Bird, so common in our gardens among the fruit-trees, but it is more shrill and feeble. The Creeper's song does not differ from it more than the songs of different individuals of the same species may differ. This bird may be seen creeping like a Woodpecker around the branches of trees, feeding upon the grubs and insects that are lodged upon the bark. He often leaves the forest, and may be seen busily searching the trees in the orchard and garden. The restless activity of the birds of this species affords a proof of the countless myriads of insects that must be destroyed by them in the course of one season,—insects which, if not kept in check by these and other small birds, would multiply to such an extreme as to render the earth uninhabitable by man.

While listening with close attention to the slender notes of either of the last-named birds, often hardly audible amidst the din of grasshoppers, the rustling of leaves, and the sighing of winds among the tall oaken boughs, suddenly the wood resounds with a loud, shrill song, like the sharpest notes of the Canary. The bird that startles one with this vociferous note is the Oven-Bird, (*Turdus aurocapillus*,) or Golden-Crowned Thrush. It is the smallest of the Thrushes, is confined exclusively to the wood, and when singing is particularly partial to noon-day. There is no melody in his song. He begins rather low, increasing in loudness as he

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proceeds, until the last notes are so loud as to seem almost in our immediate presence. He might be supposed to utter the words, *I see, I see, I see*, etc.,—emphasizing the first word, and repeating the words six or eight times, louder and louder with each repetition. No other bird equals this little Thrush in the emphasis with which he delivers his brief communication. His notes are associated with summer noon-days in the deep woods, and, when bursting upon the ear in the silence of noon, they disperse all melancholy thoughts, and inspire one with a vivid consciousness of life.

The most remarkable thing connected with the history of this bird is his oven-shaped nest. It is commonly placed on the ground, under a knoll of moss or a tuft of grass and bushes, and is formed almost entirely of long grass neatly woven. It is covered with a roof of the same materials, and a round opening is made at the side, for the bird's entrance. The nest is so ingeniously covered with grass and disguised with the appearance of the general surface around it, that it is very seldom discovered. The Cow-Bunting, however, is able to find it, and often selects it as a depository for its own eggs.

Those who are addicted to rambling in pursuit of natural curiosities may have observed that pine-woods are remarkable for certain collections of mosses which have cushioned a projecting rock or the decayed stump of a tree. When weary with heat and exercise, it is delightful to sit down upon one of these green velveted couches and take note of the objects immediately around us. We are then prepared to hear the least sound that invades our retreat. Some of the sweetest notes ever uttered in the wood are distinctly heard only at such times; for when we are passing over the rustling leaves, the noise made by our progress interferes with the perfect recognition of all delicate sounds. It was when thus reclining, after half a day's search for flowers, under the grateful shade of a pine-tree, now watching the white clouds that sent a brighter day-beam into these dark recesses, as they passed luminously overhead, and then noting the peculiar mapping of the grounds underneath the wood, diversified with mosses in swelling knolls, little islets of fern, and parterres of ginsengs and Solomon's-seals,—in one of these cloisters of the forest, I was first greeted by the pensive note of the Green Warbler, as he seemed to utter in supplicatory tones, very slowly modulated, "Hear me, Saint Theresa!" This strain, as I have observed many times since, is, at certain hours, repeated constantly for ten minutes at a time, and it is one of those melodious sounds that seem to belong exclusively to solitude.

The Green Warbler (*Sylvia virens*) is a small bird, and though his notes may be familiar to all who have been accustomed to strolling in the woods, the species is not numerous in Massachusetts, the greater number retiring farther north in the breeding-season. Nuttall remarks in reference to this bird, "His simple, rather drawling, and somewhat plaintive song, uttered at short intervals, resembled the syllables *'te dé terŭscá*, sometimes *te derisca*, pronounced pretty loud and slow, and the tones proceeded from high to low. In the intervals, he was perpetually busied in catching small cynips, and other kinds of flies,—keeping up a smart snapping of his bill, almost similar to the noise made by knocking pebbles together." There is a plaintive expression in this musical supplication, that is apparent to all who hear it, no less than if the bird were truly offering prayers to some tutelary deity. It is difficult, in many cases, to determine why a certain combination of sounds should affect one with an emotion of sadness, while another, under the same circumstances, produces a feeling of joy. This is a part of the philosophy of music which has not been explained.

While treating of the Sylvias, I must not omit to notice one of the most important of the tribe, and one with which almost everybody is acquainted,—the Maryland Yellow-Throat (*Sylvia trichas*). This species is quite common and famil-

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iar. He is most frequently seen in a willow-grove that borders a stream, or in the shrubbery of moist and low grounds. The angler is greeted by his notes on the rushy borders of a pond, and the botanist listens to them when hunting for those rose-plants that hide themselves under dripping rocks in some wooded ravine. The song of the Yellow-Throat resembles that of the Warbling Vireo, delivered with somewhat more precision, as if he were saying, *I see you, I see you, I see you.* His notes are simply lively and agreeable; there is nothing plaintive about them. The bird, however, is very attractive in his appearance, being of a bright olive-color above, with a yellow throat and breast, and a black band extending from the nostrils over the eye. This black band and the yellow throat are the marks by which he is most easily identified. The Yellow-Throat remains tuneful till near the last week in August.

But if we leave the wood while those above described are the only singing-birds we have heard, we have either returned too soon, or we did not penetrate deeply enough into the forest. The Wood-Sparrow prepared our ears for a concert more delightful than the Red Start or the Yellow-Throat are capable of presenting, and we have spent our time almost in vain, if we have not heard the song of the Wood-Thrush (*Turdus melodus*). His notes are not startling or conspicuous; some dull ears might not hear them, though poured forth only a few rods distant, if their attention were not directed to them. Yet they are loud, liquid, and sonorous, and they fail to attract attention only on account of the long pauses between the different strains. We must link all these strains together to enjoy the full pleasure which the song of this bird is capable of affording, though any single strain alone is sufficient to entitle the bird to considerable reputation as a songster.

The song of the Wood-Thrush consists of about eight or ten different strains, each of considerable length. After each strain the bird makes a pause of about three or four seconds. I think the effect of this sylvan music is somewhat diminished by the length of the pauses or rests. It may be said, however, that during each pause our susceptibility is increased, and we are thus prepared to be more deeply affected by the next notes. Whether the one or the other opinion be correct, it is certain that any one who stops to listen to this bird will become spellbound, and deaf to almost every other sound in the grove, as if his ears were enchained to the song of the Siren.

The Wood-Thrush sings at almost all hours of the day, though seldom after sunset. He delights in a dusky retreat, and is evidently inspired by solitude, singing no less in gloomy weather than in sunshine. Late in August, when other birds have mostly become silent, he is sometimes the only songster in the wood. There is a liquid sound in his tones that slightly resembles that of a glassichord; though in some parts of the country he has received the name of Fife-Bird, from the clearness of his intonations. By many persons this species is called the Hermit-Thrush.

The Veery (*Turdus Wilsonii*) has many habits like those of the Wood-Thrush, and some similarity of song. He is about the size of a Blue-Bird, and resembles the Red Thrush, except that the brown of his back is slightly tinged with olive. He arrives early in May, and is first heard to sing during some part of the second week of that month, when the song of the Bobolink commences. He is not one of our familiar birds; and unless we live in close proximity to a wood that is haunted by a stream, we shall never hear his voice from our doors or windows. He sings neither in the orchard, nor the garden, nor in the suburbs of the city. He shuns the exhibitions of art, and reserves his wild notes for those who frequent the inner sanctuary of the groves. All who have once become familiar with his song await his arrival with impatience, and take note of his silence in midsummer with regret.

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Until this little bird has arrived, I always feel as an audience do at a concert, before the chief singer has made her appearance, while the other performers are vainly endeavoring to soothe them by their inferior attempts.

This bird is more retiring than any other important singing-bird, except the Wood-Thrush,—being heard only in solitary groves, and usually in the vicinity of a pond or stream. Here, especially after sunset, he pours forth his brilliant and melancholy strains with a peculiar cadence, and fills the whole forest with sound. It seems as if the echoes were delighted with his notes, and took pleasure in passing them round with multiplied reverberations. I am confident this bird refrains from singing when others are the most vocal, from the pleasure he feels in listening either to his own notes, or to the melodious responses which others of his own kindred repeat in different parts of the wood. Hence he chooses the dusk of evening for his vocal hour, when the little chirping birds are mostly silent, that their voices may not interrupt his chant. At this hour, during a period of nine or ten weeks, he charms the evening with his strains, and often prolongs them in still weather till after dusk, and whispers them sweetly into the ear of night.

No bird of his size has more strength of voice; but his song, though loud, is modulated with such a sweet and flowing cadence, that it comes to the ear with all the mellowness of the softest warbling. It would be difficult to describe his song. It seems at first to be wanting in variety. I was long of this opinion, though I was puzzled to account for its pleasing and extraordinary effect on the mind of the listener. The song of the Veery consists of five distinct strains or bars. They might, perhaps, be represented on the musical staff, by commencing the first note on D above the staff and sliding down with a trill to C, one fifth below. The second, third, fourth, and fifth bars are repetitions of the first, except that each commences and ends a few tones lower than the preceding.

Were we to attempt to perform these notes with an instrument adapted to the purpose, we should probably fail, from the difficulty of imitating the peculiar trilling of the notes, and the liquid ventriloquial sounds at the conclusion of each strain. The whole is warbled in such a manner as to produce upon the ear the effect of harmony. It seems as if we heard two or three concordant notes at the same moment. I have never noticed this effect in the song of any other bird. I should judge that it might be produced by the rapid descent from the commencing note of each strain to the last note about a fourth or fifth below, the latter being heard simultaneously with the reverberation of the first note.

Another remarkable quality of the song is a union of brilliancy and plaintiveness. The first effect is produced by the commencing notes of each strain, which are sudden and on a high key; the second, by the graceful chromatic slide to the termination, which is inimitable and exceedingly solemn. I have sometimes thought that a part of the delightful influence of these notes might be attributable to the cloistered situations from which they were delivered. But I have occasionally heard them while the bird was singing from a tree in an open field, when they were equally pleasing and impressive. I am not peculiar in my admiration of this little songster. I have observed that people who are strangers to the woods, and to the notes of birds, are always attracted by the song of the Veery.

In my early days, when I was at school, I boarded in a house near a grove that was vocal with these Thrushes; and it was then I learned to love their song more than any other sound in Nature, and above the finest strains of artificial music. Since that time I have lived in town, apart from their sylvan retreats, which I have visited only during my hours of leisure; but I have seldom failed, each returning year, to make frequent visits to the wood to listen to their notes, which cause full half the pleasure

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I derive from a summer-evening walk. If in any year I fail to hear the song of the Veery, I feel a painful sense of regret, as when I have missed an opportunity to see an absent friend, during a periodical visit.

The Veery is not one of our latest singers. His notes are not often heard after the middle of July.

We should not be obliged to penetrate the wood to learn the habits of another Thrush, not so remarkable for his musical powers as interesting on account of his manners. I allude to the Cat-Bird, (*Turdus felivox*,) well known from his disagreeable habit of mewing like a kitten. He is most frequently seen on the edge of a wood, among the bushes that have come up, as it were, to hide its baldness and to harmonize it with the plain. He is usually attached to low, moist, and retired situations, though he is often very familiar in his habits. His nest of dry sticks is sometimes woven into a currant-bush in a garden that adjoins a wood, and his quaint voice may be heard there as in his own solitary haunts. The Cat-Bird is not an inveterate singer, and never seems to make music his employment, though at any hour of the day, from dawn until dusk in the evening, he may be heard occasionally singing and complaining.

Though I have been all my life familiar with the notes and manners of the Cat-Bird, I have not yet been able to discover that he is a mocker. He seems to me to have a definite song, unlike that of any other bird, except the Red Mavis,—not made up of parts of the songs of other birds, but as unique and original as that of the Song-Sparrow or the Robin. In the songs of all birds we may detect occasional strains that resemble parts of the song of some other species; but the Cat-Bird gives no more of these imitations than we might reasonably regard as accidental. The modulation of his song is somewhat similar to that of the Red Thrush, and it is sometimes difficult to determine, at first, when the bird is out of sight, whether we are listening to the one or the other; but after a few seconds, we detect one of those quaint turns that distinguish the notes of the Cat-Bird. I never yet mistook the note of the Cat-Bird for that of any species except the Red Thrush. The truth is, that the Thrushes, though delightful songsters, possess inferior powers of execution, and cannot equal the Finches in their capacity of learning and performing the notes of other birds. Even the Mocking-Bird, as compared with many other species, is a very imperfect imitator of any notes which are difficult of execution.

The mewing note of the Cat-Bird, from which his name is derived, has been the occasion of many misfortunes to his species, causing them to share a portion of that contempt which almost every human being feels towards the feline race, and that contempt has been followed by persecution. The Cat-Bird has always been proscribed by the New England farmers, who from the first settlement of the country have entertained a prejudice against many of the most useful birds. The Robin and a few diminutive Fly-Catchers are almost the only exceptions. But the Robin is now in danger of proscription. Within a few years past, the horticulturists, who are unwilling to lose their cherries for the general benefit of agriculture, have made an effort to obtain an edict of outlawry against him, accusing him of being entirely useless to the farmer and the gardener. Their efforts have caused the friends of the Robin to examine his claims to protection, and the result of their investigations is demonstrative proof that the Robin is among the most useful birds in existence. The Cat-Bird and other Thrushes are similar in their habits of feeding and in their services to agriculture.

The Red Mavis (*Turdus rufus*) has many habits similar to those of the Cat-Bird, but he is not partial to low grounds. He is one of the most remarkable of the American birds, and is generally considered the finest songster in the New England forest. Nuttall says, "He is inferior only to the Mocking-Bird in musical tal-

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ent"; but I should question his inferiority. He is superior to the Mocking-Bird in variety, and is surpassed by him only in the intonation of some of his notes. But no person is ever tired of listening to the Red Mavis, who constantly varies his song, while the Mocking-Bird tires us with his repetitions, which are often continued to a ludicrous extreme.

It is unfortunate that our ornithologists should, in any cases, have adopted the disagreeable names which our singularly unpoetical countrymen have given to the birds. The little Hair-Bird, for example, is called the "Chipping-Sparrow," as if he were in the habit of making chips, like the Carpenter-Bird; and the Red Thrush is called the "Thrasher," which is a low corruption of Thrush, and would signify that the bird had some peculiar habit of *threshing* with his wings. The word "chipping," when used for "chirping," is incorrect English; and "thrasher" is incorrect in point of fact. No such names should find sanction in books. Let us repudiate the name of "Thrasher" for the Red Thrush, as we would repudiate any other solecism.

The Red Mavis, or Thrush, is most musical in the early part of the season, when he first arrives, or in the month of May; the Veery is most vocal in June, and the Wood-Thrush in July; the Cat-Bird begins early and sings late, and fills out with his quaint notes the remainder of the singing season, after the others have become silent. When one is in a thoughtful mood, the songs of the Wood-Thrush and the Veery surpass all others in their delightful influence; and when I am strolling in the solitary pastures, it seems to me that nothing can exceed the simple melody of the Wood-Sparrow. But without claiming for the Red Thrush any remarkable power of exciting poetic inspiration, his song in the open field has a charm for all ears, and can be appreciated by the dullest of minds. Without singing badly, he pleases the millions. He sings occasionally at all hours of the day, and, when employed in singing, devotes himself entirely to song, with evident enthusiasm.

It would be difficult, either by word or by note, to give one who has never heard the song of the Red Thrush a correct idea of it. This bird is not a rapid singer. His performances seem to be a sort of *recitative*, often resembling spoken words, rather than musical notes, many of which are short and guttural. He seldom whistles clearly, like the Robin, but he produces a charming variety of tone and modulation. Thoreau, in one of his quaint descriptions, gives an off-hand sketch of the bird, which I will quote:—"Near at hand, upon the topmost spray of a birch, sings the Brown Thrasher, or Red Mavis, as some love to call him,—all the morning glad of your society, that would find out another farmer's field, if yours were not here. While you are planting the seed, he cries,—'Drop it, drop it,—cover it up, cover it up,—pull it up, pull it up, pull it up.'"

We have now left the forest and are approaching the cultivated grounds, under the shade of those fully expanded trees which have grown without restraint in the open field. Here as well as in the wood we find the Pewee, or Phœbe, (*Muscicapa nunciola*,) one of our most common and interesting birds. He seems to court solitude, and his peculiar note harmonizes well with his obscure and shady retreats. He sits for the most part in the shade, catching his feast of insects without any noise, merely flitting from his perch, seizing his prey, and then resuming his station. This movement is performed in the most graceful manner, and he often turns a somerset, or appears to do so, if the insect at first evades his pursuit,—and he seldom fails in capturing it. All this is done in silence, for he is no singer. The only sounds he utters are an occasional clicking cherup, and now and then, with a plaintive cadence, he seems to speak the word *pewee*. As the male and female bird cannot be readily distinguished, I have not been able to determine whether this sound is uttered by both sexes, or by the male alone.

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So plainly expressive of sadness is this peculiar note, that it is difficult to believe that the little being that utters it can be free from sorrow. Certainly he can have no congeniality of feeling with the sprightly Bobolink. Perhaps, with the rest of his species, he represents only the fragment of a superior race, which, according to the metempsychosis, have fallen from their original importance, and this melancholy note is but the partial utterance of sorrow that still lingers in their breasts after the occasion of it is forgotten.

Though a shy and retiring bird, the Pewee is known to almost every person, on account of its remarkable note. Like the swallow, he builds his nest under a sheltering roof or rock, and it is often fixed upon a beam or plank under a bridge that crosses a small stream. Near this place he takes his station, on the branch of a tree or the top of a fence, and sits patiently waiting for every moth, chafer, or butterfly that passes along. Fortunately, there are no prejudices existing in the community against this bird that provoke men to destroy him. As he is known to feed entirely on insects, he cannot be suspected of doing mischief on the farm or in the garden, and is considered worthy of protection.

I would remark in this place, that the Fly-Catchers and Swallows, and a few other species that enjoy an immunity in our land, would, though multiplied to infinity, perform only those offices which are assigned them by Nature. It is a vain hope that leads one to believe, while he is engaged in exterminating a certain species of small birds, that their places can be supplied and their services performed by other species which are allowed to multiply to excess. The preservation of every species of indigenous birds is the only means that can prevent the over-multiplication of injurious insects.

As we return homeward, we soon find ourselves surrounded by the familiar birds that shun the forest and assemble around the habitations of men. Among them the Blue-Bird meets our sight, upon the roofs and fences as well as in the field and orchard. At the risk of introducing him into a company to which he does not strictly belong, I will attempt in this place to describe some of his habits. The Blue-Bird (*Sylvia sialis*) arrives very early in spring, and is detained late in the autumn by his habit of raising two or more broods of young in the season. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to the English Robin-Redbreast, being similar in form and size, each having a red breast and short tail-feathers, with only this manifest difference, that one is olive-colored above where the other is blue. But the Blue-Bird does not equal the Redbreast as a songster. His notes are few, not greatly varied, though melodious and sweetly and plaintively modulated, and never loud. On account of their want of variety, they do not enchain a listener, but they constitute a delightful part in the woodland melodies of morn.

The importance of the inferior singers in making up a general chorus is not always appreciated. In an artificial musical composition, as in an oratorio or an anthem, though there is a leading part, which is commonly the air, that gives character to the whole, yet this principal part would often be a very indifferent piece of melody, if performed without its accompaniments. These accompaniments by themselves would seem still more unimportant and trifling. Yet if the composition be the work of a master, however trifling and comparatively insignificant these brief strains or snatches, they are intimately connected with the harmony of the piece, and could not be omitted without a serious derangement of the grand effect. The inferior singing-birds, on the same principle, are indispensable as aids in giving additional effect to the notes of the chief singers.

Though the Robin is the principal musician in the general orison of dawn, his notes would become tiresome, if heard without accompaniments. Nature has so arranged the harmony of this chorus, that one part shall assist another; and so exquisitely has she combined all the differ-

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ent voices, that the silence of any one can never fail to be immediately perceived. The low, mellow warble of the Blue-Bird seems a sort of echo to the louder voice of the Robin; and the incessant trilling or running accompaniment of the Hair-Bird, the twittering of the Swallow, and the loud and melodious piping of the Oriole, frequent and short, are sounded like the different parts of a regular band of instruments, and each performer seems to time his part as if by design. Any discordant sound, that may happen to be made in the midst of this performance, never fails to disturb the equanimity of the singers, and some minutes must elapse before they recommence their parts.

It would be difficult to draw a correct comparison between the different birds and the various instruments in an orchestra. It would be more easy to signify them by notes on the gamut. But if the Robin were supposed to represent the German flute, the Blue-Bird might be considered as the flageolet, frequently, but not incessantly, interposing a few mellow strains, the Swallow and the Hair-Bird the octave flute, and the Golden Robin the bugle, sounding occasionally a low but brief strain. The analogy could not be carried farther without losing force and correctness.

All the notes of the Blue-Bird — his call-notes, his notes of alarm, his chirp, and his song—are equally plaintive, and closely resemble each other. I am not aware that this bird ever utters a harsh note. His voice, which is one of the earliest to be heard in the spring, is associated with the early flowers and with all pleasant vernal influences. When he first arrives, he perches upon the roof of a barn or upon some still leafless tree, and pours forth his few and frequent notes with evident fervor, as if conscious of the delights that await him. These mellow notes are all the sounds he utters for several weeks, seldom chirping, crying, or scolding like other birds. His song is discontinued in the latter part of summer; but his peculiar plaintive call, consisting of a single note pensively modulated, continues all day, until the time of frost. This sound is one of the melodies of summer's decline, and reminds us, like the notes of the green nocturnal grasshopper, of the fall of the leaf, the ripened harvest, and all the melancholy pleasures of autumn.

The Blue-Bird builds his nest in hollow trees and posts, and may be encouraged to breed and multiply around our habitations, by erecting boxes for his accommodation. In whatever vicinity we may reside, whether in the clearing or in the heart of the village, if we set up a little bird-house in May, it will certainly be occupied by a Blue-Bird, unless preoccupied by a bird of some other species. There is commonly so great a demand for such accommodations among the feathered tribes, that it is not unusual to see birds of several different species contending for the possession of one box.

After the middle of August, as a new race of winged creatures awake into life, the birds, who sing of the seed-time, the flowers, and of the early summer harvests, give place to the inferior band of insect-musicians. The reed and the pipe are laid aside, and myriads of little performers have taken up the harp and the lute, and make the air resound with the clash and din of their various instruments. An anthem of rejoicing swells up from myriads of unseen harpists, who heed not the fate that awaits them, but make themselves merry in every place that is visited by sunshine or the south-wind. The golden-rod sways its beautiful nodding plumes in the borders of the fields and by the rustic roadsides; the purple gerardia is bright in the wet meadows, and the scarlet lobelia in the channels of the sunken streamlets. But the birds heed them not; for these are not the wreaths that decorate the halls of their festivities. Since the rose and the lily have faded, they have ceased to be tuneful; some, like the Bobolink, assemble in small companies, and with a melancholy chirp seem to mourn over some sad accident that has befallen them;

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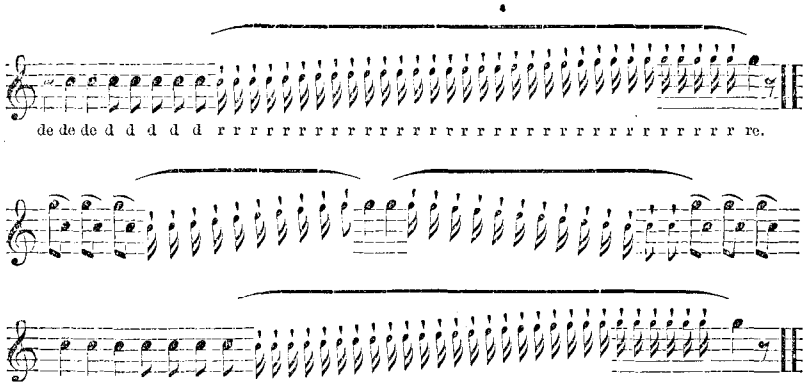
others still congregate about their usual resorts, and seem almost like strangers in the land.

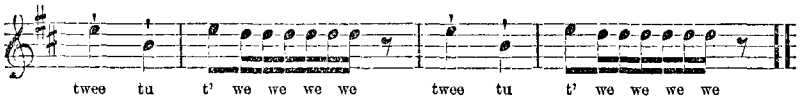
Nature provides inspiration for every sentiment that contributes to the happiness of man, as she provides sustenance for his various physical wants. But all is not gladness that elevates the soul into bliss; we may be made happy by sentiments that come not from rejoicing, even from objects that waken tender recollections of sorrow. As if Nature designed that the soul of man should find sympathy, in all its healthful moods, from the voices of her creatures, and from the sounds of inanimate objects, she has provided that all seasons should pour into his ear some pleasant intimations of heaven. In autumn, when the harvest-hymn of the day-time has ceased, at early nightfall, the green nocturnal grasshoppers commence their autumnal dirge, and fill the mind with a keen sense of the rapid passing of time. These sounds do not sadden the mind, but deepen the tone of our feelings, and prepare us for a renewal of cheerfulness, by inspiring us with the poetic sentiment of melancholy. This sombre state of the mind soon passes away, effaced by the exhilarating influence of the clear skies and invigorating breezes of autumn, and the inspiriting sounds of myriads of chirping insects that awake with the morning and make all the meadows resound with the shout of their merry voices.

SONG OF THE WOOD-SPARROW.

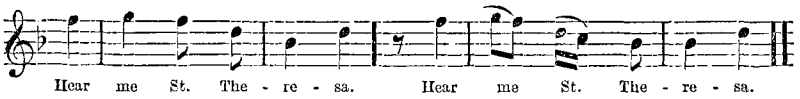


NOTE.—In the early part of the season the song ends with the first double bar; later in the season it is extended, in frequent instances, as in the notes that follow.

SONG OF THE CHEWINK.



SONG OF THE GREEN WARBLER.



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SONG OF THE WOOD-THRUSH.

too too tillere ilere too tillere tillere

too issele issele tse se se se s s s s se

too tillery tillery oo villilil villilil too too illery ilery

eh villia villia villia tse tse s s s s s s s se

too tillere tillere oo airvee ehu etc.

NOTE.—I have not been able to detect any order in the succession of these strains, though some order undoubtedly exists, and might be discovered by long-continued observation. The intervals in the above sketch cannot be given with exactness.

SONG OF THE VEERY.

e-e ve re a e-e verea e-e verea e-e verea vere lil lily

or,

e villia villia villia villia ve rehu.

NOTE.—I am far from being satisfied with the above representation of the song of the Veery, in which there are certain trilling and liquid sounds that hardly admit of notation.

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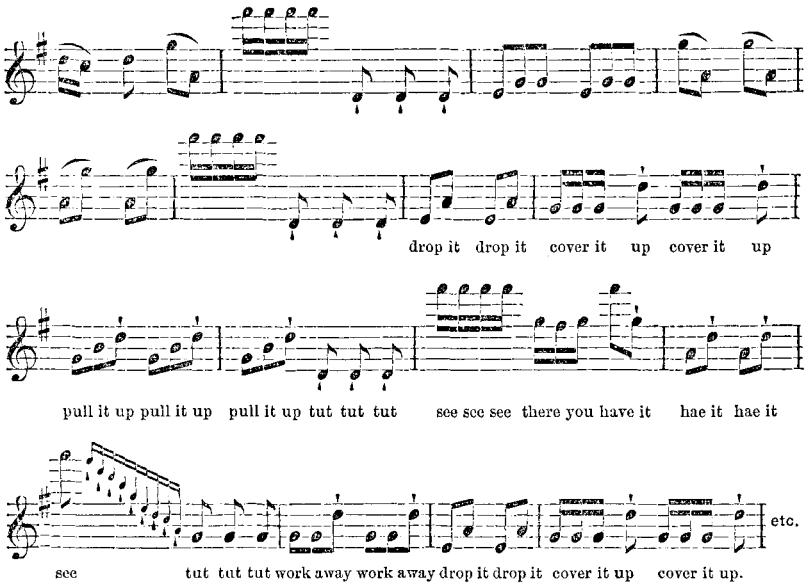
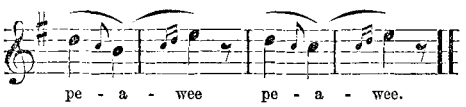
SONG OF THE RED MAVIS.

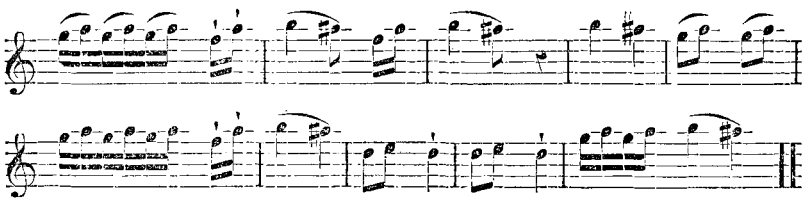


NOTE.—The Red Mavis makes a short pause at the end of each bar. These pauses are irregular in time, and cannot be correctly noted.

NOTE OF THE PEWEE.



SONG OF THE BLUE-BIRD.



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THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Katy Scudder had invited Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Jones, and Deacon Twitchel's wife to take tea with her on the afternoon of June second, A. D. 17—.

When one has a story to tell, one is always puzzled which end of it to begin at. You have a whole corps of people to introduce that *you* know and your reader doesn't; and one thing so presupposes another, that, whichever way you turn your patchwork, the figures still seem ill-arranged. The small item that I have given will do as well as any other to begin with, as it certainly will lead you to ask, "Pray, who was Mrs. Katy Scudder?"—and this will start me systematically on my story.

You must understand that in the then small seaport-town of Newport, at that time unconscious of its present fashion and fame, there lived nobody in those days who did not know "the Widow Scudder."

In New England settlements a custom has obtained, which is wholesome and touching, of ennobling the woman whom God has made desolate, by a sort of brevet rank which continually speaks for her as a claim on the respect and consideration of the community. The Widow Jones, or Brown, or Smith, is one of the fixed institutions of every New England village,—and doubtless the designation acts as a continual plea for one whom bereavement, like the lightning of heaven, has made sacred.

The Widow Scudder, however, was one of the sort of women who reign queens in whatever society they move in; nobody was more quoted, more deferred to, or enjoyed more unquestioned position than she. She was not rich,—a small farm, with a modest, "gambrel-roofed," one-story cottage, was her sole domain; but she was one of the much-admired class who, in the speech of New England, are said to have "faculty,"—a gift which, among that shrewd people, commands more esteem than beauty, riches, learning, or any other worldly endowment. *Faculty* is Yankee for *savoir faire*, and the opposite virtue to shiftlessness. Faculty is the greatest virtue, and shiftlessness the greatest vice, of Yankee man and woman. To her who has faculty nothing shall be impossible. She shall scrub floors, wash, wring, bake, brew, and yet her hands shall be small and white; she shall have no perceptible income, yet always be handsomely dressed; she shall have not a servant in her house,—with a dairy to manage, hired men to feed, a boarder or two to care for, unheard-of pickling and preserving to do,—and yet you commonly see her every afternoon sitting at her shady parlor-window behind the lilacs, cool and easy, hemming muslin cap-strings, or reading the last new book. She who hath faculty is never in a hurry, never behindhand. She can always step over to distressed Mrs. Smith, whose jelly won't come,—and stop to show Mrs. Jones how she makes her pickles so green,—and be ready to watch with poor old Mrs. Simpkins, who is down with the rheumatism.

Of this genus was the Widow Scudder,—or, as the neighbors would have said of her, she that *was* Katy Stephens. Katy was the only daughter of a shipmaster, sailing from Newport harbor, who was wrecked off the coast one cold December night and left small fortune to his widow and only child. Katy grew up, however, a tall, straight, black-eyed girl, with eyebrows drawn true as a bow, a foot arched like a Spanish woman's, and a little hand which never saw the thing it could not do,—quick of speech, ready of wit, and, as such girls have a right to be, somewhat positive withal. Katy could harness a chaise, or row a boat; she could saddle and ride any horse in the neighborhood; she could cut any garment that ever was seen or thought of; make cake,

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jelly, and wine, from her earliest years, in most precocious style;—all without seeming to derange a sort of trim, well-kept air of ladyhood that sat jauntily on her.

Of course, being young and lively, she had her admirers, and some well-to-do in worldly affairs laid their lands and houses at Katy's feet; but, to the wonder of all, she would not even pick them up to look at them. People shook their heads, and wondered whom Katy Stephens expected to get, and talked about going through the wood to pick up a crooked stick,—till one day she astonished her world by marrying a man that nobody ever thought of her taking.

George Scudder was a grave, thoughtful young man,—not given to talking, and silent in the society of women, with that kind of reverential bashfulness which sometimes shows a pure, unworldly nature. How Katy came to fancy him everybody wondered,—for he never talked to her, never so much as picked up her glove when it fell, never asked her to ride or sail; in short, everybody said she must have wanted him from sheer wilfulness, because he of all the young men of the neighborhood never courted her. But Katy, having very sharp eyes, saw some things that nobody else saw. For example, you must know she discovered by mere accident that George Scudder always was looking at her, wherever she moved, though he looked away in a moment, if discovered,—and that an accidental touch of her hand or brush of her dress would send the blood into his cheek like the spirit in the tube of a thermometer; and so, as women are curious, you know, Katy amused herself with investigating the causes of these little phenomena, and, before she knew it, got her foot caught in a cobweb that held her fast, and constrained her, whether she would or no, to marry a poor man that nobody cared much for but herself.

George was, in truth, one of the sort who evidently have made some mistake in coming into this world at all, as their internal furniture is in no way suited to its general courses and currents. He was of the order of dumb poets,—most wretched when put to the grind of the hard and actual; for if he who would utter poetry stretches out his hand to a gainsaying world, he is worse off still who is possessed with the desire of living it. Especially is this the case, if he be born poor, and with a dire necessity upon him of making immediate efforts in the hard and actual. George had a helpless invalid mother to support; so, though he loved reading and silent thought above all things, he put to instant use the only convertible worldly talent he possessed, which was a mechanical genius, and shipped at sixteen as a ship-carpenter. He studied navigation in the forecastle, and found in its calm diagrams and tranquil eternal signs food for his thoughtful nature, and a refuge from the brutality and coarseness of sea-life. He had a healthful, kindly animal nature, and so his inwardness did not ferment and turn to Byronic sourness and bitterness; nor did he needlessly parade to everybody in his vicinity the great gulf which lay between him and them. He was called a good fellow,—only a little lumpish,—and as he was brave and faithful, he rose in time to be a shipmaster. But when came the business of making money, the aptitude for accumulating, George found himself distanced by many a one with not half his general powers.

What shall a man do with a sublime tier of moral faculties, when the most profitable business out of his port is the slave-trade? So it was in Newport in those days. George's first voyage was on a slaver, and he wished himself dead many a time before it was over,—and ever after would talk like a man beside himself, if the subject was named. He declared that the gold made in it was distilled from human blood, from mothers' tears, from the agonies and dying groans of gasping, suffocating men and women, and that it would sear and blister the soul of him that touched it; in short, he talked as whole-souled unpractical fellows are apt

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to talk about what respectable people sometimes do. Nobody had ever instructed him that a slave-ship, with a procession of expectant sharks in its wake, is a missionary institution, by which closely-packed heathens are brought over to enjoy the light of the gospel.

So, though George was acknowledged to be a good fellow, and honest as the noon-mark on the kitchen floor, he let slip so many chances of making money as seriously to compromise his reputation among thriving folks. He was wastefully generous,—insisted on treating every poor dog that came in his way, in any foreign port, as a brother,—absolutely refused to be party in cheating or deceiving the heathen on any shore, or in skin of any color,—and also took pains, as far as in him lay, to spoil any bargains which any of his subordinates founded on the ignorance or weakness of his fellow-men. So he made voyage after voyage, and gained only his wages and the reputation among his employers of an incorruptibly honest fellow.

To be sure, it was said that he carried out books in his ship, and read and studied, and wrote observations on all the countries he saw, which Parson Smith told Miss Dolly Persimmon would really do credit to a printed book; but then they never *were* printed, or, as Miss Dolly remarked of them, they never seemed to come to anything,—and coming to anything, as she understood it, meant standing in definite relations to bread and butter.

George never cared, however, for money. He made enough to keep his mother comfortable, and that was enough for him, till he fell in love with Katy Stephens. He looked at her through those glasses which such men carry in their souls, and she was a mortal woman no longer, but a transfigured, glorified creature,—an object of awe and wonder. He was actually afraid of her; her glove, her shoe, her needle, thread, and thimble, her bonnet-string, everything, in short, she wore or touched, became invested with a mysterious charm. He wondered at the impudence of men that could walk up and talk to her,—that could ask her to dance with such an assured air. *Now* he wished he were rich; he dreamed impossible chances of his coming home a millionnaire to lay unknown wealth at Katy's feet; and when Miss Persimmon, the ambulatory dress-maker of the neighborhood, in making up a new black gown for his mother, recounted how Captain Blatherem had sent Katy Stephens "'most the splendidest India shawl that ever she did see," he was ready to tear his hair at the thought of his poverty. But even in that hour of temptation he did not repent that he had refused all part and lot in the ship by which Captain Blatherem's money was made, for he knew every timber of it to be seasoned by the groans and saturated with the sweat of human agony. True love is a natural sacrament; and if ever a young man thanks God for having saved what is noble and manly in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves. Nevertheless, the India-shawl story cost him a night's rest; nor was it till Miss Persimmon had ascertained, by a private confabulation with Katy's mother, that she had indignantly rejected it, and that she treated the Captain "real ridiculous," that he began to take heart. "He ought not," he said, "to stand in her way now, when he had nothing to offer. No, he would leave Katy free to do better, if she could; he would try his luck, and if, when he came home from the next voyage, Katy was disengaged, why, then he would lay all at her feet."

And so George was going to sea with a secret shrine in his soul, at which he was to burn unsuspected incense.

But, after all, the mortal maiden whom he adored suspected this private arrangement, and contrived—as women will—to get her own key into the lock of his secret temple; because, as girls say, "she was *determined* to know what was there." So, one night, she met him quite accidentally on the sea-sands, struck up a little conversation, and begged him in

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such a pretty way to bring her a spotted shell from the South Sea like the one on his mother's mantel-piece, and looked so simple and childlike in saying it, that our young man very imprudently committed himself by remarking, that, "When people had rich friends to bring them all the world from foreign parts, he never dreamed of her wanting so trivial a thing."

Of course Katy "didn't know what he meant, — she hadn't heard of any rich friends." And then came something about Captain Blatherem; and Katy tossed her head, and said, "If anybody wanted to insult her, they might talk to her about Captain Blatherem," — and then followed this, that, and the other, till finally, as you might expect, out came all that never was to have been said; and Katy was almost frightened at the terrible earnestness of the spirit she had evoked. She tried to laugh, and ended by crying, and saying she hardly knew what; but when she came to herself in her own room at home, she found on her finger a ring of African gold that George had put there, which she did not send back like Captain Blatherem's presents.

Katy was like many intensely matter-of-fact and practical women, who have not in themselves a bit of poetry or a particle of ideality, but who yet worship these qualities in others with the homage which the Indians paid to the unknown tongue of the first whites. They are secretly weary of a certain conscious dryness of nature in themselves, and this weariness predisposes them to idolize the man who brings them this unknown gift. Naturalists say that every defect of organization has its compensation, and men of ideal natures find in the favor of women the equivalent for their disabilities among men.

Do you remember, at Niagara, a little cataract on the American side, which throws its silver sheeny veil over a cave called the Grot of Rainbows? Whoever stands on a rock in that grotto sees himself in the centre of a rainbow-circle, above, below, around. In like manner, merry, chatty, positive, busy, housewifely Katy saw herself standing in a rainbow-shrine in her lover's inner soul, and liked to see herself so. A woman, by-the-by, must be very insensible, who is not moved to come upon a higher plane of being, herself, by seeing how undoubtingly she is insphered in the heart of a good and noble man. A good man's faith in you, fair lady, if you ever have it, will make you better and nobler even before you know it.

Katy made an excellent wife; she took home her husband's old mother and nursed her with a dutifulness and energy worthy of all praise, and made her own keen outward faculties and deft handiness a compensation for the defects in worldly estate. Nothing would make Katy's black eyes flash quicker than any reflections on her husband's want of luck in the material line. "She didn't know whose business it was, if *she* was satisfied. She hated these sharp, gimlet, gouging sort of men that would put a screw between body and soul for money. George had that in him that nobody understood. She would rather be his wife on bread and water than to take Captain Blatherem's house, carriages, and horses, and all,—and she *might* have had 'em fast enough, dear knows. She was sick of making money when she saw what sort of men could make it,"—and so on. All which talk did her infinite credit, because *at bottom* she *did* care, and was naturally as proud and ambitious a little minx as ever breathed, and was thoroughly grieved at heart at George's want of worldly success; but, like a nice little Robin Redbreast, she covered up the grave of her worldliness with the leaves of true love, and sung a "Who cares for that?" above it.

Her thrifty management of the money her husband brought her soon bought a snug little farm, and put up the little brown gambrel-roofed cottage to which we directed your attention in the first of our story. Children were born to them, and George found, in short intervals between voyages, his home an earthly paradise. He was still sailing, with

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the fond illusion, in every voyage, of making enough to remain at home,—when the yellow fever smote him under the line, and the ship returned to Newport without its captain.

George was a Christian man;—he had been one of the first to attach himself to the unpopular and unworldly ministry of the celebrated Dr. H., and to appreciate the sublime ideality and unselfishness of those teachings which then were awakening new sensations in the theological mind of New England. Katy, too, had become a professor with her husband in the same church, and his death, in the midst of life, deepened the power of her religious impressions. She became absorbed in religion, after the fashion of New England, where devotion is doctrinal, not ritual. As she grew older, her energy of character, her vigor and good judgment, caused her to be regarded as a mother in Israel; the minister boarded at her house, and it was she who was first to be consulted in all matters relating to the well-being of the church. No woman could more manfully breast a long sermon, or bring a more determined faith to the reception of a difficult doctrine. To say the truth, there lay at the bottom of her doctrinal system this stable corner-stone,—"Mr. Scudder used to believe it,—*I* will." And after all that is said about independent thought, isn't the fact, that a just and good soul has thus or thus believed, a more respectable argument than many that often are adduced? If it be not, more's the pity,—since two-thirds of the faith in the world is built on no better foundation.

In time, George's old mother was gathered to her son, and two sons and a daughter followed their father to the invisible,—one only remaining of the flock, and she a person with whom you and I, good reader, have joint concern in the further unfolding of our story.

CHAPTER II.

As I before remarked, Mrs. Katy Scudder had invited company to tea. Strictly speaking, it is necessary to begin with the creation of the world, in order to give a full account of anything. But, for popular use, something less may serve one's turn, and therefore I shall let the past chapter suffice to introduce my story, and shall proceed to arrange my scenery and act my little play on the supposition that you know enough to understand things and persons.

Being asked to tea in our New England in the year 17— meant something very different from the same invitation in our more sophisticated days. In those times, people held to the singular opinion, that the night was made to sleep in; they inferred it from a general confidence they had in the wisdom of Mother Nature, supposing that she did not put out her lights and draw her bed-curtains and hush all noise in her great world-house without strongly intending that her children should go to sleep; and the consequence was, that very soon after sunset the whole community very generally set their faces bedward, and the tolling of the nine-o'clock evening-bell had an awful solemnity in it, sounding to the full. Good society in New England in those days very generally took its breakfast at six, its dinner at twelve, and its tea at six. "Company tea," however, among thrifty, industrious folk, was often taken an hour earlier, because each of the *invitées* had children to put to bed, or other domestic cares at home, and, as in those simple times people were invited because you wanted to see them, a tea-party assembled themselves at three and held session till sundown, when each matron rolled up her knitting-work and wended soberly home.

Though Newport, even in those early times, was not without its families which affected state and splendor, rolled about in carriages with armorial emblazonments, and had servants in abundance to every turn within-doors, yet there, as elsewhere in New England, the majority of the people lived with the wholesome, thrifty simplicity of the olden time, when labor and intelligence went hand in hand,

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in perhaps a greater harmony than the world has ever seen.

Our scene opens in the great old-fashioned kitchen, which, on ordinary occasions, is the family dining and sitting-room of the Scudder family. I know fastidious moderns think that the working-room, wherein are carried on the culinary operations of a large family, must necessarily be an untidy and comfortless sitting-place; but it is only because they are ignorant of the marvellous workings which pertain to the organ of "faculty," on which we have before insisted. The kitchen of a New England matron was her throne-room, her pride; it was the habit of her life to produce the greatest possible results there with the slightest possible discomposure; and what any woman could do, Mrs. Katy Scudder could do *par excellence*. Everything there seemed to be always done and never doing. Washing and baking, those formidable disturbers of the composure of families, were all over with in those two or three morning-hours when we are composing ourselves for a last nap,—and only the fluttering of linen over the green yard, on Monday mornings, proclaimed that the dreaded solemnity of a wash had transpired. A breakfast arose there as by magic; and in an incredibly short space after, every knife, fork, spoon, and trencher, clean and shining, was looking as innocent and unconscious in its place as if it never had been used and never expected to be.

The floor,—perhaps, Sir, you remember your grandmother's floor, of snowy boards sanded with whitest sand; you remember the ancient fireplace stretching quite across one end,—a vast cavern, in each corner of which a cozy seat might be found, distant enough to enjoy the crackle of the great jolly wood-fire; across the room ran a dresser, on which was displayed great store of shining pewter dishes and plates, which always shone with the same mysterious brightness; and by the side of the fire, a commodious wooden "settee," or settle, offered repose to people too little accustomed to luxury to ask for a cushion. Oh, that kitchen of the olden times, the old, clean, roomy New England kitchen!—who that has breakfasted, dined, and supped in one has not cheery visions of its thrift, its warmth, its coolness? The noon-mark on its floor was a dial that told of some of the happiest days; thereby did we right up the shortcomings of the solemn old clock that tick-tacked in the corner, and whose ticks seemed mysterious prophecies of unknown good yet to arise out of the hours of life. How dreamy the winter twilight came in there,—as yet the candles were not lighted,—when the crickets chirped around the dark stone hearth, and shifting tongues of flame flickered and cast dancing shadows and elfish lights on the walls, while grandmother nodded over her knitting-work, and puss purred, and old Rover lay dreamily opening now one eye and then the other on the family group! With all our ceiled houses, let us not forget our grandmothers' kitchens!

But we must pull up, however, and back to our subject-matter, which is in the kitchen of Mrs. Katy Scudder, who has just put into the oven, by the fireplace, some wondrous tea-rusks, for whose composition she is renowned. She has examined and pronounced perfect a loaf of cake, which has been prepared for the occasion, and which, as usual, is done exactly right. The best room, too, has been opened and aired,—the white window-curtains saluted with a friendly little shake, as when one says, "How d'ye do?" to a friend;—for you must know, clean as our kitchen is, we are genteel, and have something better for company. Our best room in here has a polished little mahogany tea-table, and six mahogany chairs, with claw talons grasping balls; the white sanded floor is crinkled in curious little waves, like those on the sea-beach; and right across the corner stands the "buffet," as it is called, with its transparent glass doors, wherein are displayed the solemn appurtenances of company tea-table. There you may see a

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set of real China teacups, which George bought in Canton, and had marked with his and his wife's joint initials,—a small silver cream-pitcher, which has come down as an heirloom from unknown generations,—silver spoons and delicate China cake-plates, which have been all carefully reviewed and wiped on napkins of Mrs. Scudder's own weaving.

Her cares now over, she stands drying her hands on a roller-towel in the kitchen, while her only daughter, the gentle Mary, stands in the doorway with the afternoon sun streaming in spots of flickering golden light on her smooth pale-brown hair,—a *petite* figure in a full stuff petticoat and white short gown, she stands reaching up one hand and cooing to something among the apple-blossoms,—and now a Java dove comes whirring down and settles on her finger,—and we, that have seen pictures, think, as we look on her girlish face, with its lines of statuesque beauty, on the tremulous, half-infantine expression of her lovely mouth, and the general air of simplicity and purity, of some old pictures of the girlhood of the Virgin. But Mrs. Scudder was thinking of no such Popish matter, I can assure you,—not she! I don't think you could have done her a greater indignity than to mention her daughter in any such connection. She had never seen a painting in her life, and therefore was not to be reminded of them; and furthermore, the dove was evidently, for some reason, no favorite,—for she said, in a quick, imperative tone, "Come, come, child! don't fool with that bird,—it's high time we were dressed and ready,"—and Mary, blushing, as it would seem, even to her hair, gave a little toss, and sent the bird, like a silver fluttering cloud, up among the rosy apple-blossoms. And now she and her mother have gone to their respective little bedrooms for the adjustment of their toilettes, and while the door is shut and nobody hears us, we shall talk to you about Mary.

Newport at the present day blooms like a flower-garden with young ladies of the best *ton*,—lovely girls, hopes of their families, possessed of amiable tempers and immensely large trunks, and capable of sporting ninety changes of raiment in thirty days and otherwise rapidly emptying the purses of distressed fathers, and whom yet travellers and the world in general look upon as genuine specimens of the kind of girls formed by American institutions.

We fancy such a one lying in a rustling silk *négligée*, and, amid a gentle generality of rings, ribbons, puffs, laces, beaux, and dinner-discussion, reading our humble sketch;—and what favor shall our poor heroine find in her eyes? For though her mother was a world of energy and "faculty," in herself considered, and had bestowed on this one little lone chick all the vigor and all the care and all the training which would have sufficed for a family of sixteen, there were no results produced which could be made appreciable in the eyes of such company. She could not waltz or polk, or speak bad French or sing Italian songs; but, nevertheless, we must proceed to say what was her education and what her accomplishments.

Well, then, she could both read and write fluently in the mother-tongue. She could spin both on the little and the great wheel, and there were numberless towels, napkins, sheets, and pillow-cases in the household store that could attest the skill of her pretty fingers. She had worked several samplers of such rare merit, that they hung framed in different rooms of the house, exhibiting every variety and style of possible letter in the best marking-stitch. She was skilful in all sewing and embroidery, in all shaping and cutting, with a quiet and deft handiness that constantly surprised her energetic mother, who could not conceive that so much could be done with so little noise. In fact, in all household lore she was a veritable good fairy; her knowledge seemed unerring and intuitive; and whether she washed or ironed, or moulded biscuit or conserved plums, her gentle beauty seemed to turn to poetry all the prose of life.

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There was something in Mary, however, which divided her as by an appreciable line from ordinary girls of her age. From her father she had inherited a deep and thoughtful nature, predisposed to moral and religious exaltation. Had she been born in Italy, under the dissolving influences of that sunny, dreamy clime, beneath the shadow of cathedrals, and where pictured saints and angels smiled in clouds of painting from every arch and altar, she might, like fair St. Catherine of Siena, have seen beatific visions in the sunset skies, and a silver dove descending upon her as she prayed; but, unfolding in the clear, keen, cold New England clime, and nurtured in its abstract and positive theologies, her religious faculties took other forms. Instead of lying entranced in mysterious raptures at the foot of altars, she read and pondered treatises on the Will, and listened in rapt attention while her spiritual guide, the venerated Dr. H., unfolded to her the theories of the great Edwards on the nature of true virtue. Womanlike, she felt the subtile poetry of these sublime abstractions which dealt with such infinite and unknown quantities,—which spoke of the universe, of its great Architect, of man, of angels, as matters of intimate and daily contemplation; and her teacher, a grand-minded and simple-hearted man as ever lived, was often amazed at the tread with which this fair young child walked through these high regions of abstract thought,—often comprehending through an ethereal clearness of nature what he had laboriously and heavily reasoned out; and sometimes, when she turned her grave, childlike face upon him with some question or reply, the good man started as if an angel had looked suddenly out upon him from a cloud. Unconsciously to himself, he often seemed to follow her, as Dante followed the flight of Beatrice, through the ascending circles of the celestial spheres.

When her mother questioned him, anxiously, of her daughter's spiritual estate, he answered, that she was a child of a strange graciousness of nature, and of a singular genius; to which Katy responded, with a woman's pride, that she was all her father over again. It is only now and then that a matter-of-fact woman is sublimated by a real love; but if she is, it is affecting to see how impossible it is for death to quench it; for in the child the mother feels that she has a mysterious and undying repossession of the father.

But, in truth, Mary was only a recast in feminine form of her father's nature. The elixir of the spirit that sparkled within her was of that quality of which the souls of poets and artists are made; but the keen New England air crystallizes emotions into ideas, and restricts many a poetic soul to the necessity of expressing itself only in practical living.

The rigid theological discipline of New England is fitted to produce rather strength and purity than enjoyment. It was not fitted to make a sensitive and thoughtful nature happy, however it might ennoble and exalt.

The system of Dr. H. was one that could have had its origin in a soul at once reverential and logical, — a soul, moreover, trained from its earliest years in the habits of thought engendered by monarchical institutions. For although he, like other ministers, took an active part as a patriot in the Revolution, still he was brought up under the shadow of a throne, and a man cannot ravel out the stitches in which early days have knit him. His theology was, in fact, the turning to an invisible Sovereign of that spirit of loyalty and unquestioning subjugation which is one of the noblest capabilities of our nature. And as a gallant soldier renounces life and personal aims in the cause of his king and country, and holds himself ready to be drafted for a forlorn hope, to be shot down, or help make a bridge of his mangled body, over which the more fortunate shall pass to victory and glory, so he regarded himself as devoted to the King Eternal, ready in His hands to be used to illustrate and build up an Eternal Commonwealth,

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either by being sacrificed as a lost spirit or glorified as a redeemed one, ready to throw not merely his mortal life, but his immortality even, into the forlorn hope, to bridge with a never-dying soul the chasm over which white-robed victors should pass to a commonwealth of glory and splendor whose vastness should dwarf the misery of all the lost to an infinitesimal.

It is not in our line to imply the truth or the falsehood of those systems of philosophic theology which seem for many years to have been the principal outlet for the proclivities of the New England mind, but as psychological developments they have an intense interest. He who does not see a grand side to these strivings of the soul cannot understand one of the noblest capabilities of humanity.

No real artist or philosopher ever lived who has not at some hours risen to the height of utter self-abnegation for the glory of the invisible. There have been painters who would have been crucified to demonstrate the action of a muscle,—chemists who would gladly have melted themselves and all humanity in their crucible, if so a new discovery might arise out of its fumes. Even persons of mere artistic sensibility are at times raised by music, painting, or poetry to a momentary trance of self-oblivion, in which they would offer their whole being before the shrine of an invisible loveliness. These hard old New England divines were the poets of metaphysical philosophy, who built systems in an artistic fervor, and felt self exhale from beneath them as they rose into the higher regions of thought. But where theorists and philosophers tread with sublime assurance, woman often follows with bleeding footsteps;—women are always turning from the abstract to the individual, and feeling where the philosopher only thinks.

It was easy enough for Mary to believe in *self*-renunciation, for she was one with a born vocation for martyrdom; and so, when the idea was put to her of suffering eternal pains for the glory of God and the good of being in general, she responded to it with a sort of sublime thrill, such as it is given to some natures to feel in view of uttermost sacrifice. But when she looked around on the warm, living faces of friends, acquaintances, and neighbors, viewing them as possible candidates for dooms so fearfully different, she sometimes felt the walls of her faith closing round her as an iron shroud,—she wondered that the sun could shine so brightly, that flowers could flaunt such dazzling colors, that sweet airs could breathe, and little children play, and youth love and hope, and a thousand intoxicating influences combine to cheat the victims from the thought that their next step might be into an abyss of horrors without end. The blood of youth and hope was saddened by this great sorrow, which lay ever on her heart,—and her life, unknown to herself, was a sweet tune in the minor key; it was only in prayer, or deeds of love and charity, or in rapt contemplation of that beautiful millennial day which her spiritual guide most delighted to speak of, that the tone of her feelings ever rose to the height of joy.

Among Mary's young associates was one who had been as a brother to her childhood. He was her mother's cousin's son,—and so, by a sort of family immunity, had always a free access to her mother's house. He took to the sea, as the most bold and resolute young men will, and brought home from foreign parts those new modes of speech, those other eyes for received opinions and established things, which so often shock established prejudices,—so that he was held as little better than an infidel and a castaway by the stricter religious circles in his native place. Mary's mother, now that Mary was grown up to woman's estate, looked with a severe eye on her cousin. She warned her daughter against too free an association with him,—and so —— We all know what comes to pass when girls are constantly warned not to think of a man. The most conscientious and obedient little person in the world, Mary resolved to be very careful. She never

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would think of James, except, of course, in her prayers; but as these were constant, it may easily be seen it was not easy to forget him.

All that was so often told her of his carelessness, his trifling, his contempt of orthodox opinions, and his startling and bold expressions, only wrote his name deeper in her heart,—for was not his soul in peril? Could she look in his frank, joyous face and listen to his thoughtless laugh, and then think that a fall from mast-head, or one night's storm, might ——Ah, with what images her faith filled the blank! Could she believe all this and forget him?

You see, instead of getting our tea ready, as we promised at the beginning of this chapter, we have filled it with descriptions and meditations,—and now we foresee that the next chapter will be equally far from the point. But have patience with us; for we can write only as we are driven, and never know exactly where we are going to land.

CHAPTER III.

A QUIET, maiden-like place was Mary's little room. The window looked out under the overarching boughs of a thick apple-orchard, now all in a blush with blossoms and pink-tipped buds, and the light came golden-green, strained through flickering leaves,—and an ever-gentle rustle and whirr of branches and blossoms, a chitter of birds, and an indefinite whispering motion, as the long heads of orchard-grass nodded and bowed to each other under the trees, seemed to give the room the quiet hush of some little side-chapel in a cathedral, where green and golden glass softens the sunlight, and only the sigh and rustle of kneeling worshippers break the stillness of the aisles. It was small enough for a nun's apartment, and dainty in its neatness as the waxen cell of a bee. The bed and low window were draped in spotless white, with fringes of Mary's own knotting. A small table under the looking-glass bore the library of a well-taught young woman of those times. "The Spectator," "Paradise Lost," Shakspeare, and "Robinson Crusoe" stood for the admitted secular literature, and beside them the Bible and the works then published of Mr. Jonathan Edwards. Laid a little to one side, as if of doubtful reputation, was the only novel which the stricter people in those days allowed for the reading of their daughters: that seven-volumed, trailing, tedious, delightful old bore, "Sir Charles Grandison,"—a book whose influence in those times was so universal, that it may be traced in the epistolary style even of the gravest divines. Our little heroine was mortal, with all her divinity, and had an imagination which sometimes wandered to the things of earth; and this glorious hero in lace and embroidery, who blended rank, gallantry, spirit, knowledge of the world, disinterestedness, constancy, and piety, sometimes walked before her, while she sat spinning at her wheel, till she sighed, she hardly knew why, that no such men walked the earth now. Yet it is to be confessed, this occasional raid of the romantic into Mary's balanced and well-ordered mind was soon energetically put to rout, and the book, as we have said, remained on her table under protest,—protected by being her father's gift to her mother during their days of courtship. The small looking-glass was curiously wreathed with corals and foreign shells, so disposed as to indicate an artistic eye and skilful hand; and some curious Chinese paintings of birds and flowers gave rather a piquant and foreign air to the otherwise homely neatness of the apartment.

Here in this little retreat Mary spent those few hours which her exacting conscience would allow her to spare from her busy-fingered household-life; here she read and wrote and thought and prayed;—and here she stands now, arraying herself for the tea company that afternoon. Dress, which in our day is becoming in some cases the whole of woman, was in those times a remarkably simple affair. True, every person of a certain degree of respectability had state and festival robes;

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and a certain camphor-wood brass-bound trunk, which was always kept solemnly locked in Mrs. Katy Scudder's apartment, if it could have spoken, might have given off quite a catalogue of brocade satin and laces. The wedding-suit there slumbered in all the unsullied whiteness of its stiff ground broidered with heavy knots of flowers; and there were scarfs of wrought India muslin and embroidered crape, each of which had its history,—for each had been brought into the door with beating heart on some return voyage of one who, alas, should return no more! The old trunk stood with its histories, its imprisoned remembrances,—and a thousand tender thoughts seemed to be shaping out of every rustling fold of silk and embroidery, on the few yearly occasions when all were brought out to be aired, their history related, and then solemnly locked up again. Nevertheless, the possession of these things gave to the women of an establishment a certain innate dignity, like a good conscience; so that in that larger portion of existence commonly denominated among them "every day," they were content with plain stuff and homespun. Mary's toilette, therefore, was sooner made than those of Newport belles of the present day; it simply consisted in changing her ordinary "short gown and petticoat" for another of somewhat nicer materials,—a skirt of India chintz and a striped jacconet short-gown. Her hair was of the kind which always lies like satin; but, nevertheless, girls never think their toilette complete unless the smoothest hair has been shaken down and rearranged. A few moments, however, served to braid its shining folds and dispose them in their simple knot on the back of the head; and having given a final stroke to each side with her little dimpled hands, she sat down a moment at the window, thoughtfully watching where the afternoon sun was creeping through the slats of the fence in long lines of gold among the tall, tremulous orchard-grass, and unconsciously she began warbling, in a low, gurgling voice, the words of a familiar hymn, whose grave earnestness accorded well with the general tone of her life and education:—

> "Life is the time to serve the Lord,
> The time to insure the great reward."

There was a swish and rustle in the orchard-grass, and a tramp of elastic steps; then the branches were brushed aside, and a young man suddenly emerged from the trees a little behind Mary. He was apparently about twenty-five, dressed in the holiday rig of a sailor on shore, which well set off his fine athletic figure, and accorded with a sort of easy, dashing, and confident air which sat not unhandsomely on him. For the rest, a high forehead shaded by rings of the blackest hair, a keen, dark eye, a firm and determined mouth, gave the impression of one who had engaged to do battle with life, not only with a will, but with shrewdness and ability.

He introduced the colloquy by stepping deliberately behind Mary, putting his arms round her neck, and kissing her.

"Why, James!" said Mary, starting up, and blushing. "Come, now!"

"I have come, haven't I?" said the young man, leaning his elbow on the window-seat and looking at her with an air of comic determined frankness, which yet had in it such wholesome honesty that it was scarcely possible to be angry. "The fact is, Mary," he added, with a sudden earnest darkening of the face, "I won't stand this nonsense any longer. Aunt Katy has been holding me at arm's length ever since I got home; and what have I done? Haven't I been to every prayer-meeting and lecture and sermon, since I got into port, just as regular as a psalm-book? and not a bit of a word could I get with you, and no chance even so much as to give you my arm. Aunt Kate always comes between us and says, 'Here, Mary, you take my arm.' What does she think I go to meeting for, and almost break my jaws keeping down the gapes? I never even go to sleep, and yet I'm treated in this way! It's too bad! What's the row? What's anybody been saying about me? I always have waited

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on you ever since you were that high. Didn't I always draw you to school on my sled? didn't we always use to do our sums together? didn't I always wait on you to singing-school? and I've been made free to run in and out as if I were your brother;—and now she is as glum and stiff, and always stays in the room every minute of the time that I am there, as if she was afraid I should be in some mischief. It's too bad!"

"Oh, James, I am sorry that you only go to meeting for the sake of seeing me; you feel no real interest in religious things; and besides, mother thinks now I'm grown so old, that—— Why, you know things are different now,—at least, we mustn't, you know, always do as we did when we were children. But I wish you did feel more interested in good things."

"I *am* interested in one or two good things, Mary,—principally in you, who are the best I know of. Besides," he said quickly, and scanning her face attentively to see the effect of his words, "don't you think there is more merit in my sitting out all these meetings, when they bore me so confoundedly, than there is in your and Aunt Katy's doing it, who really seem to find something to like in them? I believe you have a sixth sense, quite unknown to me; for it's all a maze, —I can't find top, nor bottom, nor side, nor up, nor down to it,—it's you can and you can't, you shall and you sha'n't, you will and you won't,"——

"James!"

"You needn't look at me so. I'm not going to say the rest of it. But, seriously, it's all anywhere and nowhere to me; it don't touch me, it don't help me, and I think it rather makes me worse; and then they tell me it's because I'm a natural man, and the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit. Well, I *am* a natural man,—how's a fellow to help it?"

"Well, James, why need you talk everywhere as you do? You joke, and jest, and trifle, till it seems to everybody that you don't believe in anything. I'm afraid mother thinks you are an infidel, but I *know* that can't be; yet we hear of all sorts of things that you say."

"I suppose you mean my telling Deacon Twitchel that I had seen as good Christians among the Mahometans as any in Newport. *Didn't* I make him open his eyes? It's true, too!"

"In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him," said Mary; "and if there are better Christians than us among the Mahometans, I am sure I'm glad of it. But, after all, the great question is, 'Are we Christians ourselves?' Oh, James, if you only were a real, true, noble Christian!"

"Well, Mary, you have got into that harbor, through all the sandbars and rocks and crooked channels; and now do you think it right to leave a fellow beating about outside, and not go out to help him in? This way of drawing up, among you good people, and leaving us sinners to ourselves, isn't generous. You might care a little for the soul of an old friend, anyhow!"

"And don't I care, James? How many days and nights have been one prayer for you! If I could take my hopes of heaven out of my own heart and give them to you, I would. Dr. H. preached last Sunday on the text, 'I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen'; and he went on to show how we must be willing to give up even our own salvation, if necessary, for the good of others. People said it was hard doctrine, but I could feel my way through it very well. Yes, I would give my soul for yours; I wish I could."

There was a solemnity and pathos in Mary's manner which checked the conversation. James was the more touched because he felt it all so real, from one whose words were always yea and nay, so true, so inflexibly simple. Her eyes filled with tears, her face kindled with a sad earnestness, and James thought, as he looked, of a picture he had once seen in a European cathedral, where the youthful Mother of Sorrows is represented,

"Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
All youth, but with an aspect beyond time;

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Mournful, but mournful of another's crime;
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who should return no more."

James had thought he loved Mary; he had admired her remarkable beauty, he had been proud of a certain right in her before that of other young men, her associates; he had thought of her as the keeper of his home; he had wished to appropriate her wholly to himself;—but in all this there had been, after all, only the thought of what she was to be to him; and this, for this poor measure of what he called love, she was ready to offer, an infinite sacrifice.

As a subtile flash of lightning will show in a moment a whole landscape, tower, town, winding stream, and distant sea, so that one subtile ray of feeling seemed in a moment to reveal to James the whole of his past life; and it seemed to him so poor, so meagre, so shallow, by the side of that childlike woman, to whom the noblest of feelings were unconscious matters of course, that a sort of awe awoke in him; like the Apostles of old, he "feared as he entered into the cloud"; it seemed as if the deepest string of some eternal sorrow had vibrated between them.

After a moment's pause, he spoke in a low and altered voice:—

"Mary, I am a sinner. No psalm or sermon ever taught it to me, but I see it now. Your mother is quite right, Mary; you are too good for me; I am no mate for you. Oh, what would you think of me, if you knew me wholly? I have lived a mean, miserable, shallow, unworthy life. You are worthy, you are a saint, and walk in white! Oh, what upon earth could ever make you care so much for me?"

"Well, then, James, you will be good? Won't you talk with Dr. H.?"

"Hang Dr. H.!" said James. "Now, Mary, I beg your pardon, but I can't make head or tail of a word Dr. H. says. I don't get hold of it, or know what he would be at. You girls and women don't know your power. Why, Mary, you are a living gospel. You have always had a strange power over us boys. You never talked religion much, but I have seen high fellows come away from being with you as still and quiet as one feels when one goes into a church. I can't understand all the hang of predestination, and moral ability, and natural ability, and God's efficiency, and man's agency, which Dr. H. is so engaged about; but I can understand *you*,—*you* can do me good!"

"Oh, James, can I?"

"Mary, I'm going to confess my sins. I saw, that, somehow or other, the wind was against me in Aunt Katy's quarter, and you know we fellows who take up the world in both fists don't like to be beat. If there's opposition, it sets us on. Now I confess I never did care much about religion, but I thought, without being really a hypocrite, I'd just let you try to save my soul for the sake of getting you; for there's nothing surer to hook a woman than trying to save a fellow's soul. It's a dead-shot, generally, that. Now our ship sails to-night, and I thought I'd just come across this path in the orchard to speak to you. You know I used always to bring you peaches and juneatings across this way, and once I brought you a ribbon."

"Yes, I've got it yet, James."

"Well, now, Mary, all this seems mean to me,—mean, to try and trick and snare you, who are so much too good for me. I felt very proud this morning that I was to go out first mate this time, and that I should command a ship next voyage. I meant to have asked you for a promise, but I don't. Only, Mary, just give me your little Bible, and I'll promise to read it all through soberly, and see what it all comes to. And pray for me; and if, while I'm gone, a good man comes who loves you, and is worthy of you, why, take him, Mary,—that's my advice."

"James, I am not thinking of any such things; I don't ever mean to be married. And I'm glad you don't ask me for any promise,—because it would be wrong to give it; mother don't even like me to be

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much with you. But I'm sure all I have said to you to-day is right; I shall tell her exactly all I have said."

"If Aunt Katy knew what things we fellows are pitched into, who take the world headforemost, she wouldn't be so selfish. Mary, you girls and women don't know the world you live in; you ought to be pure and good; you are not as we are. You don't know what men, what women,—no, they're not women!—what creatures, beset us in every foreign port, and boarding-houses that are gates of hell; and then, if a fellow comes back from all this and don't walk exactly straight, you just draw up the hems of your garments and stand close to the wall, for fear he should touch you when he passes. I don't mean you, Mary, for you are different from most; but if you would do what you could, you might save us.—But it's no use talking, Mary. Give me the Bible; and please be kind to my dove,—for I had a hard time getting him across the water, and I don't want him to die."

If Mary had spoken all that welled up in her little heart at that moment, she might have said too much; but duty had its habitual seal upon her lips. She took the little Bible from her table and gave it with a trembling hand, and James turned to go. In a moment he turned back, and stood irresolute.

"Mary," he said, "we are cousins; I may never come back; you might kiss me this once."

The kiss was given and received in silence, and James disappeared among the thick trees.

"Come, child," said Aunt Katy, looking in, "there is Deacon Twitchel's chaise in sight,—are you ready?"

"Yes, mother."

[To be continued.]

THE AUTOCRAT GIVES A BREAKFAST TO THE PUBLIC.

BEFORE my friend the Professor takes his place at our old table, where, Providence permitting, he means to wish you all a happy New Year on or about the First of January next, I wish you to do me the favor of being my guests at the table which you see spread before you.

This table is a very long one. Legs in every Atlantic and inland city,—legs in California and Oregon, — legs on the shores of 'Quoddy and of Lake Pontchartrain,—legs everywhere, like a millipede or a banian-tree.

The schoolmistress that was,—and is, —(there are her little scholars at the side-table,) — shall pour out coffee or tea for you as you like.

Sit down and make yourselves comfortable.—A teaspoon, my dear, for Minnesota.—Sacramento's cup is out.

Bridget has become a thought, and serves us a great deal faster than the sticky lightning of the submarine *par vagum*, as the Professor calls it.—Pepper for Kansas, Bridget.—A sandwich for Cincinnati.—Rolls and sardines for Washington.—A bit of the Cape Ann turkey for Boston.—South Carolina prefers dark meat.—Fifty thousand glasses of *eau sucrée* at once, and the rest simultaneously.—Now give us the nude mahogany, that we may talk over it.—Bridget becomes as a mighty wind and peels off the immeasurable table-cloth as a northwester strips off the leafy damask from the autumn woods.

[At this point of the entertainment the Reporter of the "Oceanic Miscellany" was introduced, and to his fluent and indefatigable pen we owe the further

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account of the proceedings.—*Editors of the "Oceanic Miscellany."*]

—The liberal and untiring editors of the "Oceanic Miscellany" commissioned their special reporter to be present at the Great Breakfast given by the personage known as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, furnishing him with one of the *caput-mortuum* tickets usually distributed on such occasions.

The tables groaned with the delicacies of the season, provided by the distinguished caterers whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. After the usual contest for places,—a proceeding more honored in the breach than the observance,—the band discoursed sweet music. The creature comforts were then discussed, consisting of the various luxuries that flesh is heir to, together with fish and fowl, too numerous to mention. After the material banquet had cloyed the hungry edge of appetite, began the feast of reason and the flow of soul. As, take him for all in all, the bright particular star of the evening was the distinguished individual who played the part of mine host, we shall make no apology for confining our report to the

SPEECH OF THE AUTOCRAT.

I THINK on the whole we have had a good time together, since we became acquainted. So many pleasant looks and words as have passed between us must mean something. For one person who speaks well or ill of us we may safely take it for granted that there are ten or a hundred, or an indefinite number, who feel in the same way, but are shy of talking.

Now the first effect of being kindly received is unquestionably a pleasing internal commotion, out of which arises a not less pleasing secondary sensation, which the unthinking vulgar call conceit, but which is in reality an increased consciousness of life, and a most important part of the mechanism by which a man is advertised of his ability to serve his fellows, and stirred up to use it.

In the present instance, the immediate effects of the warm general welcome received were the following demonstrations:—

1. The purchase of a glossy bell-crowned hat, which is worn a little inclined to one side, at the angle of self-reliance,—this being a very slight dip, as compared to the outrageous slant of country dandies and the insolent obliquity indulged in by a few unpleasantly conspicuous city youth, who prove that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman."

2. A movement towards the acquisition of a pair of pantaloons with a stripe running down the leg; also of a slender canary-colored cane, to be carried as formerly in the time when Mr. Van Buren was President.—[*A mild veto from the schoolmistress was interposed.*]

3. A manifest increase of that *monstraridigitativeness*,—if you will permit the term,—which is so remarkable in literary men, that, if public opinion allowed it, some of them would like to wear a smart uniform, with an author's button, so that they might be known and hailed everywhere.

4. An undeniable aggravation of the natural tendency to caress and cosset such products of the writer's literary industry as have met with special favor. This is shown by a willingness to repeat any given stanza, a line of which is referred to, and a readiness to listen to even exaggerated eulogy with a twinkling stillness of feature and inclination of the titillated ear to the operator, such as the Mexican Peccary is said to show when its dorsal surface is gently and continuously irritated with the pointed extremity of a reed or of a magnolia-branch. What other people think well of, we certainly have a right to like, ourselves.

All this self-exaltation, which some folks make so much scandal of, is the most natural thing in the world when one gets an over-dose of fair words. The more I reflect upon it, the more I am

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convinced that it is well for a man to think too highly of himself while he is in the working state. Sydney Smith could discover no relation between Modesty and Merit, excepting that they both began with an M. Considered simply as a machine out of which work is to be got, the wheels of intellect run best when they are kept well oiled by the public and the publisher.

Therefore, my friends, if any of you have uttered words of kindness, of flattery, of extreme over-praise, even, let me thank you for it. Criticism with praise in it is azotized food; it makes muscle; to expect a man to write without it is like giving nothing but hay to a roadster and expecting to get ten miles an hour out of him. A young fellow cannot be asked to go on making love forever, if he does not get a smile now and then to keep hope alive. The truth is, Bridget would have whisked off the table-cloth and given notice of quitting, and the whole establishment would have gone to pieces at the end of No. 1, if you had not looked so very good-natured about it that it was impossible to give up such amiable acquaintance.

The above acknowledgments and personal revelations are preliminary to the following more general statement, which will show how they must be qualified.

Every man of sense has two ways of looking at himself. The first is an everyday working view, in which he makes the most of his gifts and accomplishments. It is the superficial stratum in which praise and blame find their sphere of action,—the region of comparisons,—the habitat where envy and jealousy are to be looked for, if they have not been weeded out and flung into the compost-heap of dead vices, with which, if we understand moral husbandry, we fertilize our living virtues. It is quite foolish to abuse this thin upper layer of our mental soil. The grasses do not strike their roots deep in towards the centre, like the oaks, but they are the more useful and necessary vegetable of the two. The cheap, but perpetual activities of life grow out of this upper stratum of our being. How silly to try to be wiser than Providence! Don't tell me about the vain illusions of self-love. There is nothing so real in this world as Illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and batting himself as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the path which leads to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle.

Underneath this surface-soil lies another stratum of thought, where the tap-roots of the larger mental growths penetrate and find their nourishment. Out of this comes heroism in all its shapes; here the enterprises that overshadow half the planet, when full grown, lie, tender, in their cotyledons. Here there is neither praise nor blame,—nothing but a passionless self-estimate, quite as willing to undervalue as to rate too highly. The less clay and straw the task-master has given his servant, the smaller the tale of bricks he will be required to furnish. Many a man not remarkable for conceit has shuddered as some effort or accident has revealed to him a depth of power of which he never thought himself the possessor and broken his peace with the fatal words, "Sleep no more!"

This deeper self-appreciation is a slow and gradual process. At first, a child thinks he can do everything. I remember when I thought I could lift a house, if I would only try hard enough. So I began with the hind wheel of a heavy old family-coach, built like that in which my Lady Bountiful carried little King Pippin, if you happen to remember the illustrations of that story. I lifted with all my might, and the planet pulled down with all its might. The planet beat. After that, my ideas of the difference between my will and my muscular force were more accurately defined. Then came the illusion, that I could, of course, "lick," "serve out," or "polish off," various small boys who had been or might be obnoxious to me. The event of the dif-

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ferent "set-tos" to which this hypothesis led not uniformly confirming it, another limitation of my possibilities was the consequence. In this way I groped along into a knowledge of my physical relations to the organic and inorganic universe.

A man must be very stupid indeed, if, by the time he is fully ripened, he does not know tolerably well what his physical powers are. His weight, his height, his general development, his constitutional force, his good or ill looks, he has had time to find out; and he is a fool, if he does not carry a reasonable consciousness of these conditions with him always. It is a little harder with the mind; but some qualities are generally estimated fairly enough by their owners. Thus, a man may be trusted when he says he has a good or a bad memory. Not so of his opinion of his own judgment or imagination. It is only by a very slow process that he finds out how much or how little of these qualities he possesses. But it is one of the blessed privileges of growing older, that we come to have a much clearer sense of what we can do and what we cannot, and settle down to our work quietly, knowing what our tools are and what we have to do with them.

Therefore, my friends, if I should at any time put on any airs on the strength of your good-natured treatment, please to remember that these are only the growth of that thin upper stratum of character I was telling you of. I conceive that the fact of a man's coming out in a book or two, even supposing them to have a success such as I should never think of, is to the sum total of that man's life and character as the bed of tulips and hyacinths you may see in spring, at the feet of the "Great Elm," on our Boston Common, is to the solemn old tree itself. The serene, strong life, reaching deep underground and high overhead, robed itself in April and disrobed itself in October when the Common was a cow-pasture, and observes the same seasons now that the old tree is belted with an iron girdle and finds its feet covered with flowers. Alas! my friends, the fence and the tulips are painfully suggestive. Authorship is an iron girdle, and the blossoms of flattery that are scattered at its feet are useful to it only as their culture keeps the soil open to the sun and rain. No man can please the reading public ever so little without being too highly commended for it in the heat of the moment; and so, if he thinks of starting again for the prize of public approbation, he finds himself heavily handicapped, and perhaps weighted down, simply because he has made good running for some former stakes.

I don't like the position of my friend the Professor. I consider him fully as good a man as myself.—I have, you know, often referred to him and quoted him, and sometimes got so mixed up with him, that, like the Schildbürgers at their town-meeting, I was puzzled to disentangle my own legs from his, when I wanted to stand up by myself, they were got into such a snarl together.—But I don't like the position of my friend the Professor.

The first thing, of course, when he opens his mouth, will be to compare him with his predecessor. Now, if he has the least tact in the world, he will begin dull, so as to leave a wide margin for improvement. You may be perfectly certain that he can talk and write just as well as I can; but you don't think, surely, that he is going to begin where I left off. Not unless we are to have a wedding in the first number;—and you are not sure whether or not there is to be any wedding at all while the Professor holds my seat at the table.

But I will tell you one thing,—if you sit a year or so at a long table, you will see what life is. Christenings, weddings, funerals,—these are the three legs it stands on; and you have a chance to see them all in a twelvemonth, if the table is really a long one. I don't doubt the Professor will have something to tell besides his opinions and fancies; and if you like a book of thoughts with occasional incidents, as well as a book of incidents with occasional thoughts, why, I see no reason why you should not accept this talk of the Professor's as kindly as if it

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had a fancy name and called itself a novel.

Life may be divided into two periods, —the hours of taking food, and the intervals between them,—or, technically, into the *alimentary* and the *non-alimentary* portions of existence. Now our social being is so intensified during the first of these periods, that whoso should write the history of a man's breakfasts or dinners or suppers would give a perfect picture of his most important social qualities, conditions, and actions, and might omit the non-alimentary portion of his life altogether from consideration. Thus I trust that the breakfasts of which you have had some records have given you a pretty clear idea, not only of myself, but of those more interesting friends and fellow-boarders of mine to whom I have introduced you, and with some of whom, in company with certain new acquaintances, my friend the Professor will keep you in relation during the following year. So you see that over the new table-cloth which is going to be spread there may very possibly be a new drama of life enacted; but all that, if it should be so, is incidental and by the way; — for what the Professor wishes particularly to do, and means to do, is to talk about life and men and things and books and thoughts; but if there should be anything better than talk occurring before his eyes, either at the small world of the breakfast-table or in the greater world without, he holds himself at liberty to relate it or discourse upon it.

I suppose the Professor will receive a good many letters, as I did, containing suggestions, counsel, and articles in prose and verse for publication. He desires me to state that he is very happy to hear from known and unknown friends, provided they will not mistake him for an editor, and will not be offended if their communications are not made the subject of individual notice. There may be times when, having nothing to say, he will be very glad to print somebody's note or copy of verses; I don't think it very likely; for life is short, and the world is brimful, and rammed down hard, with strange things worth seeing and telling, and Mr. Worcester's great Quarto Dictionary is soon coming out, crammed with all manner of words to talk with, — so that the Professor will probably find little room, except for an answer to a question now and then, or the acknowledgment of some hint he may have thought worth taking.

—— The speaker shut himself off like a gas-burner at this point, and the company soon dispersed. I sauntered down to the landlady's, and obtained from her the following production from the papers left by the gentleman, whose pen, ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, has held the mirror up to Nature, and given the form and pressure of his thoughts and feelings for the benefit of the numerous and constantly-increasing multitudes of readers of the "Oceanic Miscellany," a journal which has done and is doing so much for the gratification and improvement of the masses.

A Poem from the Autocrat's Loose Papers.

[I find the following note written in pencil on the MSS.—*Reporter Oc. Misc.*]

This is a true story. Avis, Avise, or Avice, (they pronounce it *Avvis*,) is a real breathing person. Her home is not more than an hour and a half's space from the palaces of the great ladies who might like to look at her. They may see her and the little black girl she gave herself to, body and soul, when nobody else could bear the sight of her infirmity, — leaving home at noon, or even after breakfast, and coming back in season to undress for the evening's party.

AVIS.

I MAY not rightly call thy name,—
  Alas! thy forehead never knew
The kiss that happier children claim,
  Nor glistened with baptismal dew.

Daughter of want and wrong and woe,
  I saw thee with thy sister-band,
Snatched from the whirlpool's narrowing flow
  By Mercy's strong yet trembling hand.

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—"Avis!"—With Saxon eye and cheek,
At once a woman and a child,
The saint uncrowned I came to seek
Drew near to greet us,—spoke and smiled.

God gave that sweet sad smile she wore
All wrong to shame, all souls to win,—
A heavenly sunbeam sent before
Her footsteps through a world of sin.

—"And who is Avis?"—Hear the tale
The calm-voiced matrons gravely tell,—
The story known through all the vale
Where Avis and her sisters dwell.

With the lost children running wild,
Strayed from the hand of human care,
They find one little refuse child
Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face,—
The chattel-stamp,—the pariah-stain
That follows still her hunted race,—
The curse without the crime of Cain.

How shall our smooth-turned phrase relate
The little suffering outcast's ail?
Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate
So turned the rose-wreathed revellers pale.

Ah, veil the living death from sight
That wounds our beauty-loving eye!
The children turn in selfish fright,
The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

Take her, dread Angel! Break in love
This bruised reed and make it thine!—
No voice descended from above,
But Avis answered, "She is mine."

The task that dainty menials spurn
The fair young girl has made her own;
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall learn
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife
Stand face to face from day to day,
Still battling for the spoil of Life
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death; the prize is won;
See to her joyous bosom pressed
The dusky daughter of the sun,—
The bronze against the marble breast!

Her task is done; no voice divine
Has crowned her deed with saintly fame;
No eye can see the aureole shine
That rings her brow with heavenly flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,
Or what had woman's love more fair
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet
With flowing eyes and streaming hair?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,
The Angel of that earthly throng,
And let thine image live alone
To hallow this unstudied song!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time, with other Papers. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Author of "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo.

THIS collection of Mr. Kingsley's miscellaneous writings is marked by the same qualities of mind and temper which have given celebrity and influence to his novels. An earnest man, with strong convictions springing from a fervid philanthropy, fertile in thought, confident in statement, resolute in spirit, with many valuable ideas and not a few curious crotchets, and master of a style singularly bold, vivid, passionate, and fluent, he always stimulates the mind, if he does not always satisfy it. The defects of his intellect, especially in the treatment of historical questions, proceed from the warmth of his temperament. His impulses irritate his reason. Intellectually impatient with all facts and arguments which obstruct the full sweep of his theory, he has an offensive habit of escaping from objections he will not pause to answer, by the calling of names and the introduction of Providence. He is most petulantly disdainful of others when he has nothing but paradoxes with which to oppose their truisms. He has a trick of adopting the manner and expressions of Carlyle, in speaking of incidents and characters to which they are ludicrously inapplicable, and becomes flurried and flippant

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on occasions where Carlyle would put into the same words his whole scowling and scornful strength. He frequently mistakes sympathy with suffering for insight into its causes, and an eloquent statement of what he thinks desirable for an interpretation of what really is. He has bright glimpses of truth, but they are due rather to the freedom of his thinking than to its depth; and in the hurry and impatient pressure of his impulses, he does not discriminate between his ideas and his whims. He seems to be in a state of insurrection against the limitations of his creed, his profession, and his own mind, and the impression conveyed by his best passages is of splendid incompleteness. It would be ungracious to notice these defects in a writer who possesses so many excellences, were it not that he forces them upon the attention, and in their expression is unjust to other thinkers. His intellectual conceit finds its vent in intellectual sauciness, and is all the worse from appearing to have its source in conceit of conscience and benevolence.

In spite of these faults, however, Mr. Kingsley's reputation is not greater than he deserves. He is one of the most sincere, truthful, and courageous of writers, has no reserves or concealments, and pours out his feelings and opinions exactly as they lie in his own heart and brain. We at least feel assured that he has no imperfections which he does not express, and that there is no disagreement between the book and the man. He is commonly on the right side in the social and political movements of the day, if he does not always give the right reasons for his position. His love, both of Nature and human nature, is intense and deep, and this gives a cordiality, freshness, and frankness to his writings which more than compensate for their defects.

The present volume of his miscellanies contains not only his essays and reviews, but his four lectures on "Alexandria and her Schools," and his "Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers." Of the essays, those on "North Devon" and "My Winter Garden" are the best specimens of his descriptive power, and those on "Raleigh" and "England from Wolsey to Elizabeth," of his talents and accomplishments as a thinker on historical subjects. The literary papers on "Tennyson," "Burns," "The Poetry of Sacred and Literary Art," and "Hours with the Mystics," are full of striking and suggestive, if somewhat perverse, thought. The volume, as a whole, is read with mingled feelings of vexation and pleasure; but whether provoked or delighted, we are always interested both in the author and his themes.

A Journey due North: Being Notes of a Residence in Russia. By George Augustus Sala. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo.

Although the matter of this brilliant volume is of intrinsic interest, its charm is due more to the mode of description than even to the things described. It gives us Russia from a Bohemian point of view. The characteristics of Mr. Sala are keen observation, vivid description, lively wit, indomitable assurance, and incapacity of being surprised. To his resolute belief in himself, in what he sees with his own eyes and conceives with his own brain, the book owes much of its raciness, its confident, decisive, "knowing" tone, its independence of the judgments of others, and its freedom from all the deceptions which proceed from such emotions as wonder and admiration. The volume is read with a pleasure similar to that we experience in listening to the animated talk of an acquaintance fresh from novel scenes of foreign travel, who reproduces his whole experience in recalling his adventures, and gives us not merely incidents and pictures, but his own feelings of delight and self-elation.

The three introductory chapters, describing the journey to St. Petersburg, are perhaps the most brilliant portions of the book. The delineations of his fellow-passengers, in the voyage from Stettin to Cronstadt, especially the portraits of the swearing Captain Smith and the accomplished Russian noble, are admirable equally for their humor and their sagacity. The account of the landing at Cronstadt, the scenes at the Custom-House, the author's first walk in St. Petersburg, and his first drive in a droschky, are masterpieces of familiar narration, and fairly convert the readers of his book into companions of his journey. The description of the manners and customs of the Russian people, the

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shrewd occasional comments on the policy of the government, and the thorough analysis of the rascality of the Russian police, are admirable in substance, if somewhat flippant in expression. In power of holding the amused attention of the reader, equally by the pertinence of the matter and the impertinence of the tone, the volume is unexcelled by any other book on the subject of Russia.

The New Priest in Conception Bay. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1858. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE southeastern portion of the island of Newfoundland, as may be seen by a glance at the map, may be well described by that expressive epithet of "nook-shotten," which in Shakspeare is applied to the mother-island of which it is a dependent. The land is indented by bays and estuaries, so that it bears the same relation to the water that the parted fingers of an outstretched hand do to the spaces of air that are between them. One of these inlets bears the name of Conception Bay; and it is around the shores of this bay that the scene of this novel is laid. Everything in it suffers a sea-change; everything is set to the music of the winds and the waves. We find ourselves among a people with whom the sea is all, and the land only an appendage to the sea,—a place to dry fish, and mend nets, and haul up boats, and caulk ships. But though the view everywhere, morally and physically, is bounded by the sea, and though one of the finest of the characters is a fisherman, yet the moving springs of the story are found in elements only accidentally connected with the sea, and by no means new to novel-writers or playwrights. The plot of the novel is taken from, or founded upon, the peculiar relations existing between the Roman Catholic priesthood and the female sex; and, with only a change in costume and scenery, the events might have taken place in Maryland, Louisiana, or France.

The novel is one of a peculiar class. To borrow a convenient phraseology recently introduced into the language, its interest is more subjective than objective,—or, in other words, is derived more from marked and careful delineations of individual character than from the march of events or brilliant procession of incidents. With a single exception,—the abduction of the fisherman's daughter,—the occurrences narrated are such as might happen any day in any small community living near the sea. Novels constructed on this plan are less likely to be popular than those in which the interest is derived from a skilfully-contrived plot and a rapid and stirring succession of moving events. To what extent the work before us may be popular we will not undertake even to guess; for we have had too frequent experience of the capriciousness of public taste to hazard any prediction as to the reception a particular book may meet with, especially if it rely exclusively upon its own merits, and be not helped by the previous reputation of the writer. But we certainly can and will say that to readers of a certain cast it will present strong attractions, and that no candid critic can read it without pronouncing it to be a remarkable work and the production of an original mind. The author we should judge to be a man who had lived a good deal in solitude, or at least removed from his intellectual peers,—who had been through much spiritual struggle in the course of his life,—who had been more accustomed to think than to write, at least for the press,—and whose own observation had revealed to him some of the darker aspects of the Roman Catholic faith and practice.

There is very little skill in the construction of the plot. Most of the events stand to each other in the relation of accidental and not of necessary succession, and might be transposed without doing any harm. Many pages are written simply as illustrations of character; and a fair proportion of the novel might be called with strict propriety a series of sketches connected by a slight thread of narrative. But it would be unreasonable to deal sharply with an author for this defect; for the faculty of making a well-constructed story, in which every event shall come in naturally, and yet each bring us one step nearer to the journey's end, is now one of the lost arts of earth. But this is not all. A considerable portion of it must be pronounced decidedly slow. We use the word not in its slang application, but in the sense in which Goldsmith used it in the first line of "The

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Traveller," or rather, as Johnson told him he used it, when he said to him,—"You do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." But the slowness of which novel-readers will complain is not mere commonplace, least of all is it dulness. It is the leisurely movement of a contemplative mind full of rich thought and stored with varied learning. Such a writer *could not* have any sympathy with the mercurial, vivacious, light-of-foot story-tellers of the French school. The author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," we surmise, has not been in the habit of packing up his thoughts for the market, by either writing for the press, or conversing with clever and nimble-witted men and women, and thus does not always distinguish between cargo and dunnage. The current of the story often flows with a very languid movement. It happens, rather unluckily, that this is particularly true of the first seventy pages of the first volume. We fear that many professional novel-readers may break down in the course of these pages; and we confess ourselves to have been a little discouraged. But after the ninth chapter, and the touching account which Skipper George gives of the death of his boys,—a story which the most indifferent cannot peruse without emotion,—the reader may be safely left in the author's hands. They will go on together to the end, after this, on good terms. And the prospect brightens, and the horses are whipped up, as we advance. The second volume is much more interesting, in the common sense of the word,—more stirring, more rapid, more animated, than the first.

It is but putting our criticism into another form to say that the novel is too long, and, as a mere story, might with advantage be compressed into at least two-thirds of its present bulk. There are, especially, two departments or points to which this remark is applicable. In the first place, the conversations are too numerous, too protracted, and run too much into trivialities and details. In the second place, the descriptions of scenery are too frequently introduced, and pushed to a wearisome enumeration of particulars and minute delineation of details. In this peculiarity the author is kept in countenance by most respectable literary associates. This sort of Pre-Raphaelite style of scenery-painting in words is a characteristic of most recent American novels, especially such as are written by women. Every rock, every clump of trees, every strip of sea-shore, every sloping hillside, sits for its portrait, and is reproduced with a tender conscientiousness of touch wholly disproportioned to the importance of the subject. When human hearts and human passions are animating or darkening the scene, we do not want to be detained by a botanist's description of plants or a geologist's sketch of rocks. The broad, free sweeps of Scott's brush in "The Pirate" are more effective than the delicate needle-point lines of the writer before us.

We think, too, that too much use is made of those strange and uncouth dialects which have to be represented to the eye by bad spelling. We have the familiar Yankee type in Mr. Bangs, and a new form of phraseology in the speech of the Newfoundland fishermen. A little of this is well enough, but it should not be pushed to an extreme. The author's style, in general, is vigorous and expressive; it is the garb of an original mind, and often takes striking forms; but in grace and simplicity there is room for improvement, and we doubt not that improvement will come with practice.

There are many passages which we should like to quote as specimens of the imaginative power, forcible description, and apt illustration which are shown in this work. Whether the author has ever written verse or not, he is a poet in the best sense of that much-abused word. To him Nature in all its forms is animated; it sympathizes with all his moods, and takes on the hues of his thought. There are very few of these paragraphs that are easily separable; they are fixed in the page, and cannot be understood apart from it. Besides, many of these beauties are minute,—a gleaming word here and there,—but making the track of the story glow like the phosphorescent waters of the tropics.

We give a few paragraphs at random:—

"Does the sea hold the secret?

"Along the wharves, along the little beaches, around the circuit of the little coves, along the smooth or broken face of rock, the sea, which cannot rest, is busy. These little waves

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and this long swell, that now are here at work, have been ere now at home in the great inland sea of Europe, breathed on by soft, warm winds from fruit-groves, vineyards, and wide fields of flowers,—have sparkled in the many-colored lights, and felt the trivial oars and dallying fingers of the loiterers, on the long canals of Venice,—have quenched the ashes of the Dutchman's pipe, thrown overboard from his dull, laboring *treckschuyt*,—have wrought their patient tasks in the dim caverns of the Indian Archipelago,—have yielded to the little builders under water means and implements to rear their towering altar, dwelling, monument.

"These little waves have crossed the ocean, tumbling like porpoises at play, and, taking on a savage nature in the Great Wilderness, have thundered in close ranks and countless numbers against man's floating fortress,—have stormed the breach and climbed up over the walls in the ship's riven side,—have followed, howling and hungry as mad wolves, the crowded raft,—have leaped upon it, snatching off, one by one, the weary, worn-out men and women,—have taken up and borne aloft, as if on hands and shoulders, the one chance human body that is brought in to land, and the long spar, from which man's dangling cordage wastes by degrees, and yields its place to long, green streamers, much like those that clung to this tall, taper tree when it stood in the Northern forest.

"These waves have rolled their breasts about amid the wrecks and weeds of the hot stream that comes up many thousands of miles out of the Gulf of Mexico, as the great Mississippi goes down into it, and by-and-by these waves will move, all numb and chilled, among the mighty icebergs and ice-fields that must be brought down from the poles."

"She asked, 'Have you given up being a priest, Mr. Urston?'

"'Yes!' he answered, in a single word, looking before him, as it were along his coming life, like a quoit-caster, to see how far the uttered word would strike; then, turning to her, and in a lower voice, added, 'I've left that, once and forever.'"

"He stood still with his grief; and, as Mr. Wellon pressed his honest, hard hand, he lifted to his pastor one of those childlike looks that only come out on the face of the true man, that has grown, as oaks grow, ring around ring, adding each after-age to the childhood that has never been lost, but has been kept innermost. This fisherman seemed like one of those that plied their trade, and were the Lord's disciples, at the Sea of Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. The very flesh and blood inclosing such a nature keep a long youth through life. Witness the genius, (who is only the more thorough man,) poet, painter, sculptor, finder-out, or whatever; how fresh and fair such an one looks out from under his old age! Let him be Christian, too, and he shall look as if—shedding this outward—the inward being would walk forth a glorified one."

"As he mentioned his fruitless visits, a startling, most repulsive leer just showed itself in Ladford's face; but it disappeared as suddenly and wholly as a monster that has come up, horrid and hideous, to the surface of the sea, and then has sunk again, bodily, into the dark deep, and is gone, as if it had never come, except for the fear and loathing that it leaves behind. This face, after that look, had nothing repulsive in it, but was only the more subdued and sad."

The author's mind so teems with images, that he does not always discriminate between the good and the bad. Occasionally we find some that are manifestly faulty and overstrained.

"It is one on which the tenderness of the deep heart of the Common Mother breaks itself; over which *the broad, dark, silent wings of a dread mystery are stretched.*"

"Her voice had in it that tender *touch* which *lays itself, warm and loving*, on the heart."

"And then her voice began *to drop down*, as it were, *from step to step*,—and *the steps seemed cold and damp, as it went down them lingeringly:*—'or for trial,—disappointment,—whatever comes!'—and at the last, *it seemed to have gone down into a sepulchral vault.*"

We do not admire any one of the above,—least of all the last, in which the human voice is embodied as a sexton going down the steps of a tomb. Why, too, as a matter of verbal criticism, should the author use such words as "tragedist," "exhibitress," and "cheaty?"

In the delineation of character the author shows uncommon power and is entitled to high praise. His portraits are animated, life-like, and individual. Father Terence is drawn with a firm and skilful touch. The task which the author prescribed to himself—to present an ecclesiastic without learning, without intellectual power, without enthusiasm, and with the easy habits of a careless and enjoyable tem-

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perament, and yet who should be respectable, and even venerable, by reason of the soundness of his instincts and his thorough right-heartedness—was not an easy one; but in the execution he has been entirely successful. We cannot but surmise that he has met sometime and somewhere a living man with some of the characteristic traits of Father Terence. Father Ignatius, the conventional type of the dark, wily, and dangerous ecclesiastical intriguer, is an easier subject, but not so well done. He is a little too melodramatic; and we apply with peculiar force to him a criticism to which all the characters are more or less obnoxious, that he is too constantly and uniformly manifesting the peculiar traits by which the author distinguishes him from others. Father Debree and Mrs. Barré are drawn with powerful and discriminating touch, and we recognize the skill of the writer in the fact that we had read a considerable portion of the novel before we had any suspicion of the former relations between them. We may here say that we think that the women who may read this work will want to know, a little more fully and distinctly than the author has seen fit to tell, what were the causes and influences which led to the severing of those relations. We cannot state our meaning more clearly, without doing what we think should never be done in the review of a new novel, and that is, telling the story, and thus removing half the impulse to read it. Skipper George and his household, and the smuggler Ladford, are very well drawn,—not distinctly original, and yet with distinctive individual traits, which sharp observation must, to some extent, have furnished the author with.

But to our commendation of the characters we must make one exception: we humbly and respectfully submit that Mr. Bangs is a portentous bore, and we heartily wish that he had been drowned before he ever set his foot upon the shores of Newfoundland. It is possible, however, that in this case we are not impartial judges; for we confess, that, for our own private reading, we are heartily weary of the Yankee,—we mean as a literary creation,—of the eternal repetition of the character of which Sam Slick is the prototype,—which is for the most part a caricature, and no more to be found upon the solid earth than a griffin or a centaur. And in our judgment the theological discussions between this worthy and Father Terence are not in good taste. The author surely would not have us suppose that the wretched, skimble-skamble stuff which the latter is made to talk is any fair representative of the arguments by which the Church of Rome maintains its dogmas and vindicates its claims. A considerable amount of literary skill and a quick perception of the ludicrous are shown in the ridiculous aspect which the good Father's statements and reasonings are made to assume in passing through Mr. Bangs's mind; but we doubt whether such exhibitions are profitable to the cause of good religion, and whether the advantage thereby secured to Protestantism is not purchased at the price of some danger to Christianity. It is not well to teach men the art of making mysteries ridiculous.

But we take leave of our author and his book with high respect for his powers,—we do not know but that we may say his genius,—and with no small admiration for this particular expression of them. The very minuteness of our criticism involves a compliment. It has been truly said, that many men never write a book at all, but that very few write only one. We think that the author of "The New Priest in Conception Bay" must and will write more. A mind so fruitful and inventive, a spiritual nature so high and earnest, and an observation so keen and correct, cannot fail to accumulate materials for future use. We predict that his next novel will be better than this,—that it will have all its substantial and essential merits, and will show more constructive skill and a more practised hand in literary artisanship. His gold will be more neatly wrought, and not less pure and abundant.

Summer Time in the Country. By Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. London and New York: George Routledge. Square 12mo. Illustrated.

We first made the acquaintance of this work in a shilling volume, a "railway-library edition," and were charmed with its genial tone, its nice appreciation of rural scenery, its agreeable and unpedantic

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learning. It is a diary for the summer months, with notes upon the changing aspects of Nature, reminiscences from the poets, and appropriate comments. We are glad now to welcome the book in this form, wherein satin paper, careful typography, delicate engravings, and handsome binding have been employed to give it an appropriate dress.

Annual Obituary Notices of Eminent Persons who died in the United States during the Year 1857. By NATHAN CROSBY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 430.

THE object of this work is best stated in the words of the author, as being "the result of a long and earnest desire to give a more permanent and accessible memorial to those who have originated and developed our institutions,—those whose names should be remembered by the generations to come, as the statesmen, the soldiers, the men of science and skill, the sagacious merchants, the eminent clergymen and philanthropists,—those who have brought our country to the prosperity and distinction it now enjoys."

Eulogies, funeral sermons, and obituaries soon pass out of remembrance, and an annual compilation like this cannot fail to be of service. The work appears to have been done with impartiality and care.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, with an Original Memoir. Illustrated by F. R. PICKERSGILL, JOHN TENNIEL, BIRKET FOSTER, FELIX DARLEY, and others. New York: J. S. Redfield. 8vo. pp. 250.

THE poems of Poe have taken their place in literature; it is too late to attempt anything like a contemporaneous criticism, too early to anticipate the judgment of posterity. But whatever were the faults of this gifted and erratic genius, much that he has written has become a part of the thought and memory of the present generation of readers, and will doubtless go to our children with equal claims.

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